HEART THROBS

The Old Scrap Book

Contributed by 50,000 People

HEART THROBS

IN PROSE AND VERSE

Dear to the American People

And by them contributed in the
$10,000 Prize Contest
initiated by the

NATIONAL MAGAZINE
1904 — 1905

GROSSET & DUNLAP
New York

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THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE
BOSTON, MASS.
EDITED BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

August 31, 1905.

It gives me great pleasure to announce to you that The National Magazine has awarded you one of the 840 prizes for your "Heart Throb" contribution.

Heartily congratulating you upon your success, I am,

Yours sincerely,

Joe Mitchell Chapple

The above award has been submitted and approved.

Respectfully,

Wm. B. Allison

George Dewey

For the Judges.

FACSIMILE OF THE NOTIFICATION OF AWARD

Signed by Senator Allison and Admiral Dewey — Each of the 840 Awards was Personally Signed by these Distinguished Friends of the National

FOREWORD.

In the NATIONAL MAGAZINE for September, 1904, the following announcement was first published:

"I WILL GIVE $10,000 FOR HEART THROBS."

I am editing the NATIONAL MAGAZINE for what Lincoln loved to call us, "The plain people of America." President McKinley told me I could do it, and the magazine has been a success beyond all expectations.

Now, I want you to help me edit the NATIONAL, and I am going to give *ten thousand dollars* to those who will do it. What I want is real heart throbs—those things that make us all kin; those things that endure—the classics of our own lives. Send me a clipping, a story, an anecdote, or a selection that has touched your heart. It is in the American homes that I am searching for the literature that endures—those things that touch and pulsate with the best and noblest emotions and sentiment.

It may be in that old school book in the attic; it may be between the leaves of the family Bible; it may be in mother's scrap-book, yellow with age and hallowed by sacred memories; it may have been given you when you could scarcely read through the tears; it may be one of father's jovial jokes pasted on the side of his desk, or in that drawer long since unopened; it may be that clipping well worn from taking out of the pocket-book often to show a friend for a hearty laugh. Wholesome good cheer, humor, comfort, hope—those things that make dark days endurable and sunny days enduring. In this way I hope to get those priceless little gems which you have always looked for in your favorite periodical.

Heart throbs—yes, heart throbs of happiness, heart throbs of courage, heart throbs that make us feel better. *Those things that appeal to you must appeal to others;* that note of inspiration laid aside—bring it forth and let us make a magazine that will speak the language of the heart as well as of the mind. I want you to send me these clippings to show me what kind of stories interest you, your mother, sisters, brothers, sons

and daughters. I want to know just what kind of short, pithy articles you would select if you were sitting here with me at my editorial desk. You are constantly reading stories and anecdotes in the magazines, books, newspapers, or religious periodicals. Perhaps you have clipped them or pasted them in your scrap-book, or you may have remembered where you have seen such a story, and said to yourself, "Well, that's about as bright as it could be." That is the kind of a story I want.

I have placed on deposit with the First National Bank, of Boston, *ten thousand dollars* ($10,000). This money to be held in trust until the time specified below, when it will be divided among those who help me. To ten persons sending in the best clippings, I will give each one

A PILE OF SILVER DOLLARS AS HIGH AS EACH SUCCESSFUL CONTESTANT.

That is, if you secure one of the first ten awards, and measure six feet high, or four feet five, I will send by express as many silver dollars as will measure your exact height, one silver dollar placed flat upon the other. The others will be 10 awards of $50 each for the next best stories; 20 awards of $25 each for the next best stories; 100 awards of $10 each for the next best stories; 200 awards of $5 each for the next best stories; 500 awards of $1 each for the next best stories.

EIGHT HUNDRED AND FORTY AWARDS IN ALL.

Remember you may clip the stories or verse out of an old newspaper or magazine, or an old book, or you may remember a story some one else has told you, or you have read in years past but cannot give the source. Write it out and send it in, but I would like to know where it was published and when, so as to give due credit, but this is not binding, if your memory fails you. They may be bright, cheerful, humorous, pathetic or biographical, or anecdotal—anything you would call a good story.

United States Senator Allison and Admiral George Dewey will make the final awards on behalf of the Judges.

JOE CHAPPLE,
NATIONAL MAGAZINE, Boston, Mass.

This programme has been carried out to the letter, and every prize awarded and paid to the value of OVER $10,000; since in the multiplicity of contributors and contributions some few were omitted in the first allotment of prizes.

In consequence of the great apparent value of this unique collection, and a very large number of requests for their publication, HEART THROBS is now offered to American readers.

It should be remembered that this collection of short poems, essays, anecdotes, apothegms and stories has been gleaned from a vast mass of contributions, every one of which had been set aside and especially preserved by the contributor because in some way it had appealed with unusual force to the affections, hopes, experience, fancy, judgment or interests of the sender, and become dear to the heart; in short a veritable "heart throb" of the contributor.

It would have been too much to expect that every one of the myriads of clippings and copyings would be a gem of literary excellence and refined taste; but every one was the chosen treasure of a human heart, endeared to it by the pleasure, encouragement, or consolation, with which its few printed or written words had, like the spell of the ancient magician, evoked blooming spring, radiant summer or fruitful autumn out of the lowering and chilling wintry days of human life. It should also be remembered that, unlike previous collections made by one or more scholarly editors, or compilers, this volume is made up of selections, nearly every one of which was accompanied by a personal letter telling of the circumstances or incidents which had endeared it to the sender. Many of these selections were yellow with age, worn threadbare, and carefully repaired and strengthened; odorous with lavender, rose and orris; stained with tears; printed on silk, or deftly limned and illuminated, and is otherwise self-proven to be of a heart's treasure-trove.

It scarcely needed the letters, often written by toil-stiffened and age-trembling hands, to tell of the sacred memories recalled by these little scraps of written or printed paper, or of the helpful, hopeful lives which had been strengthened and uplifted by their silent ministrations. These letters were indeed oftentimes the real "heart throbs," revealing the normal ambitions and aspirations of the American people in all the vocations and walks of life, and their dominant note was that fearless optimism which has faith

that in the end all will be well. Love, patriotism, faith, hope, charity, lofty aims and noble purposes; an honest reverence for all family ties and affections; a manly and womanly regret for failure to do the very best that is in us; a deep and tender sense of bereavement blended with the noblest resignation in the hope of a blessed and immortal life; these and such as these are patent, not only in the matters contributed, but even more frankly and feelingly in the letters containing them.

Thus of two universally known poems, one wrote: "Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life,' although worn by years of use in text-books, is still full of inspiration." And another enclosing the noble threnody on "Resignation" said feelingly: "Occasions when such poems are applicable to our own experience, make them immortal to us. These lines are fixed in my heart forever, as they fell, beautifully modulated, from the lips of a pure-hearted, sympathetic lady, at a memorial service in honor of my deceased cousin, a girl of eighteen summers, the companion of my boyhood." Many expressions were too personal, tender and sacred for publication, but their testimony to the immense value of every noble song and utterance in encouraging and inciting men to righteous, courageous and hopeful living and dying, was a mighty revelation to all who took part in the work of reading and comparing this wonderful tribute of the heart-treasures of fifty thousand American readers. They might, and often did grow weary of reading, comparing and filing the immense flood of correspondence and selections, but no one regretted the wonderful opportunity afforded them to see and know the tender, romantic, chivalrous, hopeful, patriotic, enduring virtues which underlie the apparently material and sordid aims so largely ascribed to the men of today.

The larger proportion of contributors from the Eastern and Middle States favored the standard poets of the 18th and 19th centuries, with a decided inclination toward American *illuminati;* the South drew largely on the romantic and chivalrous school of antebellum days; and the Western, Northwestern and Pacific States were more breezy, virile and original in the choice of topics and method of treatment. All sections, however, joined in seeking to make "household words" of selections from Eugene Field, James Whitcomb Riley, Ben King, Nixon Waterman, Frank L. Stanton, Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, Margaret Sangster, Ella Wheeler Wilcox,

Hezekiah Butterworth, John Boyle O'Reilly, David Bates, J. G. Holland, Eliza Cooke, and others living or dead, who in the years to come will be numbered with the great singers of their age and people. There could be mighty essays written upon this simple contest and the lessons it has taught and will continue to inculcate for years to come; but the book itself, will teach them, without much need of comment or explanation. He who reads it understandingly will learn what thoughts and sentiments move the hearts of a people, who for the most part have a simple love for "Mother, Home and Heaven", which only needs to be fittingly appealed to, to evoke a hearty and generous response.

There be many who affect more artificial, and "advanced" views of life and duty; for among eighty millions, the vast sea of public opinion must be foam-tipped, as well as underlain by ooze and decaying matter, but the mighty depths are crystalline, pure, and unvexed; moving only with the great currents which mitigate the rigors of heat and cold, and keep the universe sweet and beautiful forever. But little of this more artificial literature will be found in this collection; not because it has been ignored, but because it was not largely represented. Agnosticism, destructive evangelism; the iconoclasm of faith, may attract attention, but do not awaken the loving loyalty of Anglo-Saxon, Celt and Norseman, and the races who have affiliated with these to build up the American people. The judges have not always decided, according to the arbitrary standards of literary taste and elegance, but have rather sought out the latent, earnest emotions of myriads of the readers of the NATIONAL; of the people, as a people meeting and communing on a common ground of human sympathy. Their choice reflects, in my opinion, the heart value of a vast number of selections from contemporary literature, and that heart-value is in the end the supreme test by which men and art must fail or become immortal.

If this book affords the reader the pleasure and inspiration its creation has afforded to its contributors and compilers it will richly repay the heavy cost, in time, labor and expense, involved in its preparation.

It is certain that such sentiment and humor are dear to all Americans, and these heart throbs of the sons and daughters of the people are the pulse beats of the nation.

JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE.

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They regret to announce the utter refusal of the publishers of the poems of Ella Wheeler Wilcox to allow us to publish "You Never Can Tell," "Death Has Crowned Him as a Martyr," "Laugh and the World Laughs With You," and "Worth While." These were deemed worthy of awards by the judges. The publishers of Mr. Frank L. Stanton's "A Little Hand," "Here's Hopin'," and the "Moneyless Man," also refused permission, which we must plead as our excuse for substituting others for these few prize winners. The author of Van Dyke's noble poem, "God of the Open Air," courteously gave permission, but his publishers would not consent.

Perhaps should a second volume be compiled out of the thousands of interesting and curious poems, novelettes and articles left to select from these may be eventually granted to our readers. It only remains to thank and protect those who have so kindly and happily aided us in our difficult task.

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Hezekiah Butterworth's poems: "The Broken Pinion," "Lincoln's Heart," "The Taper."

Elizabeth Akers' poem: "Rock Me to Sleep," in "Sunset Songs and Other Verses." Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.

Richard Burton's poem: "Black Sheep," in "Lyrics of Brotherhood." Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, Boston.

Charles M. Dickinson's poem: "The Children," (generally ascribed by contributors to Charles Dickens).

Robert J. Burdette, Pasadena, Cal., poems: "Alone," "Keep Sweet and Keep Movin'."

Sarah K. Bolton's poem: "The Inevitable."

Geo. D. Prentice, poem, "The Closing Year"; prose, "Where the Rainbow Never Fades," and "Death."

Little, Brown & Co., Boston: Edwin Arnold's poems, "Death in Arabia" (first line "He who died at Azan sends"), in "Pearls of the Faith," "Good Night! Not Good Bye." Collected poems. F. W. Bourdillon's poems, "The Night Hath a Thousand Eyes," "Upon the Valley's Lap." Miss Sarah C. Woolsey's poem, "Begin Again," (Pen name "Susan Coolidge").

James Jeffrey Roche's poem, "The V-A-S-E."

Holman F. Day, Lewiston, Me.: "With Love from Mother."

Mrs. M. L. Dickinson: "Love in the Home," in "Success."

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Ben King's Verse, "Nothing to Do but Work," "Jane Jones," "Her Little Boy." Forbes & Co., Chicago, Ill.

Youth's Companion: Arthur Macy, "The Flag." Lulu Linton, "Watch the Corners," "The Fun in Life." Sarah K. Bolton, "The Inevitable."

Sam Walter Foss: "He Worried About It," "Hullo," "The Volunteer Organist," in "Back Country Poems." Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, Boston.

Walt Whitman: "O Captain! My Captain." Complete poems, etc. Edgar S. Werner & Co., New York City.

Mrs. Ellen M. H. Gates: "Beautiful Hands," "Your Mission," "Sleep Sweet," in "Treasures of Kurium." G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Alfred J. Waterhouse: "To the Man Who Fails."

Edwin Carlile Litsey: "Dreams Ahead."

Lothrop, Lee & Shepard: Charles Follen Adams, "Leedle Yawcob Strauss"; James Creelman's "McKinley's Dying Prayer," in "On the Road."

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It has been a much greater task to learn the names and rights of authors and publishers than one would readily imagine, and if errors have crept in, it is not the wilful fault of

THE COMPILER.

HEART THROBS

I AM YOUR WIFE.

Oh, let me lay my head tonight upon your breast,
And close my eyes against the light. I fain would rest;
I'm weary, and the world looks sad; this worldly strife
Turns me to you; and, oh, I'm glad to be your wife!
Though friends may fail or turn aside, yet I have you
And in your love I may abide, for you are true—
My only solace in each grief and in despair,
Your tenderness is my relief; it soothes each care.
If joys of life could alienate this poor weak heart
From yours, then may no pleasure great enough to part
Our sympathies fall to my lot. I'd e'er remain
Bereft of friends, though true or not, just to retain
Your true regard, your presence bright thro' care and strife;
And, oh! I thank my God tonight, I am your wife!

McKINLEY'S DYING PRAYER.

In the afternoon of his last day on earth the President began to realize that his life was slipping away, and that the efforts of science could not save him. He asked Dr. Rixey to bring the surgeons in. One by one the surgeons entered and approached the bedside. When

they were gathered about him, the President opened his eyes and said:

"It is useless, gentlemen; I think we ought to have prayer."

The dying man crossed his hands on his breast and half-closed his eyes. There was a beautiful smile on his countenance. The surgeons bowed their heads. Tears streamed from the eyes of the white-clad nurses on either side of the bed. The yellow radiance of the sun shone softly in the room.

"Our Father, which art in Heaven," said the President, in a clear, steady voice.

The lips of the surgeons moved.

"Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done—"

The sobbing of a nurse disturbed the still air. The President opened his eyes and closed them again.

"Thy will be done in Earth as it is in Heaven."

A long sigh. The sands of life were running swiftly. The sunlight died out, and raindrops dashed against the windows.

"Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

Another silence. The surgeons looked at the dying face and the friendly lips.

"For Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, forever. Amen."

"Amen," whispered the surgeons.

James Creelman, in "On the Great Highway."

HOME, SWEET HOME.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

I gaze on the moon, as I trace the drear wild,
And feel that my parent now thinks of her child;
She looks on that moon from our own cottage door,
Through woodbines whose fragrance shall cheer me no more.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gaily that came at my call;
Give these, with sweet peace of mind, dearer than all.

If I return home overburdened with care,
The heart's dearest solace I'm sure to meet there:
The bliss I experience whenever I come,
Makes no other place seem like that of sweet home.

Farewell, peaceful cottage! farewell, happy home;
Forever I'm doomed a poor exile to roam;
This poor aching heart must be laid in the tomb,
Ere it cease to regret the endearments of home.

John Howard Payne.

PLUCK WINS.

Pluck wins! It always wins! though days be slow
And nights be dark 'twixt days that come and go.
Still pluck will win; its average is sure;
He gains the prize who will the most endure:
Who faces issues; he who never shirks;
Who waits and watches, and who always works.

WHO NE'ER HAS SUFFERED.

Who ne'er has suffered, he has lived but half.
Who never failed, he never strove or sought.
Who never wept is stranger to a laugh,
And he who never doubted never thought.

Rev. J. B. Goode.

PAT'S FIRST NIGHT IN TOWN.

Two Irishmen fresh from Ireland had just landed in New York and engaged a room in the top story of a hotel. Mike, being very sleepy, threw himself on the bed and was soon fast asleep. The sights were so new and strange to Pat that he sat at the window looking out. Soon an alarm of fire was rung in, and a fire engine rushed by, throwing up sparks of fire and clouds of smoke. This greatly excited Pat, who called to his comrade to get up and come to the window; but Mike was fast asleep. Another engine soon followed the first, spouting smoke and fire like the former. This was too much for poor

Pat, who rushed excitedly to the bedside, and shaking his friend, called loudly:

"Mike, Mike, wake up! They are moving Hell, and two loads have gone by already."

VIRGINIA'S LETTER.

The other day I received a letter from the little blue-eyed girl, now grown to womanhood, who, in the days long gone by, waited at the gate for my daily home-coming. How I am thrilled when I think of those meetings! Looking way down the road, she would recognize her papa, and how she would run to meet me; rushing into my arms, putting those chubby arms about my neck, those cherry lips to my own, and greeting me with a kiss.

Enclosed in the letter was another. From its hiding-place in the pocket of my office coat, I have taken it out this morning to read it over. I often do so, for it brings to me so many sweet memories of other days.

Let me quote a few words from the first letter: "When I told Virginia I was writing to Grandpa, she wished to write you a letter also. You probably can read it," and Virginia's letter is the one I have before me now. Shall I describe it? The paper is the same as the mother's, on which are four closely-written pages. Did I say written? Yes, written in the child language; a language perhaps not taught in the schools, but understood by so many, many loving hearts. Those long, scrawling lines, characters that no Mongolian would attempt to imitate; scratches of pencil or pen no expert would

attempt to duplicate; and yet this is the letter I carry about with me as I follow the routine of a busy life.

There may be some reason why an epistle like this has so much value to me. I remember years ago my family physician came to me one day and told me the mother of my five babies must go away for a change; she must leave the cares of home and children for a few months; and so she left us never to come back. All through those anxious days, when my time was divided between home and the sick chamber miles away, I would never visit the sick one, who was constantly growing weaker, but I was the bearer of letters like the one before me. With what eagerness that mother would break the seals of those missives, and smile or weep, when she would say to me, "I understand every word they have written."

Virginia's grandmother and her mother's baby brother lie side by side. The other babies have grown to be men and women, and have left the old home, and I am alone. But when I receive such letters as the one I carry in my office coat, "I understand every word," and am young again. *J. W. C. Pickering.*

RECESSIONAL.

God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—
On dune and headline sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

Amen.

Rudyard Kipling.

BENJAMIN BREWSTER'S REPLY.

Here is an account, told by Henry J. Erskine of Philadelphia, of the only instance in which Benjamin H. Brewster, Attorney-General of the United States during General Arthur's administration, was ever taunted in court of the disfigurement of his face. It occurred during the trial of an important suit involving certain franchise rights of the Pennsylvania railroad in Philadelphia. Mr. Brewster was then the chief counsel of the Pennsylvania company. The trial was a bitterly contested affair, and Brewster at every point got so much the best of the opposing counsel that by the time arguments commenced his leading adversary was in a white heat. In denouncing the railroad company, this lawyer, with his voice tremulous with anger, exclaimed: "This grasping corporation is as dark, devious and scarified in its methods as is the face of its chief attorney and henchman, Benjamin Brewster!" This violent outburst of rage and cruel invective was followed by a breathless stillness that was painful in the crowded courtroom. Hundreds of pitying eyes were riveted on the poor scarred face of Brewster, expecting to see him spring from his chair and catch his heartless adversary by the throat. Never before had anyone referred to Mr. Brewster's misfortune in such a way, or even in any terms, in his presence. Instead of springing at the man and killing him like a dog, as the audience thought was his desert, Mr. Brewster slowly arose and spoke something like this to the court: "Your Honor, in all my career as a lawyer I have never dealt in personalities, nor did

I ever before feel called upon to explain the cause of my physical misfortune, but I will do so now. When a boy —and my mother, God bless her, said I was a pretty boy —when a little boy, while playing around an open fire one day, with a little sister, just beginning to toddle, she fell into the roaring flames. I rushed to her rescue, pulled her out before she was seriously hurt, and fell into the fire myself. When they took me out of the coals my face was as black as that man's heart." The last sentence was spoken in a voice whose rage was that of a lion. It had an electrical effect, and the applause that greeted it was superb, but in an instant turned to the most contemptuous hisses, directed at the lawyer who had so cruelly wronged the great and lovable Brewster. That lawyer's practice in Philadelphia afterward dwindled to such insignificance that he had to leave the city for a new field. *From the Chicago Times.*

A LUDICROUS EXPLANATION.

A clergyman, anxious to introduce some new hymn-books, directed the clerk to give out a notice in church in regard to them immediately after the sermon. The clerk, however, had a notice of his own to give with reference to the baptism of infants. Accordingly, at the close of the sermon, he announced: "All those who have children they wish baptised, please send in their names at once." The clergyman, who was deaf, supposing that the clerk was giving out the hymn-book notice, immediately arose and said: "And I want to say

for the benefit of those who haven't any, that they may be obtained from me any day between three and four o'clock; the ordinary little ones at fifteen cents, and special ones with red backs at twenty-five cents each."

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, to Thee!

Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'll be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Then let the way appear,
Steps up to heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Sarah Flowers Adams. Music by Dr. Lowell Mason.

AMERICA.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride;
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring.

My native country thee,
Land of the noble free,—
Thy name I love;

I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break—
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

S. F. Smith, LL.D.

THE MYSTERIES.

The early sunlight filtered through the filmy draperies to where a wondering baby stretched his dimpled hands to catch the rays that lit his face and flesh like dawn lights up a rose. His startled gaze caught and held the dawn of day in rapturous looks that spoke the dawn of Self, for with the morning gleam out came the greater wonder. It was the mystery of Life.

Across a cradle where, sunk in satin pillows, lay a still, pale form as droops a rose from some fierce heat, the evening shadows fell aslant, and spoke of peace. The twilight calm enclosed the world in silence deep as Truth, and on the little face the wondering look had given place to one of sweet repose. It was the mystery of Death.

At head and foot the tapers burned, a golden light that clove the night as Hope the encircling gloom. Across the cot where lay the fair, frail form, his hand reached out to hers and met and clasped in tender burning touch. Into the eyes of each there came the look that is the light of life; that spoke of self to each, yet told they two were one. It was the mystery to which the mysteries Life and Death bow down—the mystery of Love.

James Hunt Cook.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

'Tis midnight's holy hour—and silence now
Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bell's deep tones are swelling; 'tis the knell
Of the departed year. No funeral train
Is sweeping past; yet, on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light the moonbeams rest
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirred
As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud,
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,

The spirits of the seasons seem to stand—
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form
And Winter with his aged locks—and breathe
In mournful cadences that come abroad
Like the far windharp's wild and touching wail,
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,
Gone from the earth forever. 'Tis a time
For memory and for tears. Within the deep,
Still chambers of the heart a specter dim,
Whose tunes are like the wizard voice of Time
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have pass'd away,
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life. The year
Has gone, and with it many a glorious throng
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course
It waved its scepter o'er the beautiful,
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man, and the haughty form
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
It trod the hall of revelry where thronged
The bright and joyous, and the tearful wail
Of stricken ones is heard, where erst the song
And reckless shout resounded. It passed o'er
The battle plain where sword and spear and shield
Flash'd in the light of midday, and the strength
Of serried hosts is shiver'd, and the grass,
Green from the soil of carnage, waves above

The crush'd and mouldering skeleton. It came
And faded like a wreath of mist at eve,
Yet ere it melted in the viewless air
It heralded its millions to their home
In the dim land of dreams. Remorseless Time—
Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe—what power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart to pity? On, still on
He presses, and forever The proud bird,
The condor of the Andes, that can soar
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
The fury of the northern hurricane,
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down
To rest upon his mountain crag—but Time
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,
And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
His rushing pinion. . . . . .
Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,
Dark, stern, all pitiless, and pauses not
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought!

George D. Prentice.

THE SIMPLE FAITH.

Before me, even as behind,
God is, and all is well.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

WITH LOVE—FROM MOTHER.

There's a letter on the bottom of the pile,
Its envelope a faded yellow-brown,
It has traveled to the city many a mile,
And the postmark names a little unknown town.

But the hurried man of business pushes all the others by,
And on the scrawly characters he turns a glistening eye;
He forgets the cares of commerce and his anxious schemes for gain,
The while he reads what mother writes from up in Maine.

There are quirks and scratchy quavers of the pen
Where it struggled in the fingers old and bent.
There are places that he has to read again
And ponder on to find what mother meant.

There are letters on his table that enclose some bouncing checks;
There are letters giving promises of profits on his "specs;"
But he tosses all the litter by, forgets the golden rain,
Until he reads what mother writes from up in Maine.

At last he finds "with love—we all are well,"
And softly lays the homely letter down,
And dashes at his headlong tasks pellmell.
Once more the busy, anxious man of town.

But whenever in his duties, as the rushing moments fly,
That faded little envelope smiles up to meet his eye,
He turns again to labor with a stronger, truer brain,
From thinking on what mother wrote from up in Maine.

Through all the day he dictates brisk replies
To his amanuensis at his side,—
The curt and stern demand, and business lies,—
The doubting man cajoled, and threat defied.

And then at dusk when all are gone, he drops his worldly mask
And takes his pen and lovingly performs a welcome task;
For never shall the clicking type or shortened scrawl profane
The message to the dear old home up there in Maine.

Holman F. Day, in Lewiston Journal.

TRIBUTE TO THE FLAG.

I have seen the glories of art and architecture and of river and mountain. I have seen the sunset on the Jungfrau and the moon rise over Mount Blanc. But the fairest vision on which these eyes ever rested was the flag of my country in a foreign port. Beautiful as a flower to those who love it, terrible as a meteor to those who hate, it is the symbol of the power and the glory and the honor of fifty millions of Americans.

Senator George F. Hoar.

I WOULD, DEAR JESUS.

I would, dear Jesus, I could break
The hedge that creeds and hearsay make,
And, like the first disciples, be
In person led and taught by thee.

I read thy words, so strong and sweet;
I seek the footprints of thy feet;
But men so mystify the trace,
I long to see thee face to face.

Wouldst thou not let me at thy side,
In thee, in thee so sure confide?
Like John, upon thy breast recline,
And feel thy heart make mine divine?

Hon. John D. Long, ex-Governor of Massachusetts.

THE FLAG.

Here comes The Flag.
Hail it!
Who dares to drag
Or trail it?
Give it hurrahs,—
Three for the stars
Three for the bars.
Uncover your head to it!
The soldiers who tread to it

Shout at the sight of it,
The justice and right of it,
The unsullied white of it,
The blue and the red of it,
And tyranny's dread of it!
Here comes The Flag!
Cheer it!
Valley and crag
Shall hear it.
Fathers shall bless it,
Children caress it.
All shall maintain it,
No one shall stain it.
Cheers for the sailors that fought on the wave for it,
Cheers for the soldiers that always were brave for it,
Tears for the men that went down to the grave for it
Here comes The Flag!

Arthur Macy, in Youths Companion.

JOHN WESLEY'S RULE.

Do all the good you can,
By all the means you can,
In all the ways you can,
In all the places you can,
At all the times you can,
To all the people you can,
As long as ever you can.

THE DEPARTURE.

And on her lover's arm she leant,
  And round her waist she felt it fold,
And far across the hills they went
  In that new world which is the old;
Across the hills and far away
  Beyond their utmost purple rim,
And deep into the dying day
  The happy princess followed him.

"I'd sleep another hundred years,
  O love, for such another kiss;"
"O wake forever, love," she hears,
  "O love, 'twas such as this and this."
And o'er them many a sliding star
  And many a merry wind was borne,
And, streamed thro' many a golden bar,
  The twilight melted into morn.

"O eyes long laid in happy sleep!"
  "O happy sleep that lightly fled!"
"O happy kiss that woke thy sleep!"
  "O love, thy kiss would wake the dead!"
And o'er them many a flowing range
  Of vapour buoyed the crescent bark,
And rapt thro' many a rosy change,
  The twilight died into the dark.

"A hundred summers! Can it be?
  And whither goest thou, tell me where?"

"O seek my father's court with me,
For there are greater wonders there."
And o'er the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
Beyond the night, across the day,
Thro' all the world she followed him!
Alfred Tennyson, in "The Daydream."

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

Little by little the time goes by—
Short, if you sing through it, long, if you sigh.
Little by little—an hour a day,
Gone with the years that have vanished away.
Little by little the race is run;
Trouble and waiting and toil are done!

Little by little the skies grow clear;
Little by little the sun comes near;
Little by little the days smile out,
Gladder and brighter on pain and doubt;
Little by little the seed we sow
Into a beautiful yield will grow.

Little by little the world grows strong,
Fighting the battle of Right and Wrong;
Little by little the Wrong gives way—
Little by little the Right has sway.
Little by little all longing souls
Struggle up nearer the shining goals.

Little by little the good in man
Blossoms to beauty, for human ken;
Little by little the angels see
Prophecies better of good to be;
Little by little the God of all
Lifts the world nearer the pleading call.

HOW DID YOU DIE?

Did you tackle the trouble that came your way
With a resolute heart and cheerful?
Or hide your face from the light of day
With a craven soul and fearful?
O, a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce,
Or a trouble is what you make it,
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,
But only how did you take it?

You are beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that?
Come up with a smiling face.
It's nothing against you to fall down flat,
But to lie there—that's disgrace.
The harder you're thrown, why, the higher you bounce;
Be proud of your blackened eye!
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts;
It's how did you fight—and why?

And though you be done to the death, what then?
If you battled the best you could,

If you played your part in the world of men,
Why, the Critic will call it good.
Death comes with a crawl, or comes with a pounce,
And whether he's slow or spry,
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,
But only how did you die?

Edmund Vance Cooke.

ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG.

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be

here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth.

Address of President Lincoln at Gettysburg, Nov. 19, 1863.

IF I HAD THE TIME.

If I had the time to find a place
And sit me down full face to face
With my better self, that stands no show
In my daily life that rushes so,
It might be then I would see my soul
Was stumbling still toward the shining goal—
I might be nerved by the thought sublime,
If I had the time!

If I had the time to let my heart
Speak out and take in my life a part,
To look about and stretch a hand
To a comrade quartered on no-luck land,
Ah, God! If I might but just sit still
And hear the note of the whip-poor-will,
I think that my wish with God would rhyme—
If I had the time.

If I had the time to learn from you
How much for comfort my word would do;
And I told you then of my sudden will
To kiss your feet when I did you ill—
If the tears aback of the bravado
Could force their way and let you know—
Brothers, the souls of us all would chime,
If we had the time!

MAMMA'S DIRL.

Ev'ry night when shadows fly,
And the housework is put by,
And, shut-eyed, I sit and dream
Of the light on some far stream,
Of the blooms I used to know
In some field of long ago,
Then I wonder wearily
If the present holds for me
Half the joys of other days,
Half the gladness of old ways,
And sometimes my eyes are wet
With a half-forgot regret;
Then comes romping in to me
And up-clambers on my knee
Such a blue-eyed, laughing sprite,
And puts weariness to flight;
Such as makes the present seem,
More than yesterday, a dream
Of sweet things; and so I smile

O'er regrets of otherwhile,
And she says, and twists a curl:
"I am mamma's baby dirl!"
And the while I bless my lot,
Whispers: "Mamma had fordot!"

I had not forgot, ah, no!
Memory will sometime go
Down the ways we used to tread;
Ways with wondrous blossoms spread.
It is not that we regret
These old ways we don't forget,
It is just that laughter rang,
Just that lilting wild birds sang
O'er those ways of yesteryear
That still makes their mem'ry dear.
But I'm happier today
Than I was down any way
That my young feet used to tread;
Skies are bluer overhead,
And today's birds sing more clear
Than did birds of yesteryear;
I have got you by my side,
Bonny-haired and wonder-eyed,
You who clamber to my knee,
You whose laugh is full of glee,
And I'm happy; happy? Yes!
Glad for ev'ry sweet caress,
For each dimpling smile and curl!
Thankful for my "baby dirl."

J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

HORACE GREELEY'S SORROW.

We publish below a pathetic letter written by Mr. Greeley on the death of his little boy. Notwithstanding the fact that more than thirty years have passed since the words were written, they will awaken sympathy in many a heart that has known a similar grief:—

My Friend:—The loss of my boy makes a great change in my feelings, plans and prospects. The joy of my life was comprehended in his, and I do not now feel that any personal object can strongly move me henceforth. I had thought of buying a country place, but it was for him. I had begun to love flowers and beautiful objects, because he liked them. Now, all that deeply concerns me is the evidence that we shall live hereafter, and especially that we shall live with and know those we loved here. I mean to act my part while life is spared me, but I no longer covet length of days. If I felt sure on the point of identifying and being with our loved ones in the world to come, I would prefer not to live long. As it is, I am resigned to whatever may be divinely ordered. . . . We had but few hours to prepare for our loss. He went to bed as hearty and happy as ever. At 5 a. m. he died. . . . His mother had bought him a fiddle the day before, which delighted him beyond measure; and he was only induced to lay it up at night by his delight at the idea of coming up in the morning and surprising me by playing on it before I got up. In the morning at daylight I was called to his bedside. The next day, I followed him to his grave! You cannot guess how golden and lovely his long hair (never cut)

looked in the coffin. . . . Pickie was five years old last March. So much grace and wit and poetry were rarely or never blended in so young a child, and to us his form and features were the perfection of beauty. We can never have another child; and life cannot be long enough to efface, though it will temper this sorrow. It differs in kind as well as degree from all that we have hitherto experienced. *Horace Greeley.*

HE WORRIED ABOUT IT.

The sun's heat will give out in ten million years more—
And he worried about it.
It will sure give out then, if it doesn't before—
And he worried about it.
It will surely give out, so the scientists said
In all scientifical books he had read,
And the whole boundless universe then will be dead—
And he worried about it.

And some day the earth will fall into the sun—
And he worried about it—
Just as sure and as straight as if shot from a gun—
And he worried about it.
"When strong gravitation unbuckles her straps,
Just picture," he said, "what a fearful collapse!
It will come in a few million ages, perhaps"—
And he worried about it.

And the earth will become much too small for the race—
And he worried about it—

When we'll pay thirty dollars an inch for pure space—
And he worried about it.
The earth will be crowded so much, without doubt,
That there won't be room for one's tongue to stick out,
Nor room for one's thoughts to wander about—
And he worried about it.

And the Gulf Stream will curve, and New England grow torrider—
And he worried about it—
Than was ever the climate of southernmost Florida—
And he worried about it.
Our ice crop will be knocked into small smithereens,
And crocodiles block up our mowing-machines,
And we'll lose our fine crops of potatoes and beans—
And he worried about it.

And in less than ten thousand years, there's no doubt—
And he worried about it—
Our supply of lumber and coal will give out—
And he worried about it.
Just then the ice-age will return cold and raw,
Frozen men will stand stiff with arms outstretched in awe,
As if vainly beseeching a general thaw—
And he worried about it.

His wife took in washing—half a dollar a day—
He didn't worry about it—
His daughter sewed shirts, the rude grocer to pay—
He didn't worry about it.

While his wife beat her tireless rub-a-dub-dub
On the washboard drum of her old wooden tub,
He sat by the stove, and he just let her rub—
He didn't worry about it.

Sam Walter Foss

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

After this manner therefore pray ye:

Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory, forever. Amen.

Matthew vi. 9-13.

FROM THANATOPSIS.

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Bryant

WHERE THE RAINBOW NEVER FADES.

It cannot be that the earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a mere bubble cast up by eternity to float a moment on its waves and then sink into nothingness. Else why is it that the glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts are forever wandering unsatisfied? Why is it that all the stars that hold their festival around the midnight throne are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty presented to our view are taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? There is a realm where the rainbow never fades; where the stars will be spread out before us like islands that slumber in the ocean; and where the beautiful beings which now pass before us like shadows will stay in our presence forever.

George D. Prentice, in "Man's Higher Destiny."

A MORNING PRAYER.

The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces, let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the Valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said;
Into the Valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Someone had blundered;
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die;
Into the Valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode, and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turned in air,

Sab'ring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered;
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right thro' the line they broke,
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre stroke
Shatter'd and sunder'd;
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O, the wild charge they made,
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made,
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

Alfred Tennyson.

MOSSES AND LICHENS.

Moss and lichens: Meek creatures! The first mercy of the earth, veiling with hushed softness its dintless rocks. No words that I know of will say what mosses are. None are delicate enough, none perfect enough, none rich enough. How is one to tell of the rounded bosses of furred and beaming green—the starred divisions of rubied bloom, fine filmed, as if the rock spirits could spin porphyry as we do glass—the traceries of intricate silver, and fringes of amber, lustrous, arborescent, burnished through every fibre into fitful brightness and glossy traverses of silken change, yet all subdued and pensive, and framed for simplest, sweetest offices of grace. They will not be gathered, like the flowers, for chaplet or love token; but of these the wild bird will make his nest and the wearied child his pillow.

And as the earth's first mercy, so they are its last gift to us. When all other service is vain, from plant and tree, the soft mosses and gray lichens take up their watch for the headstone. The woods, the blossoms, the gift-bearing grasses have done their parts for a time, but these do service forever. Trees for the builder's yard, flowers for the bride's chamber, corn for the granary, moss for the grave.

Yet as in one sense the humblest, in another they are the most honored of the earth children, unfading as motionless, the worm frets them not, and the autumn wastes not. Strong in lowliness, they neither blanch in heat nor pine in frost. To them, slow-fingered, constant-hearted, is entrusted the weaving of the dark eternal

tapestries of the hills; to them, slow-penciled, iris-dyed, the tender framing of their endless imagery. Sharing the stillness of the unimpassioned rock, they share also its endurance; and while the winds of departing spring scatter the white hawthorn blossom like drifted snow, and summer dims on the parched meadow the drooping of its cowslip-gold, far above, among the mountains, the silver lichen-spots rest, star-like, on the stone; and the gathering orange stain upon the edge of yonder western peak reflects the sunsets of a thousand years.

By the Contributor:—The reader will not fail to notice that this beautiful conclusion is in verse:

The gathering orange stain
Upon the edge of yonder western peak
Reflects the sunsets of a thousand years.

This we conceive to be, upon the whole, the finest passage of its order in the world; the most poetical, the most beautifully-imagined and the most exquisitely expressed.

"GOOD-BYE."

[Said to have been written by Ah Foo Lin, a Chinese student, in a friend's album.]

There is a word, of grief the sounding token;
  There is a word bejeweled with bright tears,
The saddest word fond lips have ever spoken;
  A little word that breaks the chain of years;
Its utterance must ever bring emotion,
  The memories it crystals cannot die,
'Tis known in every land, on every ocean—
    'Tis called "Good-bye."

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

[Written in memory of President Lincoln, to whom the poem refers as the captain of the ship of state.]

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done.
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! My Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Hear Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer me, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;

Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck: my Captain lies
Fallen cold and dead.

Walt Whitman.

HE FOUND IT.

A well known Indiana man,
One dark night last week,
Went to the cellar with a match
In search of a gas leak.
(He found it.)

John Welch by curiosity
(Dispatches state) was goaded;
He squinted in his old shotgun
To see it it was loaded.
(It was.)

A man in Macon stopped to watch
A patent cigar clipper;
He wondered if his finger was
Not quicker than the nipper.
(It wasn't.)

A Maine man read that human eyes
Of hypnotism were full;
He went to see if it would work
Upon an angry bull.
(It wouldn't.)

San Francisco Bulletin.

COOL PHILOSOPHY.

Johnny had told a falsehood, and his mother was anxiously talking with him.

"The Bible says, Johnny," she told him, "that no one who tells lies can go to heaven."

"Mamma," he asked, "did you ever tell a lie?"

"I dare say I did, my son, when I was very small like you, and did not realize how wicked it was."

"Did papa ever tell a lie?"

"Perhaps he might, when he was a little boy; but he would not do it now."

"Well," remarked the young philosopher, "I don't know as I care about going to heaven, if there isn't going to be anybody there but God and George Washington."

Anonymous.

THE WONDROUS CROSS.

When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord! that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;

Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree;
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD!

1 The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3 He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Psalms, XXIII.

GIVE THEM THE FLOWERS NOW.

Closed eyes can't see the white roses,
Cold hands can't hold them, you know,
Breath that is stilled cannot gather
The odors that sweet from them blow.
Death, with a peace beyond dreaming,
Its children of earth doth endow;
Life is the time we can help them,
So give them the flowers now!

Here are the struggles and striving,
Here are the cares and the tears;
Now is the time to be smoothing
The frowns and the furrows and fears.
What to closed eyes are kind sayings?
What to hushed heart is deep vow?
Naught can avail after parting,
So give them the flowers now!

Just a kind word or a greeting;
Just a warm grasp or a smile—
There are the flowers that will lighten
The burdens for many a mile.
After the journey is over
What is the use of them; how
Can they carry them who must be carried?
Oh, give them the flowers now!

Blooms from the happy heart's garden
Plucked in the spirit of love;
Blooms that are earthly reflections

Of flowers that blossom above.
Words cannot tell what a measure
Of blessing such gifts will allow
To dwell in the lives of many,
So give them the flowers now!

Leigh M. Hodges.

THE BOYS.

Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
If there has, take him out without making a noise.
Hang the almanac's cheat and the catalogue's spite!
Old Time is a liar! We're twenty tonight.

We're twenty! we're twenty! Who says we are more?
He's tipsy—Young Jackanapes! Show him the door!
Gray temples at twenty? Yes! white if we please,
Where the snowflakes fall thickest there's nothing can freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!
Look close—you will see not a sign of a flake!
We want some new garlands for those we have shed,
And these are white roses in place of the red.

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been told,
Of talking (in public) as if we were old!
That boy we call "Doctor" and this we call "Judge";
It's a neat little fiction—of course it's all fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker," the one on the right;
"Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you tonight?

That's our "Member of Congress," we say when we chaff;
There's the "Reverend"—what's his name?—don't make
me laugh.

That boy with the grave, mathematical look
Made believe he had written a wonderful book,
And the Royal Society thought it was true!
So they chose him right in—a good joke it was, too!

There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker brain,
That could harness a team with a logical chain;
When he spoke of our manhood in syllabled fire
We called him "The Justice," but now he's "The Squire."

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith;
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith!
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free—
Just read on his medal, "My country . . . of thee!"

You hear that boy laughing? You think he's all fun,
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done.
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!

Yes, we're boys, always playing with tongue or with pen,
And I sometimes have asked, shall we ever be men?
Shall we always be youthful and laughing and gay,
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of Thy children, the boys.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE POPPY LAND EXPRESS.

The first train leaves at six p. m.
For the land where the poppy blows.
The mother is the engineer,
And the passenger laughs and crows.

The palace car is the mother's arms;
The whistle a low, sweet strain.
The passenger winks and nods and blinks
And goes to sleep on the train.

At eight p. m. the next train starts
For the poppy land afar.
The summons clear falls on the ear,
"All aboard for the sleeping car!"

But "What is the fare to poppy land?
I hope it is not too dear."
The fare is this—a hug and a kiss,
And it's paid to the engineer.

So I ask of Him who children took
On His knee in kindness great:
"Take charge, I pray, of the trains each day
That leave at six and eight.

"Keep watch of the passengers," thus I pray,
"For to me they are very dear;
And special ward, O gracious Lord,
O'er the gentle engineer."

St. Louis Star-Sayings.

FIRST STEAMBOAT PASSAGE MONEY PAID.

Says the narrator of this incident:

I chanced to be in Albany when Fulton arrived with his unheard-of craft, the Claremont, which everybody was so anxious to see. Being ready to leave, and hearing the strange-looking boat was about to return to New York, I went on board, and, inquiring for Mr. Fulton, was directed to the cabin, where I found a plain-looking but gentlemanly-appearing man, wholly alone.

"Mr. Fulton, I presume?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you return to New York with this boat?"

"We shall try to get back, sir."

"Can I have passage down?"

"You can take your chance with us, sir."

"How much is the passage money?"

After a moments hesitation, he named the sum of six dollars, and I laid the coins in his hand.

With his eyes fixed upon the money, he remained so long motionless that I concluded there was a miscount, and asked:

"Is that right, sir?"

The question roused him; he looked up, tears brimming his eyes and his voice faltering as he said:

"Excuse me, sir, but memory was busy, and this is the first pecuniary reward I have ever received for all my exertions in adapting steam to navigation; I would order a bottle of wine to commemorate the event, but, really, sir, I am too poor."

The voyage to New York was successful and terminated without accident or delay.

Four years later, when the Claremont, greatly improved and renamed the North River, and two sister boats, the Car of Neptune and the Paragon, were regularly plying between New York and Albany, I again took passage.

The cabin was below and well filled with passengers. As I paced to and fro, I observed a man watching me closely, and thought he might be Fulton, and as I passed him our eyes met, when he sprang to his feet, eagerly extending his hand and exclaiming:

"I knew it must be you. I have never forgotten your features. Come, I can now afford that bottle of wine."

As we discussed the nice lunch he ordered spread for us, Mr. Fulton ran rapidly and vividly over his experiences of the past few years. He spoke of the world's coldness and sneers, of the hopes, fears, disappointments and difficulties which had followed him through his whole career of discovery up to his final crowning triumph of success.

"I have again and again recalled our first meeting at Albany, and the vivid emotions caused by your paying me that first passage money. That, sir, seemed then, and still seems, the turning-point in my destiny,—the dividing line between light and darkness—the first actual recognition of my usefulness from my fellow-men. God bless you, sir! That act of yours gave me the courage I needed."

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Wilt Thou not regard my call?
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?
Lo, I sink, I faint, I fall!
Lo, on Thee I cast my care;
Reach me out Thy gracious hand!
While I of Thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and behold I live!

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;

Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart.
Rise to all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

AFTERWHILE.

Afterwhile we have in view
The old home to journey to;
Where the Mother is, and where
Her sweet welcome waits us there,
How we'll click the latch that locks
In the pinks and hollyhocks,
And leap up the path once more
Where she waits us at the door;
How we'll greet the dear old smile
And the warm tears, afterwhile.

James Whitcomb Riley.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

This is the ship of pearl which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadow'd main—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purple wings,
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chamber'd cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed—
Its iris'd ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretch'd in his last found home, he knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Thro' the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:

Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"GET AWAY FROM THE CROWD."

Robert Burdette, in a talk to young men, said: "Get away from the crowd for a while, and think. Stand on one side and let the world run by, while you get acquainted with yourself and see what kind of a fellow you are. Ask yourself hard questions about yourself. Ascertain, from original sources, if you are really the manner of man you say you are; and if you are always honest; if you always tell the square, perfect truth in business details; if your life is as good and upright at eleven o'clock at night as it is at noon; if you are as good a temperance man on a fishing excursion as you are on a Sunday-school picnic; if you are as good when you go to the city as you are at home; if, in short, you are really the sort of man your father hopes you are and your sweetheart believes you are. Get on intimate terms with yourself, my boy, and, believe me, every time you come out of one of those private interviews you will be a stronger, better, purer man. Don't forget this, and it will do you good."

LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amid the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea,
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared;
This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
Amid that pilgrim band:
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The spot where first they trod;
They left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God.

Mrs. Hemans.

BREAST FORWARD.

One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

Robert Browning.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands,
They're neither white nor small;
And you, I know, would scarcely think
That they were fair at all.
I've looked on hands whose form and hue
A sculptor's dream might be,
Yet are these aged wrinkled hands
Most beautiful to me.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
Though heart were weary and sad
These patient hands kept toiling on
That the children might be glad.
I almost weep when looking back
To childhood's distant day!
I think how these hands rested not
When mine were at their play.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're growing feeble now,
And time and pain have left their mark
On hand, and heart and brow.
Alas! alas! the nearing time—
And the sad, sad day to me,
When 'neath the daisies, out of sight,
These hands must folded be.

But, oh! beyond the shadowy lands,
Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well these dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear;

When crystal streams, through endless years,
Flow over golden sands,
And where the old are young again,
I'll clasp my mother's hands.

Mrs. Ellen M. H. Gates.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

The favorite poem of Admiral Dewey, and by him suggested as his contribution. Also sent in by many contestants.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight of his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said:
"What writest thou?"—The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel.—Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,—
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

Leigh Hunt.

CONSEQUENCES.

A traveler on a dusty road
  Strewed acorns on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up,
  And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
  To breathe his early vows,
And age was pleased, in heats of noon
  To bask beneath its boughs;
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
  The birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place,
  A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way
  Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well
  Where weary men might turn.
He walled it in, and hung with care
  A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
  But judged that all might drink.
He paused again, and lo! the well,
  By summer never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues
  And saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought;
  'Twas old, and yet 'twas new;
A simple fancy of the brain,
  But strong in being true.

It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monitory flame.
The thought was small, its issue great;
A watch-fire on the hill;
It shed its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of Hope and Love,
Unstudied from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

Anon, N. Y. Magazine.

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take;
And this I ask for Jesus' sake.
Amen.

EBEN REXFORD'S DISCHARGE.

It was Convention Day for the G. A. R. in the State of—(we'll say South Dakota). Eben Rexford was a prominent candidate for State Commander, but his opponents had whispered around that Eben had no discharge to show. There must be something crooked in his record.

On the day of the election, Eben arose in his place and addressed the chair as follows:

"Mr. Chairman, It has been stated that I have no discharge, and as my name has been mentioned for Commander, I wish to make an explanation. It is true that I have no discharge.

"When the President's call for troops reached my home in a little village back in New Hampshire, my older brother Samuel happened to be in the village that evening, and enlisted. When he got home, out on the farm a few miles, he told father and mother, and the matter was talked over. Samuel was the support of the family, father and mother being aged people, and as he understood the farm work better than I did, being only sixteen years old at that time, it was decided that Samuel should stay at home and I should go in his place. I went, and answered to his name at every roll-call all through the war. No, Mr. Chairman, I have no discharge, but Samuel has one."

Eben sat down, the tears rolling down his cheeks, and there was not a dry eye in that gathering of battle-scarred veterans. He was unanimously elected Department Commander.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play;
O well for the sailor lad
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

Alfred Tennyson.

THE DOORSTEP.

The conference meeting through at last,
The boys around the vestry waited
To see the girls come tripping past
Like snowbirds willing to be mated.

Not braver he that leaps the wall
By level musket-flashes litten,

Than I, who stepped before them all
Who longed to see me get the mitten.

But no, she blushed and took my arm!
We let the old folks have the highway,
And started toward the Maple Farm
Along a kind of lovers' by-way.

I can't remember what we said,
'Twas nothing worth a song or story,
Yet that rude path by which we sped
Seemed all transformed and in a glory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet,
The moon was full, the fields were gleaming;
By hood and tippet sheltered sweet,
Her face with youth and health was beaming.

The little hand outside her muff—
O sculptor, if you could but mold it!
So lightly touched my jacket-cuff,
To keep it warm, I had to hold it.

To have her with me there alone—
'Twas love and fear and triumph blended,
At last we reached the foot-worn stone
Where that delicious journey ended.

She shook her ringlets from her hood,
And with a "Thank you, Ned," dissembled,
But yet I knew she understood
With what a daring wish I trembled.

A cloud passed kindly overhead,
The moon was slyly peeping through it,
Yet hid its face, as if it said,
"Come, now or never, do it, do it!"

My lips till then had only known
The kiss of mother and of sister,
But, somehow, full upon her own
Sweet, rosy, darling mouth—I kissed her!

Perhaps 'twas boyish love, yet still,
O listless woman! weary lover!
To feel once more that fresh wild thrill,
I'd give—but who can live youth over?

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

FOR THOSE WHO FAIL.

"All honor to him who shall win the prize,"
The world has cried for a thousand years,
But to him who tries and who fails and dies,
I give great honor and glory and tears.

Give glory and honor and pitiful tears
To all who fail in their deeds sublime,
Their ghosts are many in the van of years,
They were born with Time in advance of Time.

Oh, great is the hero who wins a name,
But greater many and many a time
Some pale-faced fellow who dies in shame
And lets God finish the thought sublime.

And great is the man with a sword undrawn,
And good is the man who refrains from wine,
But the man who fails and yet still fights on,
Lo, he is the twin-brother of mine.

Joaquin Miller.

THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the under-world;
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square:
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret,—
O death in life, the days that are no more.

Lord Tennyson; "The Princess."

LET SOMETHING GOOD BE SAID.

When over the fair fame of friend or foe
The shadow of disgrace shall fall; instead
Of words of blame, or proof of so and so,
Let something good be said.

Forget not that no fellow being yet
May fall so low but love may lift his head;
Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet,
If something good be said.

No generous heart may vainly turn aside
In ways of sympathy; no soul so dead
But may awaken strong and glorified,
If something good be said.

And so I charge ye, by the thorny crown,
And by the cross on which the Saviour bled,
And by your own soul's hope for fair renown,
Let something good be said.

James Whitcomb Riley.

LET HER SLIDE.

Let the howlers howl, and the growlers growl, and the prowlers prowl, and the gee-gaws go it;
Behind the night there is plenty of light, and things are all right and—I know it.

Anonymous.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-trees' shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mold'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing morn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll:

Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Thomas Gray, 1716-1771.

A JUNE MORNING.

Oh! have you not seen on some morning in June,
When the flowers were in tears and the forest in tune,
When the billows of morn broke bright on the air,
On the breast of the brightest, some star clinging there?
Some sentinel star not ready to set,
Forgetting to wane and watching there yet?

How you gazed on that vision of beauty the while,
How it wavered till torn by the light of God's smile,
How it passed through the portals of pearl like a bride,
How it paled as it passed and the morning star died.
The sky was all blushes; the lark was all bliss,
And the prayer of your heart was "Be my ending like this."

So my beautiful dove passed away from life's even;
So the blush of her being was blended with heaven;
So the bird of my bosom fluttered up in the dawn,
A window was open; my darling was gone.
A truant from tears, from time and from sin,
For the angel on watch took the wanderer in.

And when I shall hear the new song that she sings
I shall know her again, notwithstanding her wings,
By those eyes full of heaven; by the light of her hair,
And the smile she wore here she will surely wear there.

Benjamin F. Taylor.

HIS OLD FATHER SATISFIED.

Twenty years ago a discouraged young doctor in one of our large cities was visited once by his old father, who came up from a rural district to look after his boy.

"Well, son," he said, "how are you getting along?"

"I'm not getting along at all," was the disheartened answer. "I'm not doing a thing."

The old man's countenance fell, but he spoke of courage and patience and perseverance. Later in the day he went with his son to the "Free Dispensary," where the young doctor had an unsalaried position, and where he spent an hour or more every day.

The father sat by, a silent but intensely interested spectator, while twenty-five poor unfortunates received help. The doctor forgot his visitor while he bent his skilled energies to this task; but hardly had the door closed on the last patient, when the old man burst forth:

"I thought you told me that you were not doing anything! Why, if I had helped twenty-five people in a month as much as you have in one morning, I would thank God that my life counted for something."

"There isn't any money in it, though," explained the son somewhat abashed.

"Money!" the old man shouted, still scornfully. "Money! What is money in comparison with being of use to your fellow-men? Never mind about money; you go right along at this work every day. I'll go back to the farm, and gladly earn money enough to support you as long as I live—yes, and sleep sound every night with the thought that I have helped you to help your fellow-men."

Chicago Advance.

MAN OF SCIENCE DID NOT [illegible]TE.

Miss Daisy Leiter has brought back from London a story about Charles Darwin:

"Two English boys," said Miss Leiter, "being friends of Darwin, thought one day that they would play a joke on him. They caught a butterfly, a grasshopper, a beetle and a centipede, and out of these creatures they made a strange, composite insect. They took the centipede's body, the butterfly's wings, the grasshopper's legs and the beetle's head, and they glued them together carefully. Then, with their new bug in a box, they knocked at Darwin's door.

"'We caught this bug in a field,' they said. 'Can you tell us what kind of a bug it is, sir?'

"Darwin looked at the bug and then he looked at the boys. He smiled slightly.

"'Did it hum when you caught it?' he asked.

"'Yes,' they answered, nudging one another.

"'Then,' said Darwin, 'it is a humbug.'"

New York Tribune.

THE LOVE OF HOME.

1. It is only shallow-minded pretenders who either make distinguished origin a matter of personal merit, or obscure origin a matter of personal reproach. Taunt and scoffing at the humble condition of early life affect nobody in America but those who are foolish enough to indulge in them, and they are generally sufficiently punished by public rebuke. A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition.

2. It did not happen to me to be born in a log-cabin; but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log-cabin raised among the snowdrifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada.

3. Its remains still exist; I make it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections and the touching narratives and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode.

4. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living; and if ever I am ashamed of it, or if ever I fail in affectionate veneration for him who reared it and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all the domestic virtues beneath its roof, and, through the fire and blood of a

seven years' revolutionary war, shrunk from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name and the name of my posterity be blotted forever from the memory of mankind!

Daniel Webster.

THE DAY IS DONE.

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,

Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And tonight I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

Henry W. Longfellow.

HULLO!

When you see a man in woe,
Walk straight up and say "Hullo!"
Say, "Hullo!" and "How d'ye do?
How's the world been using you?"
Slap the fellow on his back,
Bring your hand down with a whack;
Waltz straight up and don't go slow,
Shake his hand and say, "Hullo!"

Is he clothed in rags? Oh, ho!
Walk straight up and say, "Hullo!"
Rags are but a cotton roll
Just for wrapping up a soul;
And a soul is worth a true
Hale and hearty, "How d'ye do?"
Don't wait for the crowd to go;
Walk straight up and say, "Hullo!"

When big vessels meet, they say,
They salute and sail away:
Just the same as you and me,
Lonely ships upon the sea,
Each one sailing his own jog
For a port beyond the fog;
Let your speaking-trumpet blow,
Lift your horn and cry "Hullo!"

Say "Hullo!" and "How d'ye do?"
Other folks are good as you.
When you leave your house of clay,

Wandering in the far away;
When you travel through the strange
Country far beyond the range,
Then the souls you've cheered will know
Who you be, and say "Hullo!"

Sam Walter Foss, in New York Weekly.

NOTHING TO DO BUT WORK.

Nothing to do but work,
Nothing to eat but food,
Nothing to wear but clothes,
To keep one from being nude.

Nothing to breathe but air,
Quick as a flash 'tis gone;
Nowhere to fall but off,
Nowhere to stand but on.

Nothing to sing but songs,
Ah, well! Alas! Alack!
Nowhere to go but out,
Nowhere to come but back.

Nothing to read but words,
Nothing to cast but votes,
Nothing to hear but sounds,
Nothing to sail but boats.

Nothing to comb but hair,
Nowhere to sleep but in bed,

Nothing to weep but tears,
Nothing to bury but dead.

Nothing to see but sights,
Nothing to quench but thirst,
Nothing to have but what we've got,
Thus through life we're cursed.

Nothing to strike but a gait,
Everything moves that goes,
Nothing at all but commonsense
Can ever withstand these woes.

Ben King.

TO HUSBAND AND WIFE.

Preserve sacredly the privacies of your own house, your married state and your heart. Let no father or mother or sister or brother ever presume to come between you or share the joys or sorrows that belong to you two alone.

With mutual help build your quiet world, not allowing your dearest earthly friend to be the confidant of aught that concerns your domestic peace. Let moments of alienation, if they occur, be healed at once. Never, no never, speak of it outside; but to each other confess and all will come out right. Never let the morrow's sun still find you at variance. Renew and renew your vow. It will do you good; and thereby your minds will grow together contented in that love which is stronger than death, and you will be truly one.

Anonymous.

HIS NEW BROTHER.

Say, I've got a little brother,
Never teased to have him, nother,
But he's here;
They just went ahead and bought him,
And last week the doctor brought him;
Wa'n't that queer?

When I heard the news from Molly,
Why! I thought at first 'twas jolly,
'Cause! you see:
I s'posed I could go and get him,
An' then Mamma 'course she would let him
Play with me.

But when I had once looked at him,
"Why," I says, "my sakes! is that him?
Just that mite?"
They said "Yes," and "Ain't he cunnin'?"
He's a sight.

He's so small, it's jest amazin',
And you'd think that he was blazin',
He's so red.
And his nose is like a berry,
And he's bald as Uncle Jerry
On the head.

Why, he isn't worth a dollar;
All he does is cry and holler,
More and more;

Won't sit up, you can't arrange him;
I don't see why Pa don't change him
At the store.

Now we've got to dress and feed him,
And we really didn't need him
More'n a frog;
Why'll they buy a baby brother
When they know I'd good deal ruther
Have a dog?

SEND THEM TO BED WITH A KISS.

O mothers, so weary, discouraged,
Worn out with the cares of the day,
You often grow cross and impatient,
Complain of the noise and the play;
For the day brings so many vexations,
So many things going amiss;
But mothers, whatever may vex you,
Send the children to bed with a kiss!

The dear little feet wander often,
Perhaps, from the pathway of right,
The dear little hands find new mischief
To try you from morning till night;
But think of the desolate mothers
Who'd give all the world for your bliss,
And, as thanks for your infinite blessings,
Send the children to bed with a kiss!

For some day their noise will not vex you,
The silence will hurt you far more;
You will long for their sweet childish voices,
For a sweet childish face at the door;
And to press a child's face to your bosom,
You'd give all the world for just this!
For the comfort 'twill bring you in sorrow,
Send the children to bed with a kiss!

In New Orleans Picayune.

SONG.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
There is ever a something sings alway;
There's the song of the lark when the skies are clear,
And the song of the thrush when the skies are gray.
The sunshine showers across the grain,
And the bluebird trills in the orchard tree;
And in and out, when the eaves drip rain,
The swallows are twittering ceaselessly.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
Be the skies above or dark or fair;
There is ever a song that our hearts may hear—
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear—
There is ever a song somewhere!

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
In the midnight black or the midday blue;
The robin pipes when the sun is here,
And the cricket chirrups the whole night through.

The buds may blow and the fruit may grow,
And the autumn leaves drop crisp and sere;
But whether the sun, or the rain, or the snow,
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
Be the skies above or dark or fair;
There is ever a song that our hearts may hear—
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear—
There is ever a song somewhere!

James Whitcomb Riley.

LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS.

I haf von fonny leedle poy,
Dot gomes shust to mine knee,
Der queerest schap, der createst rogue
As effer you did see.
He runs, und schumps, und schmashes dings
In all barts of der house,
But vat of dot; he vos mine son,
Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He gets der measles, und der mumps,
Und everydings dots oudt;
He shphills mine glass of lager beer,
Poots shnuff indo mein kraut;
He shtuffs mine pipe mit Limburg scheese,
Dot vas der roughest chouse,

I'd dake dot from no oder poy
But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes mine milk-ban for a drum
Und cuts mine cane in dwo
To make de schticks to peat it mit;
I tells you dot vas drue.
I dinks mine heat vas schplit abart,
He kicks oop sooch a touse;
But nefer mindt, der poys vas few
Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He ashks me questions sooch as dese:
"Who baint mine nose so red?"
"Who vas id cuts dot schmooth blace oudt
Vrom der hair upon mein hed?"
Und "Vhere der plaze goes vrom der lamp?"
Vene'er der glim I douse.
How gan I all dose dings eggsblain
To dot smchall Yawcob Strauss?

I somedimes dink I schall go vildt
Mit sooch a grazy poy,
Und vish vunce more I good haf rest
Und quiet dimes enzhoy;
But ven he vas ashleep in ped,
So quiet as a mouse,
I prays der Lord, "Dake anydinks,
But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

Charles Follen Adams, in "Leedle Yacob Strauss and Other Poems." By permission of the author.

RESIGNATION.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! There severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps,
What seem to us but sad funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition.
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,

Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
  She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
  In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
  Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
  The bond which nature gives,
Thinking our sad remembrance, though unspoken,
  May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her
  For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
  She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
  Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
  Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion
  And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
  That cannot be at rest,

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
  We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
  The grief that must have way.

Henry W. Longfellow.

FORTY YEARS AGO.

I've wandered to the village, Tom,
I've sat beneath the tree
Upon the school house playground
That sheltered you and me;
But none were there to greet me, Tom,
And few were left to know
Who played with us upon the green,
Just forty years ago.

The grass was just as green, Tom,
Barefooted boys at play
Were sporting, just as we did then,
With spirits just as gay;
But the master sleeps upon the hill
Which, coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding-place
Some forty years ago.

The old school house is altered some,
The benches are replaced
By new ones, very like the same
Our jack-knives had defaced.
But the same old bricks are in the wall
And the bell swings to and fro,
Its music's just the same, dear Tom,
'Twas forty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill,
Close by the spreading beech,
Is very low; 'twas once so high
That we could scarcely reach;

And kneeling down to take a drink,
Dear Tom, I started so,
To think how very much I've changed
Since forty years ago.

Near by that spring, upon an elm,
You know I cut your name,
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom,
And you did mine the same;
Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark,
'Twas dying sure, but slow,
Just as she died whose name you cut
There forty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, Tom,
But tears came in my eyes;
I thought of her I loved so well,
Those early broken ties;
I visited the old churchyard,
And took some flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved
Just forty years ago.

Well, some are in the churchyard laid,
Some sleep beneath the sea,
But none are left of our old class,
Excepting you and me;
And when our time shall come, Tom,
And we are called to go,
I hope we'll meet with those we loved
Some forty years ago.

Anonymous.

NEVER SAY FAIL!

Keep pushing—'tis wiser
  Than sitting aside,
And dreaming and sighing,
  And waiting the tide.
In life's earnest battle
  They only prevail
Who daily march onward
  And never say fail!

With an eye ever open,
  A tongue that's not dumb,
And a heart that will never
  To sorrow succumb—
You'll battle and conquer,
  Though thousands assail:
How strong and how mighty
  Who never say fail!

The spirit of angels
  Is active, I know,
As higher and higher
  In glory they go;
Methinks on bright pinions
  From Heaven they sail,
To cheer and encourage
  Who never say fail!

Ahead, then, keep pushing,
  And elbow your way,

Unheeding the envious,
And asses that bray;
All obstacles vanish,
All enemies quail,
In the might of their wisdom
Who never say fail!

In life's early morning,
In manhood's firm pride,
Let this be your motto
Your footsteps to guide;
In storm and in sunshine,
Whatever assail,
We'll onward and conquer,
And never say fail!

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew,
The wide-spreading pond and the mill that stood by it,
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well.

That moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.

How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell.
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well.

Samuel Woodworth.

THE DAYS GONE BY.

O the days gone by! O the days gone by!
The apples in the orchard, and the pathway through the rye;
The chirrup of the robin, and the whistle of the quail
As he piped across the meadows sweet as any nightingale;
When the bloom was on the clover, and the blue was in the sky,
And my happy heart brimmed over in the days gone by.

In the days gone by, when my naked feet were tripped
By the honeysuckle tangles where the water lilies dripped,
And the ripples of the river lipped the moss along the brink

Where the placid-eyed and lazy-footed cattle came to drink,
And the tilting snipe stood fearless of the truant's wayward cry
And the splashing of the swimmer, in the days gone by.

Oh, the days gone by! Oh, the days gone by!
The music of the laughing lip, the luster of the eye;
The childish faith in fairies, and Aladdin's magic ring—
The simple, soul-reposing glad belief in everything—
When life was like a story, holding neither sob nor sigh,
In the golden olden glory of the days gone by.

James Whitcomb Riley.

THE DREAMS AHEAD.

What would we do in this world of ours,
Were it not for the dreams ahead?
For thorns are mixed with the blooming flowers,
No matter which path we tread.

And each of us has his golden goal,
Stretching far into the years;
And ever he climbs with a hopeful soul,
With alternate smiles and tears.

That dream ahead is what holds him up
Through the storms of a ceaseless fight;
When his lips are pressed to the wormwood's cup,
And clouds shut out the light.

To some it's a dream of high estate
To some it's a dream of wealth;
To some it's a dream of a truce with Fate
In a constant search for health.

To some it's a dream of home and wife;
To some it's a crown above;
The dreams ahead are what make each life—
The dreams—and faith—and love!

Edwin Carlisle Litsey.

SAND WILL DO IT.

I observed a locomotive in the railroad yards one day,
It was waiting in the roundhouse where the locomotives stay;
It was panting for the journey, it was coaled and fully manned,
And it had a box the fireman was filling full of sand.

It appears that locomotives cannot always get a grip
On their slender iron pavement, 'cause the wheels are apt to slip;
And when they reach a slippery spot their tactics they command,
And to get a grip upon the rail, they sprinkle it with sand.

It's about the way with travel along life's slippery track:
If your load is rather heavy you're always slipping back;
So, if a common locomotive you completely understand,
You'll provide yourself in starting with a good supply of sand.

If your track is steep and hilly and you have a heavy grade,
If those who've gone before you have the rails quite slippery made,
If you ever reach the summit of the upper table land,
You'll find you'll have to do it with a liberal use of sand.

If you strike some frigid weather and discover to your cost,
That you're liable to slip up on a heavy coat of frost,
Then some prompt decided action will be called into demand,
And you'll slip 'way to the bottom if you haven't any sand.

You can get to any station that is on life's schedule seen
If there's fire beneath the boiler of ambition's strong machine,
And you'll reach a place called Flushtown at a rate of speed that's grand,
If for all the slippery places you've a good supply of sand.

In Richmond (Ind.) Register.

LOOK UP!

Look up! and not down;
Out! and not in;
Forward! and not back;
And lend a hand.

Edward Everett Hale's motto for The Lend-a-Hand Society.

AWAY.

I cannot say, and I will not say
That he is dead. He is just away!

With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand,
He has wandered into an unknown land,

And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there.

And you—oh you, who the wildest yearn
For the old time step and the glad return—

Think of him faring on, as dear
In the love of There as the love of Here;

And loyal still, as he gave the blows
Of his warrior strength to his country's foes—

Mild and gentle, as he was brave,
When the sweetest love of his life he gave

To simple things; where the violets grew
Pure as the eyes they were likened to,

The touches of his hands have strayed
As reverently as his lips have prayed;

When the little brown thrush that harshly chirred
Was dear to him as the mocking-bird;

And he pitied as much as a man in pain
A writhing honey-bee wet with rain.

Think of him still as the same, I say;
He is not dead—he is just—away!

James Whitcomb Riley

A PSALM OF LIFE.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each tomorrow
Find us farther than today.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living Present!
Heart within and God o'erhead.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime.

And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

Henry W. Longfellow.

THE FOOT-PATH TO PEACE.

A Thought for the Opening Year.

To be glad of life, because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends and every day of Christ; and to spend as much time as you can with body and with spirit, in God's out-of-doors—these are little guide-posts on the foot-path of peace.

Henry Van Dyke.

A MEMORIAL DAY VISION.

The past, as it were, rises before me like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for national life. We hear the sound of preparation—the music of the boisterous drums, the silver voices of the heroic bugles. We see thousands of assemblages, and hear the appeals of orators; we see the pale faces of women and the flushed faces of men; and in those assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part with those they love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet, woody places with the maidens they adore. We hear the whisperings and the sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles kissing babes that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some are parting with mothers who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing; and some are talking with wives and endeavoring, with brave words spoken in the old tones, to drive away the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door with the babe in her arms—standing in the sunlight sobbing. At the turn of the road a hand waves —she answers by holding high in her loving hands the child. He is gone, and forever.

We see them all as they march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the wild, grand music of war—marching down the streets of the great cities —through the towns and across the prairies—down to

the fields of glory, to do and die for the eternal right. We go with them one and all. We are by their side on all the gory fields, in all the hospitals of pain, on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We are with them in the ravines running with blood—in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between the contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced by balls and torn with shells in the trenches of forts, and in the whirlwind of the charge, where men became iron with nerves of steel. We are with them in the prisons of hatred and famine, but human speech can never tell what they endured. We are home when the news comes that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her sorrow. We see the silvered head of the old man bowed with the last grief. The past rises before us. We hear the roar and shriek of the bursting shell. The broken fetters fall. These heroes died. We look. Instead of slaves we see men and women and children. The wand of progress touches the auction block, the slave pen and the whipping post, and we see homes and firesides and school houses and books, and where all was want and crime, and cruelty and fear, we see the faces of the free.

These heroes are dead. They died for liberty—they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the

shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or storm, each in the windowless palace of rest. Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death.

I have one sentiment for the soldier, living and dead —cheers for the living and tears for the dead.

Robert G. Ingersoll.

ROCK OF AGES—THE SONG.

Some years ago the following exquisite verses appeared in Public Opinion, London. They surely have in them power to gently touch every heart and to soothe the weary. It is but one of the many beautiful forms of the story of a life lived according to faith in God.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me—"
Thoughtlessly the maiden sung;
Fell the words unconsciously
From the girlish, guileless tongue;
Sung as little children sing;
Sung as sing the birds in June;
Fell the words as light leaves down
On the current of the tune—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me—"
Felt her soul no need to hide,
Sweet the song as song could be,
And she had no thought beside:

All the words unheedingly
Fell from lips untouched by care,
Dreamed not then that each might be
On some other lips a prayer—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me—"
'Twas a woman sung them now;
Sung them slow and wearily—
Wan hand on her aching brow.
Rode the song as storm-tossed bird
Beats with weary wing the air;
Every note with sorrow stirred,
Every syllable a prayer—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me—"
Lips grown aged sung the hymn
Trustingly and tenderly;
Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim—
"Let me hide myself in Thee."
Trembling though the voice and low,
Ran the sweet strain peacefully,
Like a river in its flow;
Sung as only they can sing
Who life's thorny paths have pressed;
Sung as only they can sing
Who behold the promised rest—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me—"
Sung above a coffin lid;
Underneath all restfully,
All life's joys and sorrow hid.
Never more a storm-tossed soul,
Never more from wind and tide
Never more from billows roll
Wilt thou ever need to hide.
Could the sightless sunken eyes,
Closed beneath the soft white hair;
Could the mute and stiffened lips
Move again in pleading prayer,
Still, aye still, the words would be—
"Let me hide myself in Thee."

THE WHITE HOUSE KITCHEN IN 1862.

Both the steward and the cook had remonstrated with "Master Tad" upon bringing into the kitchen of the White House "such squads of poor, dirty, hungry street urchins to be fed," and at last Peter said that Mrs. Lincoln must be told.

Tad flew into a rage, ran upstairs to see his mother himself, and on finding her out, searched the place for his busy father.

Meanwhile, the small objects of his charity waited at the lower door—for Peter had absolutely refused to let them "step inside."

The indignant boy spied his father just crossing the yard with head bowed, eyes to the ground, talking earn-

estly to Mr. Seward as they walked to the Department of State together. He cried out to him at once:—"Father, father! Can't I bring those poor, cold, hungry boys home with me whenever I want to? Isn't it our kitchen?"

By this time Tad had his father by the hand, who stopped to listen to the frantic appeal.

"Can't I give them a good warm dinner today, say? They're just as hungry as bears, and two of 'em are boys of a soldier, too!—and, father, I'm going to discharge Peter this minute if he don't get out the meat and chickens and pies and all the things we had left yesterday. Say, mayn't I? Isn't it our kitchen, father?"

Secretary Seward was shaking with laughter. Mr. Lincoln turned to him with a twinkle. "Seward, advise with me. This case requires diplomacy."

Mr. Seward patted Tad on the back and said he must be careful not to run the government into debt, and the President took Tad's little brown hands in his own big one, and with a droll smile bid him to "run along home and feed the boys," and added: "Tell Peter that you are really required to obey the Bible by getting in the maimed and the blind, and that he must be a better Christian than he is!"

In less than an hour, Mr. Seward said they passed through the yard on their way to the Cabinet meeting, and no less than ten small boys were sitting with Tad on the lower steps, cracking nuts and having a "state dinner."

Mr. Lincoln remarked that the "kitchen was ours."

From Wide Awake.

IN A FRIENDLY SORT O' WAY.

When a man ain't got a cent, and he's feeling kind o' blue,
An' the clouds hang dark an' heavy, an' won't let the sunshine through,
It's a great thing, O, my brethren, for a feller just to lay
His hand upon your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way!

It makes a man feel curious, it makes the teardrops start,
An' you sort o' feel a flutter in the region of the heart:
You can look up and meet his eyes; you don't know what to say
When his hand is on your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.

Oh, the world's a curious compound, with its honey and its gall,
With its cares and bitter crosses, but a good world, after all.
An' a good God must have made it—leastways, that is what I say,
When a hand is on my shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.

James Whitcomb Riley.

THE MINISTER'S BLUNDER.

Now, you know, there are anecdotes and anecdotes, short metre and long metre. I shall give you a long metre one, with a snapper at the end. It is about a Scotch-Irish minister who thought he was called to preach the Gospel, while he knew that he had the gift

of oratory, and he never missed an opportunity to display it. An opportunity was afforded on the occasion of a christening. There was a considerable audience, made up of relatives, friends and neighbors of the parents. The preacher began by saying:

"We have met together, my friends, on a very interesting occasion—the christening of this little child—but I see already a look of disappointment on your faces. Is it because this infant is so small? We must bear in mind that this globe upon which we live is made up of small things, infinitesimal objects, we might say. Little drops of water make the mighty ocean; the mountains which rear their hoary heads toward Heaven and are often lost in the clouds are made up of little grains of sand. Besides, my friends, we must take into consideration the possibilities in the life of this little speck of humanity. He may become a great preacher, multitudes may be swayed by his eloquence and brought to see and believe in the truths of the Gospel. He may become a distinguished physician, and his fame as a healer of men may reach the uttermost ends of the earth, and his name go down to posterity as one at the great benefactors of his kind. He may become a great astronomer, and may read the heavens as an open book. He may discover new stars which may be coupled with those of Newton and many other great discoverers. He may become a distinguished statesman and orator, and by the strength of his intellect and eloquence he may control the destinies of nations, and his name be engraved upon monuments erected to perpetuate his memory by

his admiring and grateful countrymen. He may become an author and a poet, and his name may yet appear among those now entombed at Westminster. He may become a great warrior and lead armies to battle and victory; his prowess and valor may change the map of Europe. Methinks I hear the plaudits of the people at the mention of his deeds and name. He may become —er—er—he might—er—" turning to the mother, "What is his name?"

The mother, very much bewildered: "What is the baby's name?"

"Yes, what is his name?"

The mother: "Its name is Mary Ann."

Mark Twain, in Ladies' Home Journal.

THE VILLAGE DOCTOR.

Along the village streets, where maples lean
Together like old friends about the way,
A faithful pair oft and anon were seen—
He and his nag, both growing old and gray:
What secrets lurked within that old soul's breast.
Of mother-love, of throb of pains and ills.
All safely kept beneath that buttoned vest,
Receptacle of powders and of pills.
Thrice happy he when some fond mother's eyes
Grew moist with love unspeakable to find
Snugged to her breast her babe whose paradise
Within her soul and bosom were entwined.
How oft he held the wrist to mark the slow

Pulsations of the feebly-fluttering heart,
While his kind words, soft murmuring and low,
Essayed to calm the mourner's pain and smart.
He was to all a father, brother, friend;
Their joys were his, their sorrows were his own.
He sleeps in peace where yonder willows bend
Above the violets that kiss the stone.

Horace S. Keller, in N. Y. Sun.

JUNE.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grasses and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun

With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest—
In the nice ear of nature, which song is the best?

James Russell Lowell, in "Vision of Sir Launfal."

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home—
Lead thou me on!
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile.

Cardinal (John Henry) Newman.

THE BIBLE MY MOTHER GAVE ME.

Give me that grand old Volume, the gift of a mother's love,
Tho' the spirit that first taught me has winged its flight above.
Yet, with no legacy but this, she has left me wealth untold,
Yea, mightier than earth's riches, or the wealth of Ophir's gold.

When a child, I've kneeled beside her, in our dear old cottage home,
And listened to her reading from that prized and cherished tome.
As with low and gentle cadence, and a meek and reverent mien,
God's word fell from her trembling lips like a presence felt and seen.

Solemn and sweet the counsels that spring from its open page,
Written with all the fervor and zeal of the prophet age;
Full of the inspiration of the holy bards who trod,
Caring not for the scoffer's scorn, if they gained a soul to God.

Men who in mind were God-like, and have left on its blazoned scroll
Food for all coming ages in its manna of the soul;
"Who, through long days of anguish, and nights devoid of ease,"
Still wrote with the burning pen of faith its higher mysteries.

I can list that good man yonder, in the gray church by the brook,
Take up that marvelous tale of love, of the story and the Book:
How through the twilight glimmer, from the earliest dawn of time,
It was handed down as an heirloom in almost every clime.

How through strong persecution and the struggle of evil days,
The precious light of the truth ne'er died, but was fanned to a beacon blaze.
How in far-off lands, where the cypress bends o'er the laurel bough,
It was hid like some precious treasure, and they bled for its truth, as now.

He tells how there stood around it a phalanx none could break,
Though steel and fire and lash swept on, and the cruel wave lapt the stake;
How dungeon doors and prison bars had never damped the flame,
But raised up converts to the creed whence Christian comfort came.

That housed in caves and caverns—how it stirs our Scottish blood!
The Covenanters, sword in hand, poured forth the crimson flood;
And eloquent grows the preacher, at she Sabbath sunshine falls

Thro' cobwebbed aisle and checkered pane, a halo on the walls!

That still 'mid sore disaster, in the heat and strife of doubt,
Some bear the Gospel oriflamme, and one by one march out,
Till forth from heathen kingdoms and isles beyond the sea,
The glorious tidings of the Book spreads Christ's salvation free.

So I cling to my mother's Bible, in its torn and tattered boards,
As one of the greatest gems of art and the king of all other hoards,
As in life the true consoler, and in death ere the Judgment Call,
The guide that will lead to the shining shore where the Father waits for all.

From a Very Old Scrapbook.

LAST WORDS OF WILLIAM McKINLEY.

"Goodby, all. It is God's way. His will be done."

The late President McKinley's physician, Dr. Rixey, tells us that after his distinguished patient could no longer speak an audible word, he could distinguish his lips uttering in whispers, the words of the hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

C. H. Grosvenor,
In "William McKinley, His Life and Work."

IF ALL WHO HATE WOULD LOVE US.

If all who hate would love us,
And all our loves were true,
The stars that swing above us
Would brighten in the blue;
If cruel words were kisses,
And every scowl a smile,
A better world than this is,
Would hardly be worth while.
If purses would not tighten
To meet a brother's need,
The load we bear would lighten
Above the grave of greed.

If those who whine would whistle,
And those who languish laugh,
The rose would rout the thistle,
The grain outrun the chaff;
If hearts were only jolly,
If grieving were forgot,
And tears of melancholy
Were things that now are not;
Then love would kneel to duty,
And all the world would seem
A bridal bower of beauty,
A dream within a dream.

If men would cease to worry,
And women cease to sigh,
And all be glad to bury
Whatever has to die;

If neighbor spake to neighbor,
As love demands of all,
The rust would eat the sabre,
The spear stay on the wall;
Then every day would glisten,
And every eye would shine,
And God would pause to listen,
And life would be divine.

James Newton Matthews, in Washington Star.

"I SHALL NOT PASS AGAIN THIS WAY."

For several years before his death, Mr. Daniel S. Ford, the proprietor, editor and builder of the Youth's Companion, because of delicate health, did his work and managed his mammoth business from a little room in his home in one of the beautiful parks of Boston. When loving hands cleared the plain but convenient desk, there was found, in a conspicuous place, much worn with frequent handling, the following poem. If the poet had intended to describe Mr. Ford's daily words and actions, he could not have done so in more appropriate language.

The bread that bringeth strength I want to give,
The water pure that bids the thirsty live:
I want to help the fainting day by day;
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give the oil of joy for tears,
The faith to conquer crowding doubts and fears.
Beauty for ashes may I give alway:
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give good measure running o'er,
And into angry hearts I want to pour
The answer soft that turneth wrath away;
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give to others hope and faith,
I want to do all that the Master saith;
I want to live aright from day to day;
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

PATRIOTISM.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said:
"This is my own, my native land!"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?

If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

Sir Walter Scott, in "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

OPPORTUNITY.

Master of human destinies am I.
Fame, love, and fortune on my footsteps wait,
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and, passing by
Hovel, and mart, and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate!
If sleeping wake—if feasting, rise before

I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury, and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore,
I answer not, and I return no more.

John J. Ingalls.

YOUR MISSION.

(This was President Lincoln's favorite song, one which he encored no less than eighteen times when sung at a Sunday school convention in Washington in 1864.)

If you cannot on the ocean
  Sail among the swiftest fleet
Rocking on the highest billows,
  Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors,
  Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them
  As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey
  Up the mountain, steep and high,
You can stand within the valley
  While the multitudes go by;
You can chant in happy measure
  As they slowly pass along—
Though they may forget the singer,
  They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver
  Ever ready at command;
If you cannot toward the needy
  Reach an ever-helping hand,
You can succor the afflicted,
  O'er the erring you can weep;
With the Savior's true disciples
  You a tireless watch may keep.

If you cannot in the harvest
  Garner up the richest sheaves,
Many a grain, both ripe and golden,
  Oft the careless reaper leaves;
Go and glean among the briers
  Growing rank against the wall,
For it may be that their shadow
  Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

If you cannot in the conflict
  Prove yourself a soldier true,
If where fire and smoke are thickest
  There's no work for you to do,

When the battlefield is silent,
You can go with careful tread—
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

Do not, then, stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a lazy goddess—
She will never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard;
Do not fear to do or dare—
If you want a field of labor
You can find it anywhere.

Mrs. Ellen M. H. Gates.

ROCK OF AGES—THE HYMN.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.
Let the water and the blood
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure.
Save from guilt and make me pure.

Could my tears forever flow;
Could my zeal no languor know;
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling.
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace.
Foul, I to the Fountain fly,
Wash me, Savior, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death.
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Augustus M. Toplady.

THANK GOD EVERY MORNING.

"Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done, whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance and self-control, diligence and strength of will, cheerfulness and content, and a hundred virtues which the idle never know." *Charles Kingsley.*

MAKE CHILDHOOD SWEET.

Wait not till the little hands are at rest
  Ere you fill them full of flowers;
Wait not for the crowning tuberose
  To make sweet the last sad hours;
But while in the busy household band
Your darlings still need your guiding hand,
  Oh fill their lives with sweetness!

Wait not till the little hearts are still
  For the loving look of praise;
But while you gently chide a fault,
  The good deed kindly praise.
The word you would speak beside the bier
Falls sweeter far on the living ear:
  Oh fill young lives with sweetness!

Ah, what are kisses on clay-cold lips
  To the rosy mouth we press,
When our wee one flies to her mother's arms
  For love's tenderest caress!
Let never a worldly babble keep
Your heart from the joy each day should reap,
  Circling young lives with sweetness.

Give thanks each morn for the sturdy boys,
  Give thanks for the fairy girls;
With a dower of wealth like this at home,
  Would you rifle the earth for pearls?
Wait not for Death to gem Love's crown,
But daily shower life's blessings down,
  And fill young hearts with sweetness.

Remember the homes where the light has fled,
Where the rose has faded away
And the love that glows in youthful hearts,
Oh, cherish it while you may!
And make your home a garden of flowers,
Where joy shall bloom through childhood's hours,
And fill young hearts with sweetness.

IF YOU HAVE A FRIEND WORTH LOVING.

The following poem was discovered by Mr. George Morgan, of the banking firm of Morgan, Drexel & Co., in a country newspaper. He carried it in his pocket for five years, occasionally reading it to his friends. Inquiries for copies of it were so frequent that he finally had it printed for distribution.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble, pleading tone,

Join it. Do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a brother's weeping eyes,
Share them. And by kindly sharing
Own your kinship in the skies.
Why should anyone be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silvery laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying—
For both grief and joy a place.
There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly
Ere the darkness veil the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness
All enriching as you go—
Leave them. Trust the Harvest-Giver;
He will make each seed to grow.
So, until the happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

GOOD 'POSTLE PAUL.

Oh, I done read de Good Book cl'ar plum' thro'
An' I tells you, hit's a mighty fine story;
I's fahmiliar with de Gospel, ol' an' new,
An' I 'low I's a-walkin' in de glory.

I like fo' to read 'bout the blessed Holy Ghos'.
An' de saints an' de mahacles an' veesions,
But de part ob de Book dat I likes de mos'
Is where Paul p'ints his 'pistle at de 'Phesians.

When I looks down deep in mah po' ol' heart,
I wondah ef de Lo'd kin evah like me!
'Pears like de lightnin' 's gwine ter send a dart
Out ob de thundah-cloud ter strike me.

But I know ef we's good an' does what's right,
De great Judge is kin' in his deceesions,
An' I turns to de Book and I gits mah light
Where Paul p'ints his 'pistle at de 'Phesians.

Ef yo' faith's kinder shaky an' you don' jes' know
Ef yo' feet is on de rock or in de mire,
'Postle Paul kin tell you de way you orter go
Fo' to keep you from gettin' in de fire.

You kin slip by Satan ez slick ez a dart,
An' you won't hev no wrecks er no colleesions,
Ef you read de Good Book till you git it all by heart
Where Paul p'ints his 'pistle at de 'Phesians.

Nixon Waterman, in "In Merry Mood."

SUCCESS.

"Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle."
Michael Angelo.

"This above all: To thine own self be true,
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."
Shakespeare.

"Therefore I say unto you, What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." *Mark xi: 24.*

The word "success" appears but once in the Bible, in the following verse:

"This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein: for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success."
Joshua i: 8.

TRUTH, THE INVINCIBLE.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,—
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshippers.
Bryant.

TRIBUTE TO MOTHER.

On this happy Christmas morning, let none forget mother; be she ever so far away, let some tribute of love be sent her. Honor dear old mother. Time has scattered the snowy flakes on her brow, plowed deep furrows on her cheek—but is she not beautiful now? The lips are thin and shrunken, but these are the lips that have kissed many a hot tear from childish cheeks and they are the sweetest cheeks and lips in the world. The eye is dim, yet it glows with the soft radiance of holy love which can never fade. The sands of life are nearly run out, but feeble as she is, she will go further and reach down lower for you than anyone else upon earth. When the world shall despise and forsake you, when it leaves you by the wayside to die, unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you up in her feeble arms and carry you home and tell you of all your virtues until you almost forget that your soul is disfigured by vices. Love her dearly and cheer her declining years with tender devotion. *Anonymous.*

S. S. COX'S FAMOUS "SUNSET."

This extraordinary production gave the writer, Senator Cox of Ohio, the immortal name of "Sunset Cox."

What a stormful sunset was that of last night! How glorious the storm, and how splendid the setting of the sun! We do not remember ever before to have seen the like on our round globe. The scene opened in the West,

with a whole horizon full of a golden interpenetrating luster which colored the foliage and brightened every object into its own rich dyes. The colors grew deeper and richer until the golden luster was transfused into a storm cloud, full of finest lightning, which leaped in dazzling zigzags all round and over the city. The wind arose with fury, the slender shrubs and giant trees made obeisance to its majesty. Some even snapped before its force. The strawberry beds and grass plots "turned up their whites" to see Zephyrus march by. As the rain came, and the pools formed, and the gutters hurried away, thunder roared grandly, and the fire-bells caught the excitement and rung with hearty chorus. The South and East received the copious showers, and the West all at once brightened up in a long, polished belt of azure, worthy of a Sicilian sky.

Presently a cloud appeared in the azure belt, in the form of a castellated city. It became more vivid, revealing strange forms of peerless fanes and alabaster temples, and glories rare and grand in this mundane sphere, reminding us of Wordsworth's splendid verse in his "Excursion:"

> "The appearance instantaneously disclosed
> Was of a mighty city, boldly say
> A wilderness of buildings, sinking far
> And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth,
> Far sinking into splendor without end."

But the city vanished only to give place to another isle, where the most beautiful forms of foliage appeared, imaging a Paradise in the distant and purified air.

The sun, wearied of the elemental commotion, sank

behind the green plains of the West. The "great eye in Heaven," however, went not down without a dark brow hanging over its departing light. The rich flush of the unearthly light had passed and the rain had ceased; when the solemn church-bells pealed, the laughter of children out and joyous after the storm is heard with the carol of birds, while the forked and purple weapon of the skies still darted illumination around Starling College, trying to rival its angles and leap into its dark windows.

Candles are lighted. The piano strikes up. We feel it is good to have a home; good to be on the earth where such revelations of beauty and power may be made. And as we cannot refrain from reminding our readers of everything wonderful in our city, we have begun and ended our feeble etching of a sunset which comes so rarely that its glory should be committed to immortal type. *From the Statesman of May* 19, 1853.

THE THREE DUDES.

Three dudes were walking along the street one morning, and met an aged, decrepit minister, with long white hair and beard. Desiring to poke fun at the old man, the first called out, "Hello, Father Abraham." The second said, "Hello, Father Isaac," and the third chimed in, "Hello, Father Jacob." The minister seeing the situation, and likewise using Scripture, quietly replied, "I am neither Abraham, nor Isaac, nor Jacob, but Saul, the son of Kish, who went forth to hunt his father's asses: and behold I have found them."

STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

Oh, say can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous night
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.

Chorus:

Oh, say does that star spangled banner yet wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes.
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream.

Chorus:

'Tis the star spangled banner, oh, long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is that band, that so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave,
From the terror of death and the gloom of the grave;

Chorus:

And the star spangled banner in triumph shall wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh, thus be it ever when freémen shall stand,
Between their loved homes and foul war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven rescued
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"

Chorus:

And the star spangled banner in triumph shall wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Francis Scott Key.

THE LITTLE COAT.

Here's his ragged "roundabout,"
Turn the pockets inside out;
See; his pen-knife, lost to use,
Rusted shut with apple-juice;
Here, with marbles, top and string,
Is his deadly "devil-sling,"
With its rubber, limp at last
As the sparrows of the past!
Beeswax—buckles—leather straps—
Bullets, and a box of caps—

Not a thing of all, I guess,
But betrays some waywardness—
E'en these tickets, blue and red,
For the Bible-verses said—
Such as this his memory kept—
"Jesus wept."

Here's a fishing hook-and-line,
Tangled up with wire and twine,
And dead angle-worms, and some
Slugs of lead and chewing-gum,
Blent with scents that can but come
From the oil of rhodium.
Here—a soiled yet dainty note,
That some little sweetheart wrote;
Dotting—"Vine grows round the stump,"
And—"My sweetest sugar lump!"
Wrapped in this—a padlock key
Where he's filed a touch-hole—see!
And some powder in a quill,
Corked up with a liver pill;
And a spongy little chunk
Of punk!

Here's the little coat, but oh!
Where is he we've censured so!
Don't you hear us calling, dear?
Back! come back, and never fear—
You may wander where you will,
Over orchard, field and hill;
You may kill the birds, or do

Anything that pleases you!
Ah, this empty coat of his!
Every tatter worth a kiss;
Every stain as pure instead
As the white stars overhead:
And the pockets—homes were they
Of the little hands that play
Now no more, but, absent thus,
Beckon us.

James Whitcomb Riley.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

And Theodore Roosevelt! Future history will carve his name in the niche of eternal fame. He is the very embodiment of all that is best and noblest in American manhood. A true knight, a man without fear and without reproach. He is the apostle of deeds, of strenuous life, of life full of duties to be performed, tasks to be executed, wrongs to be rectified. The joy of life pulsates in his manly veins, the triumph of the righteous battling with the numerous octopi that threaten to undermine our industrial existence glistens in his eyes; a better helmsman, a steadier steersman to guide the vessel of this republic does not exist. His is the voice of justice, of fairness, of absolute equality among all classes. Happy is the land that can boast of such a man, that can appreciate his virtues.

Dr. Elias Copeland, Portland, Me., Jan. 4, 1904.

IF I SHOULD DIE TONIGHT.

If I should die tonight,
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair;
And laying snow-white flowers against my hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress.
Poor hands, so empty and so cold tonight!

If I should die tonight,
My friend would call to mind with loving thought,
Some kindly deeds the icy hands had wrought
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said;
Errands on which the willing feet had sped;
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned tonight.

If I should die tonight
E'en hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully.
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance
And soften in the old familiar way.
For who could war with dumb unconscious clay?
So I might rest forgiven of all tonight.

Oh friends, I pray tonight,
Keep not your kisses for my dead cold brow
The way is lonely, let me feel them now.

Think gently of me; I am travel-worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
Forgive, oh hearts estranged, forgive, I plead!
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long tonight.

Ascribed to Rev. A. J. Ryan, 1862; *also to Alice Cary, Ben King, and others.*

THE WATER FOWL.

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight, to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast.—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere;
Yet stoop not. weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone; the abyss of Heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart:

He, who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

William Cullen Bryant.

LINCOLN'S RULES FOR LIVING.

Do not worry, eat three square meals a day, say your prayers, be courteous to your creditors, keep your digestion good, steer clear of biliousness, exercise, go slow and go easy. Maybe there are other things that your special case requires to make you happy, but, my friend, these I reckon will give you a good lift.

Abraham Lincoln.

MY MOTHER.

Many will be glad to see reprinted the following poem, which has been a classic for a century. No scrapbook (if such things exist nowadays) is complete without it.—*Editor.*

Who fed me from her gentle breast
And hushed me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses prest?
My mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye,
Who was it sung sweet lullaby
And rocked me that I should not cry?
My mother.

Who sat and watched my infant head
When sleeping in my cradle bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed?
My mother.

When pain and sickness made me cry,
Who gazed upon my heavy eye
And wept, for fear that I should die?
My mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the part to make it well?
My mother.

Who taught my infant lips to pray,
To love God's holy word and day,
And walk in wisdom's pleasant way?
My mother.

And can I ever cease to be
Affectionate and kind to thee
Who wast so very kind to me,—
My mother.

Oh no, the thought I cannot bear;
And if God please my life to spare
I hope I shall reward thy care,
My mother.

When thou art feeble, old and gray,
My healthy arm shall be thy stay,
And I will soothe thy pains away,
My mother.

And when I see thee hang thy head,
'Twill be my turn to watch thy bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed,—
My mother.

WATER.

Sweet, beautiful water—brewed in the running brook, the rippling fountain and the laughing rill—in the limpid cascade, as it joyfully leaps down the side of the mountain. Brewed in yonder mountain top, whose granite peak glitters like gold bathed in the morning sun—brewed in the sparkling dewdrop; sweet, beautiful water—brewed in the crested wave of the ocean deeps, driven by the storm, breathing its terrible anthem to the God of the sea—brewed in the fleecy foam and

the whitened spray as it hangs like a speck over the distant cataract—brewed in the clouds of Heaven; sweet, beautiful water! As it sings in the rain shower and dances in the hailstorm—as it comes sweeping down in feathery flakes, clothing the earth in a spotless mantle of white. Distilled in the golden tissues that paint the western sky at the setting of the sun, and the silvery tissues that veil the midnight moon—sweet, health-giving, beautiful water! Distilled in the rainbow of promise, whose warp is the raindrops of Earth, and whose woof is the sunbeam of Heaven—sweet, beautiful water.

John B. Gough.

PRESIDENT TUCKER'S LETTER.

President William J. Tucker of Dartmouth College tells the following story on himself:

Some years ago he passed several weeks in a Maine country town. The next season he received a letter from his boarding mistress asking him to return. In reply he stated he should be glad to pass another summer vacation with her, but should require some changes.

"First," said the college president, "your maid Mary is persona non grata. Secondly, I think the sanitary conditions would be improved about your house if the pigsty could be moved a little farther from the house."

President Tucker was reassured when he received the following in reply: "Mary has went. We hain't had no hogs since you were here last summer. Be sure and come."

THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST.

The great big church wus crowded full uv broadcloth an' uv silk
An' satin rich as cream that grows on our ole Brindle's milk;
Shined boots, biled shirts, stiff dickeys an' stovepipe hats were there,
An' doods 'ith trouserloons so tight they couldn't kneel down in prayer.

The elder, in his poolpit high, said as he slowly riz:
"Our organist is kep' to hum, laid up 'ith rheumatiz,
An' as we hev no substitoot, as Brother Moore ain't here,
Will some'un in the congregation be so kind's to volunteer?"

An' then a red-nosed, drunken tramp of low an' rowdy style
Give an introductory hiccup an' then staggered up the aisle.
Then thro' thet holy atmosphere there crep' a sense ov sin,
An' thro' thet air uv sanctity the odor uv ole gin.

Then Deacon Purington he yelled, his teeth all set on edge:
"This man perfanes the house uv God. W'y, this is sacrilege!"
The tramp didn't hear a word he said, but slouched 'ith stumbling feet,

An' sprawled an' staggered up the stairs an' gained the organ seat.
He then went pawin' thro' the keys, an' soon there rose a strain
That seemed to jest bulge out the heart an' 'lectrify the brain,
An' then he slapped down on the thing 'ith hands an' head an' knees;
He slam dashed his whole body down kerflop upon the keys.

The organ roared, the music flood went sweepin' high an' dry;
It swelled into the rafters an' bulged out into the sky.
The old church shook an' staggered and seemed to reel an' sway,
An' the elder shouted "Glory!" an' I yelled out "Hooray!"

An' then he tried a tender strain that melted in our ears,
That brought up blessed memories and drenched 'em down 'ith tears;
An' we dreamed of old-time kitchens, 'ith Tabby on the mat,
Uv home an' love and baby-days, an' mother an' all that.

An' then he struck a streak of hope, a song from souls forgiven,
Thet burst the prison bars uv sin an' stormed the gates of Heaven;
The morning stars they sung together, no soul wus left alone,
We felt the universe was safe an' God wus on His throne.

An' then a wail of deep despair and darkness came again,
An' long black crepe hung on the door uv all the homes of men;
No luv, no light, no joy, no hope, no songs uv glad delight,
An' then—the tramp he staggered down and reeled into the night.

But he knew he'd tol' his story, though he never spoke a word,
An' it wuz the saddest story that our ears had ever heard;
He hed tol' his own life history, an' no eye wuz dry that day,
When the elder rose an' simply said, "My brethren, let us pray!"

Sam Walter Foss.

I RESOLVE.

To keep my health;
To do my work;
To live;
To see to it I grow and gain and give;
Never to look behind me for an hour;
To wait in weakness, and to walk in power;
But always fronting onward to the light,
Always and always facing toward the right.
Robbed, starved, defeated, fallen, wide-astray—
On, with what strength I have;
Back to the way.

Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

DE MASSA OB DE SHEEPFOL'.

De Massa ob de sheepfol'
Dat guard de sheepfol' bin,
Look out in de gloomerin' medder,
Whar de long night rain begin—
So he call to de hirelin' shepa'd,
"Is my sheep, is dey all come in?"

"Oh," den, says de hirelin' shepa'd,
"Deys some deys black an' thin,
An' some deys po' ol' wedders,
But de res' deys all brung in;
But de res' deys all brung in."

Den de massa ob de sheepfol'
Dat guard de sheepfol' bin,
Goes down in de gloomerin' medders,
Whar de long night rain begin—
So he le' down de ba's o' de sheepfol'
Callin' sof, "Come in, come in;"
Callin' sof', "Come in, come in."

Den up t'ro de gloomerin' medders,
T'ro' de col' night rain an' win',
An' up t'ro' de gloomerin' rain-paf,
Whar de sleet fa's piercin' thin,
De po' los' sheep o' de sheepfol',
Dey all comes gadderin' in.
De po' los' sheep o' de sheepfol',
Dey all comes gadderin' in.

OUR MOTHER.

How oft some passing word will tend
In visions to recall
Our truest, dearest, fondest friend—
That earliest friend of all.

Who tended on our childish years,
Those years that pass as hours,
When all earth's dewy, trembling tears,
Lie hid within her flowers.

Thou star that shines in darkest night,
When most we need thy aid,
Nor changes but to beam more bright
When others coldly fade.

Oh Mother! round thy hallowed name
Such blissful memory springs,
The heart in all but years the same,
With reverent worship clings.

Thy voice was first to greet us, when
Bright fortune smiling o'er us,
And thine the hand that's readiest then
To lift the veil before us.

Or if dark clouds close round our head
And care steals o'er the brow,
While hope's fair flowers fall crushed and dead
Unchangéd still art thou.

AN ANCIENT TOAST.

It was a grand day in the old chivalric time, the wine circling around the board in a noble hall, and the sculptured walls rang with sentiment and song. The lady of each knightly heart was pledged by name, and many a syllable significant of loveliness had been uttered, until it came to St. Leon's turn, when, lifting the sparkling cup on high—

"I drink to one," he said,
"Whose image never may depart,
Deep-graven on a grateful heart,
Till memory is dead;

To one whose love for me shall last
When lighter passions shall have pass'd,
So holy 'tis, and true;
To one whose love hath longer dwelt,
More deeply fixed, more keenly felt,
Than any pledged by you!"

Each guest upstarted at the word,
And laid a hand upon his sword,
With fiery flashing eye;
And Stanley said: "We crave the name,
Proud knight, of this most peerless dame,
Whose love you count so high."

St. Leon paused, as if he would
Not breathe her name in careless mood,
Thus lightly to another;
Then bent his noble head, as though
To give that name the reverence due,
And gently said—"My Mother!"

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

This book is all that's left me now,
Tears will unbidden start,—
With faltering lip and throbbing brow
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past,
Here is our family tree:
My mother's hand this Bible clasped;
She, dying, gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear,
Who round the hearthstone used to close
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still!

My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters, dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who leaned God's word to hear.
Her angel face—I see it yet!
What thronging memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home!

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;

Where all were false I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasure give
That could this volume buy:
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

George P. Morris.

DARBY AND JOAN.

Darby dear, we are old and gray,
Fifty years since our wedding day,
Shadow and sun for every one,
As the years roll on;
Darby dear, when the world went wry,
Hard and sorrowful then was I,—
Ah, lad, how you cheered me then,
"Things will be better, sweet wife, again!"
Always the same, Darby my own,
Always the same to your old wife Joan.

Darby dear, but my heart was wild,
When we buried our baby child,
Until you whispered, "Heav'n knows best,"
And my heart found rest;
Darby dear, 'twas your loving hand
Show'd the way to the better land,—
Ah! lad, as you kiss'd each tear,
Life grew better and Heav'n more near:
Always the same, Darby my own,
Always the same to your old wife Joan.

Hand in hand when our life was May,
Hand in hand when our hair is gray,
Shadow and sun for ev'ry one,
As the years roll on;
Hand in hand when the long night-tide
Gently covers us side by side,—
Ah! lad, though we know not when,
Love will be with us forever then:
Always the same, Darby my own,
Always the same to your old wife Joan.

A READER'S PRAYER.

Charles Lamb once said he felt more like saying grace before a good book than before meat. H. H. Barstow, receiving his suggestion from Dr. Henry Van Dyke's "Writer's Prayer," in "The Ruling Passion," gives us a suggestive "Reader's Prayer."

Lord, let me never slight the meaning nor the moral of anything I read. Make me respect my mind so much that I dare not read what has no meaning nor moral. Help me choose with equal care my friends and my books, because they are both for life. Show me that as in a river, so in reading, the depths hold more of strength and beauty than the shallows. Teach me to value art without being blind to thought. Keep me from caring more for much reading than for careful reading; for books than the Book. Give me an ideal that will let me read only the best, and when that is done, stop me. Repay me with power to teach others, and then help me to say from a disciplined mind, a grateful Amen.

YOU KISSED ME.

You kissed me! My head drooped low on your breast
With a feeling of shelter and infinite rest,
While the holy emotions my tongue dared not speak,
Flashed up as in flame, from my heart to my cheek.
Your arms held me fast; oh! your arms were so bold:
Heart beat against heart in their passionate fold.
Your glances seemed drawing my soul through mine eyes,
As the sun draws the mist from the sea to the skies.
Your lips clung to mine till I prayed in my bliss
They might never unclasp from the rapturous kiss.

You kissed me! My heart, my breath, and my will
In delirious joy for a moment stood still.
Life had for me then no temptations, no charms,
No visions of rapture outside of your arms,
And were I this instant an angel possessed
Of the peace and the joy that belong to the blest,
I would fling my white robes unrepiningly down,
I would tear from my forehead its beautiful crown,
To nestle once more in that haven of rest—
Your lips upon mine, my head on your breast.

You kissed me! My soul in a bliss so divine
Reeled and swooned like a drunkard when foolish with wine,
And I thought 'twere delicious to die there, if death
Would but come while my lips were yet moist with your breath;
While your arms clasped me round in that blissful embrace,

While your eyes melt in mine could e'en death e'er efface.
Oh, these are the questions I ask day and night:
Must my lips taste no more such exquisite delight?
Would you wish that your breast were my shelter as then?—
And if you were here, would you kiss me again?

WATCH THE CORNERS.

When you wake up in the morning of a chill and cheerless day,
And feel inclined to grumble, pout or frown,
Just glance into your mirror and you will quickly see
It's just because the corners of your mouth turn down.
Then take this simple rhyme,
Remember it in time:
It's always dreary weather, in countryside or town,
When you wake and find the corners of your mouth turned down.

If you wake up in the morning full of bright and happy thoughts
And begin to count the blessings in your cup,
Then glance into your mirror and you will quickly see
It's all because the corners of your mouth turn up.
Then take this little rhyme,
Remember all the time:
There's joy a-plenty in this world to fill life's silver cup
If you'll only keep the corners of your mouth turned up.

Lulu Linton, in Youths Companion, Feb. 6, 1902.

WHEN JENNY RODE TO MILL WITH ME.

When Jenny rode to mill with me,
The daisies bared their bosoms,
The spring winds rumpled every tree
And stirred a storm of blossoms.

The squirrels scampered from the hedge,
The cows were in the clover,
The lilies rimmed the river's edge,
And dusky doves flew over.

The white road seemed to welcome us,
By shaken dewdrops dented,
The groves with song were tremulous,
By lonely violets scented.

The mad wind seemed to envy all
The curls beneath her bonnet,
And let the dew-dashed blossoms fall
In twinkling showers on it.

How well the way old Milton knew
In all the springtime weather,
His back was broad enough for two,
And so—we rode together!

He loitered in the light and song,
He knew the spell that bound me,
And that the way was never long
While Jenny's arms were round me.

The rose had then no cruel thorn
To mar the moment's blisses,
The miller took his toll in corn,
And I took mine in kisses.

Now Jenny's mine "till death do part"—
Yet, though the years are many,
The dear old road runs round the heart
That framed the face of Jenny.

And Jenny's eyes are tender still,
Her lips a nest of blisses,
As when, in crossing to the mill,
I took my toll in kisses!

Philadelphia Times Herald.

A TRIBUTE TO THE DOG.

One of the most beautiful tributes ever paid a dumb animal came from the lips of the late Senator George Graham Vest. The occasion was a trial over the killing of a dog, which was held in a Missouri town when he was a young lawyer.

Senator Vest appeared for the plaintiff, while Senator Francis M. Cockrell, then a country practitioner, represented the defendant.

Young Vest took no interest in the testimony and made no notes, but at the close of the case arose, and, in a soft voice, made the following address:

"Gentlemen of the Jury—The best friend a man has

in the world may turn against him, and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has, he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us, may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads.

"The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous is his dog. A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer; he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings, and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens.

"If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard him against danger, to fight against his enemies. And

when the last scene of all comes, and death takes his master in its embrace and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way; there by the graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death."

When he concluded his remarks there were but few dry eyes in the audience. The case was submitted without further argument, and the jury promptly returned a verdict for the plaintiff.

WHAT HAVE WE DONE TODAY?

We shall do so much in the years to come,
But what have we done today?
We shall give our gold in a princely sum,
But what did we give today?
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,
We shall speak the words of love and cheer,
But what did we speak today?

We shall be so kind in the afterwhile,
But what have we been today?
We shall bring each lonely life a smile,
But what have we brought today?
We shall give to truth a grander birth,
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,
We shall feed the hungering souls of earth,
But whom have we fed today?

We shall reap such joys in the by and by,
But what have we sown today?
We shall build us mansions in the sky,
But what have we built today?
'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask,
But here and now do we do our task?
Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask,
"What have we done today?"

Nixon Waterman, in "In Merry Mood."

"PASS UNDER THE ROD."

I saw the young bride in her beauty and pride,
Bedecked in her snowy array;
And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheek
And the future looked blooming and gay;
And with woman's devotion, she laid her fond heart
At the shrine of idolatrous love;
And she anchored her hopes to this perishing earth,
By the chain which her tenderness wove.
But I saw when those heart-strings were bleeding and torn,
And the chain had been severed in two;
She had changed her white robes for sables of grief,
And her bloom for the paleness of woe!
But the Healer was there, pouring balm on her heart,
And wiping the tears from her eyes;
He strengthened the chain he had broken in twain,
And fastened it firm to the skies!
There had whispered a voice—'twas the voice of her God:
"I love thee: I love thee! pass under the Rod!"

I saw a young mother in tenderness bend
O'er the couch of her slumbering boy;
And she kissed the soft lips as they murmured her name,
While the dreamer lay smiling in joy.
O! sweet as the rosebud encircled with dew,
When its fragrance is flung on the air,
So fresh and so bright to that mother he seemed,
As he lay in his innocence there.
But I saw when she gazed on the same lovely form,
Pale as marble, and silent and cold;
But paler and colder her beautiful boy,
And the tale of her sorrow was told.
But the Healer was there, who had stricken her heart
And taken her treasure away;
To allure her to Heaven, he has placed it on high,
And the mourner will sweetly obey:
There had whispered a voice—'twas the voice of her God:
"I love thee! I love thee! pass under the Rod!"

I saw a fond father and mother, who leaned
On the arms of a dear, gifted son;
And the star in the future grew bright to their gaze,
As they saw the proud place he had won;
And the fast-coming evening of life promised fair,
And its pathway grew smooth to their feet;
And the starlight of love glimmered bright at his end,
And the whispers of fancy were sweet.
And I saw them again, bending low o'er his grave,
Where their hearts' dearest hope had been laid;
And the star had gone down in the darkness of night,
And the joy from their bosoms had fled.

But the Healer was there, and his arms were around,
And he led them with tenderer care;
And he showed them a star in the bright upper world:
'Twas their star shining brilliantly there!
They had each heard a voice—'twas the voice of their God:
"I love thee! I love thee! pass under the Rod!"

Mrs. M. S. B. Dana.

BLOW! BUGLE, BLOW!

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

Alfred Tennyson, in "The Princess."

WHICH SHALL IT BE.

A rich man who had no children proposed to his poor relatives who had seven, to take one of them; and promised, if the parents would consent, that he would give them property enough to make themselves and their other six children comfortable for life.

Which shall it be? Which shall it be?
I looked at John; John looked at me,
And when I found that I must speak,
My voice seemed strangely low and weak:
"Tell me again what Robert said;"
And then I, listening, bent my head.
This is his letter:
"I will give
A house and land while you shall live,
If in return, from out your seven,
One child to me for aye is given."

I looked at John's old garments worn:
I thought of all that he had borne
Of poverty, and work, and care,
Which I, though willing, could not share;
I thought of seven young mouths to feed,
Of seven little children's need,
And then of this.
"Come, John," said I;
"We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep." So walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band:
First to the cradle lightly stepped,
Where Lilian, the baby, slept.

Softly the father stopped to lay
His rough hand down in a loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily he said, "Not her."

We stooped beside the trundle bed
And one long ray of lamplight shed
Athwart the boyish faces there,
In sleep so beautiful and fair.
I saw on James' rough, red cheek
A tear undried. Ere John could speak
"He's but a baby, too," said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by.
Pale, patient Robbie's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace:
"No, not for a thousand crowns not him,"
He whispered, while our eyes were dim.

Poor Dick, bad Dick, our wayward son—
Turbulent, restless, idle one—
Could he be spared? Nay, He who gave
Bade us befriend him to the grave;
Only a mother's heart could be
Patient enough for such as he:
"And so," said John, "I would not dare
To take him from her bedside prayer."

Then stole we softly up above,
And knelt by Mary, child of love,
"Perhaps for her 'twould better be,"
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl that lay

Across her cheek in a wilful way,
And shook his head: "Nay, love, not thee."
The while my heart beat audibly.

Only one more, our eldest lad;
Trusty and truthful, good and glad;
So like his father. "No, John, no,
I cannot, will not let him go."
And so we wrote, in a courteous way,
We could not give one child away;
And afterward, toil lighter seemed,
Thinking of that of which we dreamed,
Happy in truth that not one face
Was missed from its accustomed place;
Thankful to work for all the seven,
Trusting the rest to One in Heaven.

Mrs. Ethel Lynn-Beers.

"MY DARLING'S BLIND."

A lady entered a car on the Oakwood road one day the past week, leading a little girl perhaps four years old. The mother sat down and lifted the little one to the seat beside her. The child was nibbling at a bit of cake or sugar, now and then turning her face, full of childish love, up to her mother, and murmuring some almost unintelligible words of affection.

Opposite to mother and child sat another young lady, who often smelled a rose which she held. The innocent little one before her attracted her attention,

and the natural kindliness of the sympathetic woman heart prompted her to at once offer the fragrant flower to the little budding lily opposite. So she leaned a bit forward and spoke:

"Baby want the posey?"

But the child seemed not to hear. Perhaps it was the noise of the moving car that prevented. Then she spoke a little louder, and held the flower forward temptingly:

"Baby may have the posey."

The mother heard, for she looked toward the other lady, and smiled—and oh! such a look of heartfelt gratitude, of motherly love, yet heavily saddened with such an expressive tinge of sorrow as is seldom seen, and still the lady of the rose pressed upon the little one acceptance of the flower.

"Baby, take the rose," holding it almost to the child's hands. And now it seemed she was heard, for the blue eyes turned full upon her would-be patron, and then, in a moment she strangely drew back and turned her eyes appealingly toward her mother's face. The lady with the flower showed her bewilderment in her look, while a pained expression flitted across the face of the mother, who leaned forward and whispered just a word:

"My darling is blind!"

Then the whole sunless, darkened life of the fair little being—fair as the flower which had been offered to her —came up before the mind. All beauty shut from her forever! For her no foliage-strewn, flower-studded scene to follow the bleakness of winter. No looking with awe

into the mysterious depths of the night sky, sparkling with glittering, twinkling star-gems, for over those blue eyes the Creator, in the mystery of His designs, had hung the impenetrable veil. No expectant gaze toward the mother's face for the gentlest smile that ever soothes a childish trouble; only the blind passage of the little hand over and over those features, for one moment's sight of which, that little one will often and often willingly offer years of existence. For her the birds will sing, but the loveliness of form and feather are not. For her, while the babbling stream may make mysterious music, its dimpled waves and winding reaches and verdant banks do not exist.

How vividly bitter all this as the lady opened the little hand and shut within it the thornless stem of the rose, now bearing a tear on its petals. And there were other swimming eyes in the car.

Utica, N. Y., Tribune.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S TOAST.

First published in 1797.

At the conclusion of the war, Dr. Franklin, the English Ambassador, and the French Minister, Vergennes, dining together, at Versailles, a toast from each was called for, and agreed to. The British Minister began with: "George the Third, who, like the sun in its meridian, spreads a luster throughout, and enlightens the world." The French Minister followed with: "The illustrious Louis XVI, who, like the moon, sheds his

mild and benignant rays on, and influences the globe." Our American Franklin then gave: "George Washington, Commander of the American armies; who, like Joshua of old, commanded the sun and the moon to stand still, and they obeyed him."

THE RETURNED BATTLE FLAGS.

Framed and displayed in the rotunda of the State Capitol at Augusta, Me. Written by Moses Owen; born at Bath, Me., July 21, 1838, died at Augusta, Me., Nov. 11, 1878. He was a graduate of Bowdoin College, class of 1861, a lawyer and also a soldier in a Maine regiment during the war for the preservation of the Union.

Nothing but flags, but simple flags,
Tattered and torn and hanging in rags;
And we walk beneath them with careless tread,
Nor think of the hosts of the mighty dead
That have marched beneath them in days gone by,
With a burning cheek and a kindling eye,
And have bathed their folds with their life's young tide,
And dying, blessed them, and blessing, died.

Nothing but flags; yet, methinks, at night
They tell each other their tale of fight;
And dim spectres come, and their thin arms twine
Round each standard torn, as they stand in line,
As the word is given—they charge, they form,
And the dim hall rings with the battle's storm;
And once again, through smoke and strife,
These colors lead to a nation's life.

Nothing but flags; yet they're bathed with tears;
They tell of triumphs, of hopes, of fears,
Of a mother's prayers, of a boy away,
Of a serpent crushed; of the coming day.
Silent they speak, and the tear will start
As we stand beneath them with throbbing heart,
And think of those who are ne'er forgot—
Their flags come home, why come they not?

Nothing but flags; yet we hold our breath,
And gaze with awe at those types of death;
Nothing but flags; yet the thought will come,
The heart must pray, though the lips be dumb;
They are sacred, pure, and we see no stain
On those dear loved flags come home again;
Baptized in blood, our purest, best,
Tattered and torn, they're now at rest.

Moses Owen.

THE BROKEN PINION.

"I walked through the woodland meadows,
Where sweet the thrushes sing;
And I found on a bed of mosses
A bird with a broken wing.
I healed its wound, and each morning
It sang its old sweet strain,
But the bird with the broken pinion
Never soared as high again.

I found a young life broken
By sin's seductive art;
And, touched with a Christ-like pity,
I took him to my heart.
He lived with a noble purpose
And struggled not in vain;
But the life that sin had stricken
Never soared as high again.

But the bird with the broken pinion
Kept another from the snare;
And the life that sin had stricken
Raised another from despair.
Each loss has its compensation,
There is healing for every pain;
But the bird with a broken pinion
Never soars as high again.

Hezekiah Butterworth.

MOTHER.

The noblest thoughts my soul can claim,
The holiest words my tongue can frame,
Unworthy are to praise the name
More sacred than all other.
An infant, when her love first came –
A man, I find it just the same;
Reverently I breathe her name,
The blessed name of mother.

George Griffith Fetter.

BEGIN AGAIN.

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every day is the world made new;
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you—
A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,
The tasks are done and the tears are shed;
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover·
Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled,
Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday now is a part of forever,
Bound up in a sheaf, which God holds tight;
With glad days, and sad days, and bad days which never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight,
Their fullness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we cannot relieve them,
Cannot undo and cannot atone;
God in His mercy, receive, forgive them;
Only the new days are our own,
Today is ours, and today alone.

Here are the skies all burnished brightly,
Here is the spent Earth all reborn,
Here are the tired limbs springing lightly
To face the sun and to share with the morn,
In the chrism of dew and the cool of dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning;
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And, spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day, and begin again.

Susan Coolidge.

BETTY AND THE BEAR.

In a pioneer's cabin out West, so they say,
A great big black grizzly trotted one day,
And seated himself on the hearth, and began
To lap the contents of a two gallon pan
Of milk and potatoes,—an excellent meal—
And then looked about to see what he could steal.
The lord of the mansion awoke from his sleep,
And, hearing a racket, he ventured to peep
Just out in the kitchen, to see what was there,
And was scared to behold a great grizzly bear.

So he screamed in alarm to his slumbering frau,
"Thar's a bar in the kitchen as big's a cow!"
"A what?" "Why, a bar!" "Well, murder him, then!"
"Yes, Betty, I will, if you'll first venture in."
So Betty leaped up, and the poker she seized,
While her man shut the door, and against it he squeezed.
As Betty then laid on the grizzly her blows,
Now on his forehead, and now on his nose,
Her man through the keyhole kept shouting within,
"Well done, my brave Betty, now hit him again,

Now poke with the poker, and poke his eyes out."
So, with rapping and poking, poor Betty alone,
At last laid Sir Bruin as dead as a stone.

Now when the old man saw the bear was no more,
He ventured to poke his nose out of the door,
And there was the grizzly stretched on the floor.
Then off to the neighbors he hastened to tell
All the wonderful things that that morning befell;
And he published the marvelous story afar,
How "me and my Betty jist slaughtered a bar!
O yes, come and see, all the neighbors hev seed it,
Come and see what we did, me and Betty, we did it."

Anonymous.

A PRISON INCIDENT.

It is said that there are no more horrible prisons than those found in certain provinces in Russia. A traveller, just returned from these provinces, gives an interesting incident in connection with prison life there. A colonel was appointed to take charge of one of the largest and most noxious of the prisons. It was situated in the center of an important province, and was filled with turbulent men and abandoned women. Harsh discipline, poor food, insufficient ventilation, uncleanliness and hopelessness—all conspired to brutalize the inmates.

Especially was this true of the women. The longer they were imprisoned, the more depraved and unman-

ageable they became, until it needed a disciplinarian of the severest type to keep them under control. The colonel could manage the men, but the women defied him, and he began to think that he must resort to flogging to subdue them.

One morning the colonel's young wife took a walk in the prison yard. She was a gentle enthusiast, who had made up her mind when her husband first entered upon his official duties, to reform, if possible, the women prisoners by kindness. This purpose she failed to accomplish; for kindness seemed to have no more influence over them than solitary confinement. As she walked in the yard one morning she became apprehensive and nervous lest some harm might be done her baby whom the nurse carried beside her and for the first time had taken into the enclosure.

As soon as the women prisoners caught sight of the child they ran to it, gesticulating wildly. The mother gave a shriek and stood at bay before them, prepared to defend her babe from violence. The guard came running up; but instead of the abusive language which had heretofore greeted the young wife, the poor women broke into raptures over the babe.

"Oh, the darling! Let me hold him." One after another stretched out her marred arms in entreaty toward the obdurate nurse.

"Isn't he the innocent!" exclaimed the vilest of the prisoners. At that word several of them peered into the pure face of the child, and then broke down, tears streaming down their cheeks.

Begging to hold the baby, the laughing, crying, gesticulating women crowded around the child. The eternal motherhood lighted up their embruted faces, and the sight of unimpeachable innocence softened every stony heart.

Then the colonel's wife had a happy thought. "The best conducted woman of you all at the end of the week will be allowed to tend the baby for half an hour."

The women, whom neither kindness nor punishment had been able to restrain, became docile to every word and order. At the end of the week it became almost impossible to decide which one had earned the coveted reward. The baby made weekly visits to the prison yard, and the gentle, humanizing effect upon the women seemed almost miraculous. Innocence is irresistible.

WEBSTER'S REPLY TO HAYNE.

When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in Heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the Earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?"

Nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first and Union afterward," but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

Daniel Webster.

CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound or foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

Alfred Tennyson.

TO MY MOTHER.

Deal gently with her, Time: these many years
Of life have brought more smiles with them than tears.
Lay not thy hand too harshly on her now,
But trace decline so slowly on her brow
That (like a sunset of the Northern clime,
Where twilight lingers in the summer-time,
And fades at last into the silent night,
Ere one may note the passing of the light)
So may she pass—since 'tis our common lot—
As one who, resting, sleeps and knows it not.

John Allen Wyeth.

THERE ARE LOYAL HEARTS.

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
  There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
  And the best shall come back to you.

Give love, and love to your heart will flow,
  A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
  Their faith in your word and deed.

For life is the mirror of king and slave.
  'Tis just what you are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
  And the best will come back to you.

Madeline Bridge.

TODAY!

With every rising of the sun
Think of your life as just begun.

The Past has cancelled and buried deep
All yesterdays. There let them sleep.

Concern yourself with but Today.
Grasp it, and teach it to obey

Your will and plan. Since time began
Today has been the friend of man.

You and Today! A soul sublime
And the great heritage of time.

With God himself to bind the twain,
Go forth, brave heart! Attain! attain!

Anon, from British Weekly.

CHANNING'S SYMPHONY.

To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury; and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable; and wealthy, not rich; to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly; to listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages, with open heart; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasion, hurry never; in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious grow up through the common. This is to be my symphony.

William Henry Channing.

WHEN OTHER LIPS AND OTHER HEARTS.

When other lips and other hearts
  Their tales of love shall tell,
In language whose excess imparts
  The power they feel so well,
There may perhaps in such a scene
  A recollection be,
Of days that have as happy been,
  And you'll remember me.

When coldness and deceit shall slight
  The beauty they now prize,
And deem it but a hollow light
  That beams within your eyes,
When hollow hearts shall wear a mask,
  'Twill break your own to see,
In such a moment I but ask
  That you'll remember me.

Balfe's Opera "The Bohemian Girl."

THE BRAVE AT HOME.

The maid who binds her warrior's sash
  With smile that well her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash
  One starry teardrop hangs and trembles,
Though Heaven alone records the tear,
  And fame shall never know her story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
  As e'er bedewed the field of glory!

The wife who girds her husband's sword
'Mid little ones who weep or wonder
And bravely speaks the cheering word,
What though her heart be rent asunder,
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of death around him rattle,
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the field of battle!

The mother who conceals her grief
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on freedom's field of honor!

Thomas Buchanan Read.

FOR ALL THESE.

I thank Thee, Lord, that I am straight and strong,
With wit to work and hope to keep me brave;
That two score years, unfathomed, still belong
To the allotted life Thy bounty gave.

I thank Thee that the sight of sunlit lands
And dipping hills, the breath of evening grass—
That wet, dark rocks and flowers in my hands
Can give me daily gladness as I pass.

I thank Thee that I love the things of Earth—
Ripe fruits and laughter, lying down to sleep,
The shine of lighted towns, the graver worth
Of beating human hearts that laugh and weep.

I thank Thee that as yet I need not know,
Yet need not fear the mystery of end;
But more than all, and though all these should go—
Dear Lord, this on my knees!—I thank Thee for my friend.

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.

MOTHERS.

Mothers are the queerest things!
'Member when John went away,
All but mother cried and cried
When they said good-by that day.
She just talked, and seemed to be
Not the slightest bit upset—
Was the only one who smiled!
Others' eyes were streaming wet

But when John come back again
On a furlough, safe and sound,
With a medal for his deeds,
And without a single wound,
While the rest of us hurrahed,
Laughed and joked and danced about,
Mother kissed him, then she cried—
Cried and cried like all git out!

Edwin L. Sabin.

PICTURES OF MEMORY.

Among the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth best of all:
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe;
Not for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies
That lead from the fragrant hedge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland,
Where the bright red berries rest,
Nor the pinks, nor the pale sweet cowslip,
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother,
With eyes that were dark and deep—
In the lap of that old dim forest
He lieth in peace asleep:
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And, one of the autumn eves,
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face:
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

Alice Cary.

AT HOME.

The rain is sobbing on the wold;
The house is dark, the hearth is cold:
And stretching drear and ashy grey
Beyond the cedars, lies the bay.

My neighbor at his window stands,
His youngest baby in his hands;
The others seek his tender kiss,
And one sweet woman crowns his bliss.

I look upon the rainy wild;
I have no wife, I have no child;
There is no fire upon my hearth,
And none to love me on the earth.

Bayard Taylor.

WHILE WE MAY.

The hands are such dear hands;
They are so full; they turn at our demands
So often; they reach out
With trifles scarcely thought about
So many times; they do
So many things for me, for you—
If their fond wills mistake,
We may well bend, not break.

They are such fond, frail lips
That speak to us. Pray if love strips
Them of discretion many times,
Or if they speak too slow or quick, such crimes
We may pass by; for we may see
Days not far off when those small words may be
Held not as slow, or quick, or out of place, but dear,
Because the lips are no more here.

They are such dear, familiar feet that go
Along the path with ours—feet fast or slow,
And trying to keep pace—if they mistake
Or tread upon some flower that we would take
Upon our breast, or bruise some reed,
Or crush poor hope until it bleed,
We may be mute,
Nor turning quickly to impute
Grave fault; for they and we
Have such a little way to go—can be
Together such a little while along the way,
We will be patient while we may.

So many little faults we find,
We see them! For not blind
To love, we see them, but if you and I
Perhaps remember them some by and by,
They will not be
Faults then—grave faults—to you and me.
But just odd ways—mistakes, or even less,
Remembrances to bless.
Days change so many things—yes, hours,
We see so differently in suns and showers.
Mistaken words tonight
May be so cherished by tomorrow's light;
We may be patient, for we know
There's such a little way to see and go.

Frances B. Willard, in The Independent.

BRAVE LOVE.

James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet, was recently asked to name his favorite poem, and responded by giving the following bit of fugitive verse, written many years ago; the author of which is unknown:

He'd nothing but his violin,
  I'd nothing but my song,
But we were wed when skies were blue
  And summer days were long.
And when we rested by the hedge,
  The robins came and told
How they had dared to woo and win
  When early spring was cold.

We sometimes supped on dewberries,
  Or slept among the hay,
But oft the farmers' wives at eve
  Came out to hear us play
The rare old tunes—the dear old tunes—
  We could not starve for long
While my man had his violin
  And I my sweet love song.

The world has aye gone well with us,
  Old man, since we were one—
Our homeless wandering down the lanes—
  It long ago was done.
But those who wait for gold or gear,
  For houses and for kine,
Till youth's sweet spring grows brown and sere,
  And love and beauty tine,
Will never know the joy of hearts
  That met without a fear,
When you had but your violin
  And I a song, my dear.

Urbana (O.) Journal.

PHILIPPIANS III: 13.

But this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark of the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. *St. Paul.*

THE RAINY DAY.

The day is cold and dark and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the moldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold and dark and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the moldering past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all:
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

Henry W. Longfellow.

THE PATTER OF THE RAIN.

When the humid shadows hover
  Over all the starry spheres,
And the melancholy darkness
  Gently weeps in raining tears,
What a joy to press the pillow
  Of a cottage chamber bed,
And to listen to the patter
  Of the soft rain overhead.

Every patter on the shingles
Has an echo of the heart,
Many long-forgotten fancies
Into being quickly start,
And a thousand recollections
Weave their bright hues into woof,
As I listen to the patter
Of the soft rain on the roof.

Now in memory comes my mother,
As she used long years agone,
To regard the darling dreamers,
Ere she left them to the dawn.
Oh! I see her bending o'er me
As I list to the refrain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

Coates Kinney.

THE UNFINISHED PRAYER.

"Now I lay me—say it, darling."
"Lay me," lisped the tiny lips
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending.
O'er her folded finger-tips.

"Down to sleep." "To s'eep," she murmured;
And the curly head bent low.
"I pray the Lord," I gently added—
"You can say it all, I know."

"Pay de Lord," the words came faintly—
Fainter still, "my soul to teep."
Then the tired head fairly nodded,
And my child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened
When I clasped her to my breast,
And the dear voice gently whispered—
"Mamma, Dod knows all de yest."

Oh! the trusting, sweet confiding
Of the child-heart! Would that I
Thus might trust my Heavenly Father,
He who hears my feeblest cry!

Col. Thos. H. Ayars.

TRUE REST.

Rest is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to one's sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion,
Clear without strife,
Fleeting to ocean,
After this life.

'Tis loving and serving
The highest and best;
'Tis onward, unswerving,
And this is true rest.

Goethe.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Up from the meadows, rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustering spires of Frederick stand,
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall,
When Lee marched over the mountain wall—

Over the mountains, winding down,
Horse and foot into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind; the sun
Of noon looked down and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with four-score years and ten;

Bravest of all in Fredericktown,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the flag she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat, left and right,
He glanced—the old flag met his sight;

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire!"—outblazed the rifle blast;

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched at the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window-sill
And shook it forth with a royal will:

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame
Over the face of the leader came;

The noble nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long that free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave
Flag of freedom and union wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

A ROSE TO A FRIEND. "EVERY YEAR."

O, to know why a soul of man blooms under sod;
When the flowers are wov'n in the sunlight of God!
Who would call back a spirit, from newly found bliss,
To the blooms that lie buried in bosoms of this?
'Twas the bud of thy friendship in bosom half-blown
That caused me to love thee when its presence was known,
And no garland immortal I'd weave for thee now
Would befit thee without half-blown rose on thy brow.
Aye, the heart to thine leaps my new friend, yet old friend,
And its warmth draws me nearer, and closer to end
Of our parting, and waits for the dawn of the day
Where the shadows of clay from our lives roll away.

C. A. Fernald, Jan. 19, 1905.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Favorite selection of Joel Chandler Harris (Uncle Remus), and by him contributed.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days o' auld lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run aboot the braes
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd many a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn
From morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roared
Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine,
And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught,
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

Robert Burns.

FOUND BY THE SHEPHERD.

These beautiful lines were sent to a friend in Valparaiso, Chili, whose little boy had died under peculiarly sad circumstances. I hope they will comfort many hearts in whose homes stands an empty cradle:

The sun from on high his glory flinging
Filled all the land with a golden glow;
And the glad light fell o'er a mother singing
A tender lullaby, sweet and low:
"My lamb! my lamb! may the Shepherd behold thee
As He did the little ones of yore,
And safe in His loving arms enfold thee
For evermore! Oh for evermore!"

Ah me! ah me! o'er the brightest morning
The storm may break and the storm-clouds fly;
And the fairest flowers life's path adorning
Spring up and blossom but to die.
The sunlight fades and the shadows thicken,
A chill wind blows from a far-off shore,
And the mother's arms, to her heart sore stricken,
Shall clasp her darling—ah! nevermore.

But as the bright arch through the storm comes shining
And tells of the mercy that cannot cease,
So now, through the storm of her sad repining,
There comes a glad whisper of hope and peace:
'Thy lamb that was lost, lo! the Shepherd found it,
And safe to His own green pastures bore;
And the everlasting arms are around it
For evermore! Oh for evermore!"

DAY DREAMS.

He was a little, ragged, half-clad, barefoot urchin. His blue denim trousers hung in baggy folds on a body slender almost to emaciation, and were held in place by an old suspender which had evidently done similar duty for an older member of the family in an earlier time when it rejoiced in a community of service—it had been one of a pair, now, alas, widely separated! A hickory shirt and the crown of an old hat completed the young man's attire. As it was a frosty morning in fall, it was not too warm an outfit, even if the poor little form it barely covered had given evidence of better feeding.

Two scraggy, spotted cows ambled along on the two sides of the road, furtively and thievishly encircling with their rough tongues as much of the frosty grass as the youngster would allow them opportunity to take between cuts of the long whip which he carried, the better to enable him to walk in the middle of the track where the sharp, rough surface of the frozen sand, though not at all pleasant to his bare feet, was still preferable to the grassy side of the road.

He had been awakened, as usual, by that authority which, to his young mind, represented the supreme will of the universe—without its providence—his father! He would as soon have tried to dodge a flash of lightning as to evade an order of that sort. He had been told, as usual, to "git a hustle" on him, and "git them cows to pasture." It was too early in the fall to be "wearin' out his boots," so there he was walking on the sides of his feet, so that the bottoms might have a chance to get

warm again, and thinking, not entirely without bitterness, surprising as it may seem, of what he would do when he was a man!

The autumn sun just peeping over the eastern hills shed a golden light on the landscape, and seemed to give a far-away promise of warmth strangely at variance with the frosty rain. But a gleam of hope as golden and roseate as that light had taken possession of that young soul, and in the waking dream, all unconscious of his torn and scanty garb and of the biting frost of that dreary morning, the mists of years were rolled away, and he saw himself as he was to be.

The hard road, the scraggy cows, the long, damp, frosty grass and all the pain and misery of the present faded away. In imagination he was a man, rich, powerful and respected. He saw around him not the barren slopes on which from day to day it was his task to attempt to eke out the pitiful livelihood to which he had been accustomed; but, far as the eye could reach, rich fields of waving grain shone like a sea of emerald in the yellow sunlight. Giant oaks and elms reared their heads in the crystal air and cast deep, cool shadows over the velvet lawn. The stately columns of a noble mansion standing among the trees, with happy children playing about, completed the picture. And it was all his—his land, his home and his children; not little half-clad, half-starved beggars, cowering away from a father's voice, but happy, free-hearted children, with the love-light in their eyes, thronging and clambering to meet him whenever he appeared.

And he would meet them with a gentle word; never should they hear the rough, harsh tones that so terrified him at times. He would be a father indeed to them, all gentleness and kind—"Hi! There! What the devil are you a-dreamin' about, anyway? You just better git a move on you now, and git them cows to pasture, or you'll git no breakfast this day! You confounded, lazy, good-for-nothin'—Ef I git my hands on you, you'll move faster'n that! !"—

Back comes all the frost, cold and misery! But thank God for the day dreams, for all that!

From Cleveland (O.) Leader, Sept. 2, 1900.

FORGIVENESS.

My heart was heavy, for its trust had been
Abused, its kindness answered with foul wrong;
So, turning gloomily from my fellow-men,
One summer Sabbath day I strolled among
The green mounds of the village burial-place;
Where, pondering how all human love and hate
Find one sad level; and how, soon or late,
Wronged and wrongdoer, each with meekened face,
And cold hands folded over a still heart,
Pass the green threshold of our common grave,
Whither all footsteps tend, whence none depart,
Awed for myself, and pitying my race,
Our common sorrow, like a mighty wave,
Swept all my pride away, and, trembling I forgave!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

GOD'S SERVING ANGELS.

'Tis written that the serving angels stand
Beside God's throne, ten myriads on each hand,
Waiting, with wings outstretched and watchful eyes,
To do their Master's heavenly embassies.
Quicker than thought His high commands they read,
Swifter than light to execute them speed,
Bearing the word of power from star to star—
Some hither and some thither, near and far.
And unto these naught is too high or low,
Too mean or mighty, if He wills it so;
Neither is any creature, great or small,
Beyond His pity, which embraceth all,
Because His eye beholdeth all which are,
Sees without search, and cometh without care;
Nor any ocean rolls so vast that He
Forgets one wave of all that restless sea.

Edwin Arnold.

MAY IT BE EVER THUS.

The following lines may not be of use to you, but express in simple language a sentiment worth remembering, one which any citizen would do well to think of when patriotic thoughts enter his mind, hoping that "May it be ever thus":

No North, no South, no East, no West,
But one great nation Heaven blest.

Chas. B. Thompson.

"I SHOULD LIKE TO DIE," SAID WILLIE.

"I should like to die," said Willie, "if my papa could die too;
But he says he isn't ready—'cause he's got so much to do;
But my little sister Nellie says that I must surely die,
And she and mamma—then she stopped because it made me cry.

"I remember that she told me once, while sitting on her knee,
That the angels never weary watching over her and me;
And if I was only good—Nellie told me so before—
That they let us into Heaven when they see us at the door.
I shall know no more of sorrow, I shall know no more of sin—
I shall see mamma and Nellie, for I know they'll let me in;
But I'll have to tell the angel when I meet him at the door,
That he must excuse my papa, because he couldn't leave the store.

"I know I shall be happy, and shall always want to stay—
I should like to hear the singing—I should love the endless day;
I would like to look at Jesus—I'd love him more and more,
And I'd gather water-lilies for the angel at the door.
Nellie says that it may be I shall soon be called away—
If papa was only ready I should like to go today;
But if I go before him to that world of light and joy,
I guess he'll want to come to Heaven to see his little boy."

THE CROOKED FOOTPATH.

Ah, here it is! the sliding rail
That marks the old remembered spot—
The gap that struck our school-boy trail—
The crooked path across the lot.

It left the road by school and church,
A penciled shadow, nothing more,
That parted from the silver birch
And ended at the farm-house door.

No line or compass traced its plan,
With frequent bends to left or right,
In aimless, wayward curves it ran,
But always kept the door in sight.

The gabled porch, with woodbine green—
The broken millstone at the mill,—
Though many a rood might stretch between,
The truant child could see them still.

No rocks across the pathway lie,
No fallen trunk is o'er it thrown,
And yet it winds, we know not why,
And turns as if for tree or stone.

Perhaps some lover trod the way,
With shaking knees and leaping heart,—
And so it often runs astray
With sinuous sweep or sudden start.

Or one, perchance, with clouded brain,
From some unholy banquet reeled,—
And since our devious steps maintain
His track across the trodden field.

Nay, deem not thus—no earth-born will
Could ever trace a faultless line;
Our truest steps are human still,—
To walk unswerving were divine!

Truants from love, we dream of wrath,—
Oh, rather let us trust the more!
Through all the wanderings of the path,
We still can see our Father's door!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

A FEARFUL OPERATION.

Dr. Wagner put on a doleful look as he said there would be a serious operation at his house that afternoon.

"I do not suppose you will perform it," said the hardware man.

"No," said Wagner, "it is too difficult for me,"—an admission that he rarely made in public.

"What is the nature of it?" said the hardware man.

"Well, sir," said the doctor, "my wife is going to have her kimona cut out."

"What is that?" said the hardware man.

"Why, it is something that covers no part of the body, and touches nowhere."

R. W. Payne.

ASK AND YE SHALL RECEIVE.

O praying one, who long has prayed,
And yet no answer heard,
Have ye been sometimes half afraid
God might not keep His word?
Seems prayer to fall on deafened ears?
Does Heaven seem blind and dumb?
Is hope deferred? Believe—believe—
The answer time will come!

"Ask what ye will"—His word is true,
His power is all divine;
Ye cannot test His love too far;
His utmost shall be thine.
God does not mock believing prayer;
Ye shall not go unfed!
He gives no serpent for a fish,
Nor gives He stones for bread.

Thy inmost longings may be told;
The hopes that turned to shame,
The empty life, the thwarted plans;
The good that never came.
Say not, "The promise is not mine,
God did not hear me pray;
I prayed—I trusted fully—but
The grave hath barred the way."

God heard thee—He hath not forgot,
Faith shall at length prevail!

Yea—know it! Not one smallest jot
Of all His word can fail.
For if ye truly have believed,
Not vain hath been thy prayer!
As God is true, thy hope shall come—
Sometime, someway, somewhere.

Mrs. Havens.

DO THY DAY'S WORK.

Do thy day's work, my dear,
Though fast and dark the clouds are drifting near;
Though time has little left for hope and very much for fear.
Do thy day's work, though now
The hand must falter, and the head must bow,
And far above the failing foot shows the bold mountain brow.

Yet there is left for us,
Who on the valley's verge stand trembling thus,
A light that lies far in the west—soft, faint, but luminous.
We can give kindly speech
And ready helping hand to all and each,
And patience to the young around by smiling silence teach.

We can give gentle thought
And charity by life's long lesson taught,
And wisdom, from old faults lived down, by toil and failure wrought.

We can give love, unmarred
By selfish snatch of happiness; unjarred
By the keen aims of power or joy, that make youth cold and hard.

And, if gay hearts reject
The gifts we hold, would fain fare on unchecked
On the bright roads that scarcely yield all that young eyes expect,
Why, do thy day's work still.
The calm, deep founts of love are slow to chill;
And Heaven may yet the harvest yield, the work-worn hands to fill.

AS THROUGH THE LAND AT EVE WE WENT.

As through the land at eve we went,
And pluck'd the ripened ears,
We fell out, my wife and I.
O we fell out, I know not why,
And kiss'd again with tears.
And blessings on the falling out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love
And kiss again with tears!
For when we came where lies our child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
O there above the little grave,
We kiss'd again with tears.

Alfred Tennyson, in "The Princess."

ALMOST HOME.

A little winding railway in a southern county connects two widely parallel systems and is known as the C. & G. The trains are small and meek when compared with the long aggregations of cars with which they connect at G.

But to the old man who sat today in one of the cramped, uncomfortable coaches, defects were not apparent. For forty years little cars like these had passed his door; along this same road he and Mary had taken their wedding trip. How proud he was of her when they returned, and he had taken her home, where his father and his father's father had lived before him. There they had lived and labored together, going on Saturdays to the village and on Sundays to the little church; and there Tom had been born.

It seemed hard to realize that all this was long ago; for so much had happened since then. No lusty boy would come rushing to meet him today; the rocking-chair where she used to sit would be very still. The old man choked a little and wiped his eyes with his cotton handkerchief.

He had not known what all this meant to him until he had left it. He had been lonely and Tom had persuaded him to go live with him. But it was all so strange in this new place, so little like he had pictured it. He said nothing. They were kind to him, and he must not seem ungrateful. He would not admit, even to himself, that he wished to go back, but he grew so silent, white and still that his son, watching his wistful face was touched.

"Father," said he, "am I not your son? Tell me." And the old man answered humbly: "Tom, I am old and getting childish, but I want to go back. I've never lived anywhere else before, and—and she's there, Tom."

So today he was going home; back to the hills and trees; back to his old house and graves; back where she had left him to wait until she had called him; and the journey was almost done.

The sunshine crept across the car, and the noise of voices grew lower and lower. Somehow it was evening, and he was coming home down the long lanes between the fields. Over the hills came the tinkle of bells, as the cattle came home to the milking; here, running to meet him, was little Tom, the red stains of berries still marking his face and fingers; and there by the gate, the love-light as strong in her eyes as on the day they were married, stood Mary, the wife of his youth.

"I am late," he said, "and tired."

"Come," she said, "you can rest now; it is only a step more," and—a long, quavering sigh of relief—and —he was at home. The little rough train went jolting along and reached his station at last. But when the conductor shook him he did not answer.

E. Crayton McCants.

BE STRONG!

Be strong!
We are not here to play,—to dream, to drift.
We have hard work to do and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle,—face it; 'tis God's gift.

Be strong!
Say not the days are evil. Who's to blame?
And fold the hands and acquiesce,—O shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong!
It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long;
Faint not,—fight on! Tomorrow comes the song.

Maltbie D. Babcock, D.D.

THE CHILDREN.

When the lessons all are ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me
To bid me good-night and be kissed;
Oh! the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace!
Oh! the smiles that are halos of Heaven
Shedding sunshine of joy on my face!

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood, too lovely to last;
Of love that my heart well remembers
When it wakes to the pulse of the past,
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A portion of sorrow and sin—
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

Oh! my heart grows as weak as a woman's,
And the fountain of feeling will flow
When I think of the path, steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of fate blowing wild;
Oh! there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child.

They are idols of hearts and of households;
They are angels of God, in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes.
Oh! those truants from home and from Heaven,
They make me more manly and mild;
And I know now how Jesus can liken
The kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done;
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun.
I would pray God to guard them from evil—
But my prayer would bound back to myself—
Ah! a seraph can pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge
They have taught me the goodness of God.

My heart is a dungeon of darkness
When I shut them from breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction--
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn
To traverse its threshold no more.
Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones
That meet me each morn at the door!
I shall miss the "good-nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at even,
Their songs in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And death says, "The school is dismissed,"
May the little ones gather around me
To bid me good-night and be kissed.

Charles Dickens.

FAME.

The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Henry W. Longfellow, in "The Ladder."

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

There is many a rest in the road of life,
If we only would stop to take it,
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would wake it!
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,
When the ominous clouds are rifted!
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning,
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jewelled crown
Or the miser's hoarded treasure:
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to Heaven;
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,

And to do God's will with a ready heart
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate, slender threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder.

M. A. Kidder.

PASS ON THE PRAISE.

"You're a great little wife, and I don't know what I would do without you." And as he spoke he put his arms about her and kissed her, and she forgot all the care in that moment. And, forgetting it all, she sang as she washed the dishes, and sang as she made the beds, and the song was heard next door, and a woman there caught the refrain and sang also, and two homes were happier because he had told her that sweet old story—the story of the love of a husband for a wife. As she sang, the butcher boy who called for the order heard it and went out whistling on his journey, and the world heard the whistle, and one man hearing it thought, "Here is a lad who loves his work, a lad happy and contented."

And because she sang her heart was mellowed, and as she swept about the back door the cool air kissed her on each cheek, and she thought of a poor old woman she knew, and a little basket went over to that home with a quarter for a crate or two of wood.

So, because he kissed her and praised her, the song came and the influence went out and out.

Pass on the praise.

A word and you make a rift in the cloud, a smile and you may create a new resolve, a grasp of the hand and you may repossess a soul from hell.

Pass on the praise.

Does your clerk do well?

Pass on the praise.

Tell him that you are pleased, and if he is a good clerk he will appreciate it more than a raise. A good clerk does not work for his salary alone.

Teacher, if the child is good, tell him about it; if he is better, tell him again. Thus you see good, better, best.

Pass on the praise now. Pass it on in the home. Don't go to the grave and call "Mother." Don't plead, "Hear me, mother; you were a kind mother; you were a good mother, and smoothed away many a rugged path for me."

Those ears cannot hear that glad admission. Those eyes cannot see the light of earnestness in yours. Those hands may not return the embrace you now wish to give.

Why call so late? Pass on the praise today.

Selected, Kansas City World.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where:
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

Henry W. Longfellow.

A GOOD FRIEND.

To have a good friend is one of the highest delights of life; to be a good friend is one of the noblest and most difficult undertakings. Friendship depends not upon fancy, imagination or sentiment, but upon character. There is no man so poor that he is not rich if he have a friend; there is no man so rich that he is not poor without a friend. But friendship is a word made to cover many kindly, impermanent relationships. Real friendship is abiding. Like charity, it suffereth long and is kind. Like love, it vaunteth not itself, but pursues the even tenor of its way, unaffrighted by ill-report, loyal in adversity, the solvent of infelicity, the shining jewel of happy days. Friendship has not the iridescent joys of love, though it is closer than is often known to the highest, truest love. Its heights are ever serene, its valleys know few clouds. To aspire to friendship one must cultivate a capacity for faithful affection, a beau-

tiful disinterestedness, a clear discernment. Friendship is a gift, but it is also an acquirement. It is like the rope with which climbers in the high mountains bind themselves for safety, and only a coward cuts the rope when a comrade is in danger. From Cicero to Emerson, and long before Cicero, and forever after Emerson, the praises of friendship have been set forth. Even fragments of friendship are precious and to be treasured. But to have a whole, real friend is the greatest of earth gifts save one. To be a whole, real friend is worthy high endeavor, for faith, truth, courage and loyalty bring one close to the Kingdom of Heaven.

By Atmos.

BEREAVED.

Let me come in where you sit weeping—aye
  Let me, who have not any child to die,
Weep with you for the little one whose love
  I have known nothing of.

The little arms that slowly, slowly loosed
  Their pressure round your neck; the hands you used
To kiss—such arms, such hands I never knew,
  May I not weep with you?

Fain would I be of service—say something,
  Between the tears, that would be comforting—
But ah! so sadder than yourself am I
  Who have no child to die!

James Whitcomb Riley.

HE WHO DIED AT AZAN SENDS.

He made life—and he takes it—but instead
Gives more; praise the restorer, Al-Mu'hid!

He who died at Azan sends
This to comfort faithful friends:

Faithful friends! it lies, I know,
Pale and white, and cold as snow;
And ye say, "Abdullah's dead!"
Weeping at my feet and head;
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your cries and prayers;
Yet I smile and whisper this:
"I am not that thing you kiss;
Cease your tears, and let it lie;
It was mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends, what the women lave,
For its last bed in the grave,
Is a tent which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage from which at last,
Like a hawk my soul hath passed.
Love the inmate, not the room;
The wearer, not the garb; the plume
Of the falcon, not the bars
Which kept him from those splendid stars.

Loving friends! be wise, and dry
Straightway every weeping eye;

What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a wistful tear.
'Tis an empty seashell, one
Out of which the pearl is gone;
The shell is broken, it lies there;
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
'Tis an earthen jar whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury,
A mind which loved Him; let it lie!
Let the shard be Earth's once more,
Since the gold shines in His store.

Allah Glorious! Allah Good!
Now Thy grace is understood;
Now my heart no longer wonders
What Al-Barsakh is, which sunders
Life from death and earth from heaven;
Nor the "Paradises Seven"
Which the happy dead inherit;
Nor those "birds" which bear each spirit
Toward the throne, "green birds and white,"
Radiant, glorious, swift their flight!

Now the long, long darkness ends,
Yet ye wail, my foolish friends,
While the man whom ye call "dead"
In unbroken bliss instead
Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,
By any light which shines for you;

But in light ye cannot see
Of unfulfilled felicity,
And enlarging paradise,
Lives the life that never dies.

Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell;
Where I am, ye too shall dwell.
I am gone before your face
A heart-beat's time, a gray ant's pace,
When ye come where I have stepped,
Ye will wonder why ye wept,
Ye will know, by true love taught,
That here is all and there is naught.
Weep awhile, if ye are fain,
Sunshine still must follow rain!
Only not at death, for death—
Now I see—is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, that is of all life center.

Know ye Allah's law is love,
Viewed from Allah's throne above;
Be ye firm of trust, and come
Faithful onward to your home!
"La Allah illa Allah! Yea,
Mu'hid! Restorer! Sovereign!" say.

He who died at Azan gave
This to those who made his grave.

Sir Edwin Arnold, in "Pearls of the Faith."

FADED COAT OF BLUE.

My brave lad he sleeps in his faded coat of blue,
In a lonely grave unknown lies that heart that beat so true;
He sank faint and hungry among the famished brave,
And they laid him sad and lonely within his nameless grave.

No more the bugle calls that weary one,
Rest, noble spirit, in the grave unknown;
I'll find you, and know you, among the good and true,
When a robe of white is given for the faded coat of blue.

He cried, "Give me water, and just a little crumb,
And my mother she will bless you through all the years to come—
Oh! tell my sweet sister, so gentle, good and true,
That I'll meet her up in Heaven, in my faded coat of blue."

No more the bugle calls that weary one,
Rest, noble spirit, in the grave unknown;
I'll find you, and know you, among the good and true,
When a robe of white is given for the faded coat of blue.

He said, "My dear comrades, you cannot take me home,
But you'll mark my grave for mother, she'll find it if she comes;

I fear she'll not know me among the good and true,
When I meet her up in Heaven in my faded coat of blue."

No more the bugle calls that weary one,
Rest, noble spirit, in the grave unknown;
I'll find you, and know you, among the good and true,
When a robe of white is given for the faded coat of blue.

No one was nigh him to close his sweet eyes,
And no gentle one was by him to give sweet replies;
No stone marks the sod o'er my lad so brave and true,
In his lonely grave he's sleeping in his faded coat of blue.

No more the bugle calls that weary one,
Rest, noble spirit, in the grave unknown;
I'll find you, and know you, among the good and true,
When a robe of white is given for the faded coat of blue.

BUILD A LITTLE FENCE.

Build a little fence of trust
Around today;
Fill the space with loving work
And therein stay;
Look not between the shelt'ring bars
Upon tomorrow,
But take whatever comes to thee
Of joy or sorrow.

HAIL, SOVEREIGN LOVE.

The following beautiful poem was written by Major Andre, a few days before his execution.

Hail, sovereign love, which first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man!
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
Which gave my soul a Hiding Place.

Against the God who built the sky,
I fought with hands uplifted high,
Despised the mention of His grace,
Too proud to seek a Hiding Place.

Enwrapt in thick Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light,
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure, without a Hiding Place.

And thus the eternal counsel ran,
Almighty love, arrest that man!
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no Hiding Place.

Indignant justice stood in view;
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;
But Justice cried, with frowning face:
"This mountain is no Hiding Place."

Ere long a heavenly voice I heard,
And Mercy's angel soon appeared;
He led me at a placid pace,
To Jesus as a Hiding Place.

On Him almighty vengeance fell
Which must have sunk a world to Hell.
He bore it for a sinful race,
And thus became their Hiding Place.

Should sevenfold storms of thunder roll,
And shake this globe from pole to pole,
No thunderbolt shall daunt my face,
For Jesus is my Hiding Place.

A few more rolling suns at most,
Shall land me on fair Canaan's coast,
When I shall sing the song of grace,
And see my glorious Hiding Place.

John Andre.

THE OLD BROWN SCHOOL HOUSE.

It stood on a bleak country corner,
The houses were distant and few,
A meadow lay back in the distance,
Beyond rose the hills to our view.
The roads crossing there at right angles,
Untraversed by pomp and array,
Were cropped by the cows in the summer;
I've watched them there many a day.

In memory's hall hangs the picture,
And though years of sad care are between,
It hangs with a beautiful gilding,
And well do I love it, I ween.

It stood on a bleak country corner,
But boyhood's young heart made it warm
It gloried in the sunshine of summer·
'Twas cheerful in winter and storm.

The teacher, oh well I remember;
My heart has long kept him a place;
Perhaps by the world he's forgotten,
His memory no time can efface.
He met us with smiles on the threshold,
And in that rude temple of art,
He left with the skill of a workman,
His touch on the mind and the heart.

Oh, gay were the sports of the noontide,
When winter winds frolicked with snow;
We laughed at the freaks of the storm king,
And shouted him on, all aglow.
We dashed at his beautiful sculptures,
Regardless of all its array,
We plunged in the feathery snowdrift
And sported the winter away.

We sat on the old-fashioned benches,
Beguiled with our pencils and slate;
We thought of the opening future,
And dreamed of our manhood's estate.
O, days of my boyhood! I bless you;
While looking from life's busy prime,
The treasures are lingering with me
I gathered in life's early time.

O still to that bleak country corner
  Turns my heart in its weariness yet,
Where leading my gentle young sisters
  With youthful companions I met.
I cast a fond glance o'er the meadow;
  The hills just behind it I see
Away in the charm of the distance,
  Old school house! a blessing on thee!

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

To be, or not to be,—that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die,—to sleep,—
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die,—to sleep,—
To sleep! perchance to dream! ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of dispriz'd love, the law's delay
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,

When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered country from whose bourn
No traveler returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprise of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

Shakespeare.

BLACK SHEEP.

From their folded tents they wander far,
Their ways seem harsh and wild;
They follow the beck of a baleful star,
Their paths are dream beguiled.
Yet haply they sought but a wilder range,
Some loftier mountain slope,
And little recked of the country strange
Beyond the gates of hope.

And haply a bell with a luring call
Summoned their feet to tread
Midst the cruel rocks where the deep pitfall
And the lurking snare are spread.

Maybe in spite of their tameless days
Of outcast liberty,
They're sick at heart for the homely ways
Where their gathered brothers be.

And oft at night when the plains fall dark,
And the hills loom large and dim;
For the Shepherd's voice they mutely hark,
And their souls go out to him.
Meanwhile, Black Sheep! Black Sheep! we cry,
Safe in the inner fold;
And may be they hear and wonder why,
And marvel, out in the cold.

Richard Burton, in April Atlantic, 1899.

THE SONGS MY MOTHER SANG.

I hear them in the whispering winds,
The forest's rhythmic strain,
The chime of bells, that sinks and swells
The patter of the rain.
I hear them in the vesper call
Of birds from copse and tree;
Each note prolongs the dear old songs
That mother sang to me.

I hear them in the ocean's voice,
The prattle of a child,
The dashing rill, the fountain's trill,
The tempest fierce and wild.

I hear them through the silent night,
In dreams they echo free,
Since memory throngs with tender songs
That mother sang to me.

I heard them when a babe I lay
Upon her loving breast,
And when a child their charms beguiled
My eager brain to rest.
I hear them now, and some last hour
Across death's swelling sea
My soul shall wing, while angels sing
The songs she sang to me.

Lalia Mitchell, in Farm Journal.

THE SONGS THAT MOTHER SUNG.

Go, sing the songs you cherish well,
Each ode and simple lay;
Go, chord the notes till bosoms swell,
With strains that deftly play.
All, all are yours to sacred keep,
Your choicest treasures 'mong;
But give to me till memory sleeps,
The songs that mother sung.

When life's dark paean's plaintive round,
Fall 'cross the weary way,
To drown, in sighing, mournful sound,
The dirge of dismal day,

Then softly back lost strains will steal,
From cradle anthems rung,
To drown the woes that sorrows feel,
In songs that mother sung.

And when the ebb of eventide,
Afar across the strand,
Sets out to where the billows ride,
Beyond life's shifting sand,
Then softly back above the roar,
Of mad, mad waters flung,
Oh! back, bring back to me once more
The songs my mother sung.

HANNA'S COURTSHIP.

Nearly thirty-eight years ago Mark Hanna was just starting on his business career as a grocer in Cleveland. He was poor, plodding, and, to the casual observer, a very every-day sort of young man. Daniel Rhodes was one of the rich coal owners of the state. He had one daughter, Gussie, the very idol of his soul. Gussie Rhodes met and loved the obscure, poor young man, Mark Hanna. Mr. Rhodes was astounded when the daring young grocer called upon him and asked for the hand of his daughter. He refused absolutely to grant the young suitor even time enough to beg. He said "No!" curtly and sharply, and when he saw his daughter he tried to scold her, but instead he took her in his honest arms and begged her not to think of "this unknown

man, Hanna." He said he never, never could consent to such a choice for his child.

Gussie Rhodes told her father, with many a reassuring embrace, that she would never marry without his consent, and she added, "But papa, dear, I shall never marry any man but Mark Hanna." Then she promised her father not to see her lover or to write to him for a year at least. A foreign tour was taken for that change of scene which is supposed to work wonders in heart affections.

For nearly a year the "change of scene" prescription was faithfully pursued, and the patient, always cheerfully submissive, gentle and charming, obviously grew frailer day by day. Almost in despair, the old man brought his child home again, and one morning he gathered the courage to ask her if she still cared for Mark Hanna.

"Why, father," she replied, "I shall always love Mark Hanna. I told you that, you know, a year ago."

Poor old "Uncle Dan" Rhodes! Sending for the obscure young man, he said to him: "Mr. Hanna, Gussie loves you; that is my only reason for accepting you as her future husband. You are poor. I'll fix it so Gussie can live as she has been accustomed to, and I suppose I must see you marry her."

Now the coming young man cast ever so slight a shadow of his future greatness on the opportunity of the present.

"Mr. Rhodes," said he, "I most gratefully accept the gift of your daughter's love, but I cannot make her my wife unless she will be content to live as my means will

enable us. I can neither accept aid nor permit my wife to accept it from anyone."

So Mark Hanna and Gussie Rhodes were married, and the bride went from her father's big house to live in a tiny little cottage, where, with one maid of all work, she was as happy as a queen.

Newspaper Clipping.

ENGLISH KNIGHTS AND IRISH KNIGHTS.

It was evident in his swagger that he was a scion of the British aristocracy, and the most casual observer could not have failed to note that he was a stranger to the city. He touched a well-dressed, auburn-haired young man, who was lolling in front of a Broadway hotel, on the shoulder.

"Pardon me, me dear man, but could I trouble you for a match?" After lighting his cigar, he continued: "Bah Jove, this is a remarkable city. This is me first visit to New York, d'ye know? I'm a deucid stranger, but on the other side I'm a person of importance. I am Sir Francis Daffy, Knight of the Garter, Knight of the Bath, Knight of the Double Eagle, Knight of the Golden Fleece, Knight of the Iron Cross. D'ye mind telling me your name, me dear man?"

Replied he of the auburn hair, in a deep rich brogue:

"Me name is Michael Murphy, night before last, night before that, last night, tonight, and every damn night —Michael Murphy."

From the New York Sun.

DISTANCE THE ENCHANTRESS.

The sails we see on the ocean
  Are as white as white can be,
But never one in the harbor
  As white as the sails at sea.

And the clouds that crown the mountain
  With purple and gold delight,
Turn to cold gray mist and vapor
  Before we can reach its height.

Stately and fair the vessel
  That comes not near our beach;
Lofty and grand the mountain
  Whose height we may never reach;

Oh, Distance, thou dear enchantress,
  Still hold in thy magic veil
The glory of far-off mountains,
  The gleam of the far-off sail.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again just for tonight!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart, as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair:
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears—
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain—
Take them and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay—
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green
Blossomed and faded, our faces between:
Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I tonight for your presence again.
Come from the silence so long and so deep;
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Over my heart in the days that are flown
No love like mother-love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures—
Faithful, unselfish and patient like yours,
None like a mother can charm away pain,
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain.
Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep;
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again, as of old;
Let it drop over my forehead tonight,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more

Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep—
Rock me to sleep, mother; rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last listened your lullaby song.
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream.
Clasped to your breast in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep—
Rock me to sleep, mother; rock me to sleep.

Florence Percy (pen name); Elizabeth Akers Allen.

THE FUN IN LIFE.

A sense of humor is more valuable for a busy woman than all the latest inventions for making housekeeping easy. The patent dish-washer, the self-feeding and self-shaking range, the washing-machine, the bread-mixer and the egg-beater all put together will not help "mother" through Saturday morning so well as the ability to laugh long and heartily.

Unfortunately, there is no school where this accomplishment can be learned. The giggling girl is not so sure to grow up a laughing woman. She may regard herself and her own affairs with a portentous seriousness. Egotism is fatal to a true sense of humor. So is a lack of imagination. So is that morbid conscientiousness which is our least desirable inheritance from Puritanism.

That family is fortunate indeed where the mother is first to see a joke and to lead the mirth. In too many homes her sole share in merriment is her dismal "I'm sure I don't see what you're laughing about!" The mother, an invalid for years, who could answer an inquiry about her health with a quizzical smile and a quick "Sick abed, and worse up!" was not a burden but a joy to the children who found her room "the jolliest place in the house."

A nonsense rhyme, a droll conundrum, a lively repartee, a story of misadventure may all serve as sauce for a dull day. The appetite for fun may be coaxed to grow by what it feeds on, until the mature woman, laden with responsibilities, can smile at her own small trials and help others to follow her example. She will learn first not to cry over spilt milk, and later will master an even more useful accomplishment, and will laugh over it.

Youths Companion, 1903.

A BIT OF NEWSPAPER VERSE.

She took up one of the magazines and glanced through it casually, but somehow it did not appeal to the old lady, and so she laid it down again. There was a volume of poems, richly bound in vellum, on the table by her side, and for a little while the story of its gallant knights and lovely maidens bewitched her. But soon the weight of the book began to tire her feeble hands.

After that, quite as a last resort, she took up the evening paper and glanced through it, just to while away

the time. She had never taken much concern in politics, the latest Parisian fashion did not interest her in the least, but presently three little verses, wedged in between a lurid account of a murder and a patent medicine advertisement, caught her eye.

The poem was Eugene Field's "Little Boy Blue," and at the very first lines of it the old lady became all attention:

> The little toy dog is covered with dust,
> But sturdy and staunch it stands,
> And the little tin soldier is covered with rust,
> And his musket molds in his hands.

Very slowly, as she read on, the tears came into her eyes and dimmed the spectacles so that she could scarcely see the lines of the second verse:

> "Now don't you go till I come," he said,
> "And don't you make any noise!"
> Then, toddling off to his trundle bed,
> He dreamed of his pretty toys.
> And as he was dreaming, an angel song
> Awakened our little boy.
> Oh, the years are many—

Yes, they were many! It was more than half a century ago now. The paper dropped from the old lady's hand and rustled to the floor. There was no use in trying to read any more, for her thoughts had flown away now to the time when she had had just such a Little Boy Blue as that. Since then she had had lots of other children. Even now, as she sat there in the twilight, she could hear the shouts of her grandchildren at play not far away, but little Geordie had been her first-born,

and somehow the others were different, and nobody knew just how but herself. She had daughters to console her in her widowhood, and when her married daughter had died her children had been left. But with little Geordie it was different. They only knew of him by the little headstone in the graveyard; but to her—why, after reading that little poem, it seemed as though it were only yesterday that he was toddling along beside her, rosy, and bright, and full of fun. And he used to say just those things—she remembered.

"Why, mother," said her daughter, as she came in, "you've been crying! What's the matter?"

"It was nothing, dear," answered the old lady, as she wiped her eyes. "I was reading, you know, and it upset me a little. It was only a bit of newspaper verse."

JUDGE NOT.

Judge not!—though clouds of seeming guilt may dim thy
brother's fame;
For fate may throw suspicion's shade upon the brightest
name;
Thou canst not tell what hidden chain of circumstances
may
Have wrought the sad result that takes an honest name
away.
Judge not!

Judge not!—the vilest criminal may rightfully demand
A chance to prove his innocence by jury of his land;

And, surely, one who ne'er was known to break his
plighted word,
Should not be hastily condemned to obloquy unheard.
Judge not!

Judge not!—thou canst not tell how soon the look of
bitter scorn
May rest on thee, though pure thy heart as dew-drops
in the morn.
Thou dost not know what freak of fate may place upon
thy brow
A cloud of shame to kill the joy that rests upon it now.
Judge not!

Judge not!—but rather in thy heart let gentle pity dwell;
Man's judgment errs, but there is One who "doeth all
things well."
Ever, throughout the voyage of life, this precept keep
in view:
"Do unto others as thou wouldst that they should do to
you."
Judge not!

Judge not!—for one unjust reproach an honest heart can
feel
As keenly as the deadly stab made by the pointed steel.
The worm will kill the sturdy oak, though slowly it may
die,
As surely as the lightning stroke swift rushing from the
sky.
Judge not!

Anonymous.

IS IT WORTH WHILE?

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother,
Bearing his load on the rough road of life?
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other—
In blackness of heart, that we war to the knife?
God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

God pity us all as we jostle each other;
God pardon us all for the triumph we feel
When a fellow goes down'neath his load on the heather,
Pierced to the heart: Words are keener than steel,
And mightier far for woe than for weal.

Were it not well, in this brief little journey
On over the isthmus, down into the tide,
We give him a fish instead of a serpent,
Ere folding the hands to be and abide
Forever and aye in dust at his side?

Look at the roses saluting each other;
Look at the herds all at peace on the plain;
Man, and man only, makes war on his brother,
And laughs in his heart at his peril and pain —
Shamed by the beasts that go down on the plain.

Is it worth while that we battle to humble
Some poor fellow down into the dust?
God pity us all! Time too soon will tumble
All of us together, like leaves in gust,
Humbled, indeed, down into the dust.

Joaquin Miller.

LEFT ALONE.

It's the lonesomest house you ever saw,
  This big gray house where I stay;
I don't call it livin' at all, at all,
  Since my mother went away.

Four long weeks ago, an' it seems a year,
  "Gone home," so the preacher said,
An' I ache in my breast with wantin' her,
  An' my eyes are always red.

I stay out of doors till I'm almost froze,
  'Cause every corner and room
Seems empty enough to frighten a boy
  And filled to the doors with gloom.

I hate them to call me in to my meals,
  Sometimes I think I can't bear
To swallow a mouthful of anything,
  And see her not sittin' up there

A-pourin' the tea an' passin' the things,
  An' laughin' to see me take
Two big lumps of sugar instead of one,
  An' more than my share of cake.

"I'm too big to be kissed," I used to say,
  But somehow I don't feel right
Crawlin' into bed as still as a mouse,
  Nobody saying "good-night,"

An' tuckin' the clothes up under my chin.
  An' pushin' my hair back so—
Things a boy makes fun of before his chums,
  But things that he likes, you know.

There's no one to go to when things go wrong.
  She was always so safe and sure.
Why, not a trouble could tackle a boy
  That she couldn't up and cure!

There are lots of women, it seems to me,
  That wouldn't be missed so much—
Women whose boys are about all grown up,
  An' old maid aunties, and such.

I can't make out for the life of me
  Why she should have to go,
An' her boy left here in this old gray house,
  A-needin' and wantin' her so.

I tell you, the very lonesomest thing
  In this great big world today
Is a boy of ten whose heart is broke
  'Cause his mother is gone away.

Toronto Globe.

WHO, THEN, IS FREE?

Who, then, is free? The wise man
Who can govern himself.

Horace.

THE BROOK-SIDE.

I wander'd by the brook-side,
I wander'd by the mill,—
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still;
There was no burr of grasshopper,
Nor chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm tree,
I watch'd the long, long shade;
And as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word,—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not,—no, he came not,—
The night came on alone,—
The little stars sat, one by one,
Each in his golden throne;
The evening air pass'd by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirr'd,—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind,—

A hand was on my shoulder,
I knew its touch was kind;
It drew me nearer—nearer,—
We did not speak one word,
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.
R. M. (Milnes) Lord Houghton.

JUST TO BE GLAD.

Oh! heart of mine, we shouldn't worry so!
What we have missed of calm, we couldn't have, you know!
What we have met of stormy pain,
And of sorrow's driving rain,
We can better meet again,
If they blow.

We have erred in that dark hour, we have known;
When the tears fell with the showers, all alone,
Were not shine and shadow blent
As the gracious Master meant?
Let us temper our content
With His own.

For we know not every morrow can be sad;
So, forgetting all the sorrow we have had,
Let us fold away our fears
And put by our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years,
Just be glad.

James Whitcomb Riley.

HAVE YOU WRITTEN TO MOTHER?

Pray, may I ask you, worthy lad,
Whose smile no care can smother,
Though busy life throbs round about,
Have you written home to mother?

You are fast forgetting, aren't you, quite,
How fast the weeks went flying;
And that a little blotted sheet
Unanswered still is lying?

Don't you remember how she stood,
With wistful glance at parting?
Don't you remember how the tears
Were in her soft eyes starting?

Have you forgotten how her arm
Stole round you to caress you?
Have you forgotten those low words·
"Good-by, my son; God bless you?"

Oh! do not wrong her patient love;
Save God's, there is no other
So faithful through all mists of sin;
Fear not to write to mother.

Tell her how hard it is to walk
As walked the Master, lowly,
Tell her how hard it is to keep
A man's life pure and holy.

Tell her to keep the lamp of prayer,
A light, a beacon burning;
Whose beams shall reach you far away,
Shall lure your soul returning.

Tell her you love her dearly still,
For fear some sad tomorrow
Shall bear away the listening soul,
And leave you lost in sorrow.

And then, through bitter, falling tears,
And sighs you may not smother,
You will remember when too late
You did not write to mother.

Jane Ronalson, in Banner of Gold.

DEATH OF LITTLE NELL.

She was dead. There, upon her little bed, she lay at rest. The solemn stillness was no marvel now. She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived and suffered death.

Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favor. "When I die, put near me something that has loved the light—and had the sky above it always." These were her words.

She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was

dead. Her little bird—a poor slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed—was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless forever.

Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings and fatigues? All gone. This was the true death before their weeping eyes. Sorrow was dead indeed in her, but peace and perfect happiness were born; imaged in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. Yes. The old fireside had smiled on that same sweet face, it had passed like a dream through haunts of misery and care; at the door of the poor schoolmaster, on the summer evening, before the furnace fire upon the cold, wet night, at the still, dying boy, there had been the same mild, lovely look. So shall we know the angels in their majesty after death.

The old man held one languid arm in his, and kept the small hand tight-folded to his breast, for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile—the hand that had led him on through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips, then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and as he said it he looked, in agony, to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

She was dead, and past all help or need of it. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was ebbing fast—the garden she had tended—the eyes she had gladdened—the noiseless haunts of many

a thoughtless hour—the paths she had trodden as if it were but yesterday—could know her no more.

"It is not," said the schoolmaster, as he bent down to kiss her on the cheek, and gave his tears free vent—"it is not in this world that Heaven's justice ends. Think what it is compared with the world to which her young spirit has winged its early flight, and say: If one deliberate wish, expressed in solemn terms above this bed, could call her back to life; which of us would utter it."

Charles Dickens, in "The Old Curiosity Shop."

INDIRECTION.

Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtle
suggestion is fairer;
Rare is the rose-burst of dawn, but the secret that clasps
it is rarer;
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes
it is sweeter;
And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning out-
mastered the meter.

Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guideth the
growing;
Never a river that flows, but a majesty scepters the
flowing;
Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a stronger than
he did enfold him;
Nor ever a prophet foretells but a mightier seer hath
foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs the painter is hinted and hidden;
Into the statue that breathes the soul of the sculptor is bidden;
Under the joy that is felt lie the infinite issues of feeling;
Crowning the glory revealed is the glory that crowns the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symbolled is greater;
Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator;
Back of the sound broods the silence, back of the gift stands the giving;
Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit, the deed is outdone by the doing;
The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart of the wooing;
And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the heights where those shine,
Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the essence of life is divine.

Richard Realf.

"A SQUARE DEAL FOR EVERY MAN."

All I ask is a square deal for every man.

Theodore Roosevelt, May 6, 1903, *at Grand Canyon, Ariz.*

IF I WERE A VOICE.

If I were a Voice—a persuasive Voice—
  That could travel the wide world through,
I would fly on the beams of the morning light
And speak to men with a gentle might,
  And tell them to be true.
I'd fly, I'd fly o'er land and sea,
Wherever a human heart might be,
  Telling a tale, or singing a song,
  In praise of the Right—in blame of the Wrong.

If I were a Voice—a consoling Voice—
  I'd fly on the wings of the air;
The home of Sorrow and Guilt I'd seek,
And calm and truthful words I'd speak,
  To save them from Despair.
I'd fly, I'd fly o'er the crowded town,
And drop, like the happy sunlight, down
  Into the hearts of suffering men,
  And teach them to rejoice again.

If I were a Voice—a controlling Voice—
  I'd travel with the wind;
And, whenever I saw the nations torn
By warfare, jealousy or scorn,
  Or hatred of their kind,
I'd fly, I'd fly on the thunder crash,
And into their blinded bosoms flash;
  And, all their evil thoughts subdued,
  I'd teach them a Christian Brotherhood.

If I were a Voice—an immortal Voice—
I'd speak in the people's ear;
And whenever they shouted "Liberty"
Without deserving to be free,
I'd make their error clear.
I'd fly, I'd fly on the wings of day,
Rebuking wrong on my world-wide way,
And making all the Earth rejoice—
If I were a Voice—an immortal Voice.

If I were a Voice—a pervading Voice—
I'd seek the kings of Earth;
I'd find them alone on their beds at night,
And whisper words that should guide them right,
Lessons of priceless worth.
I'd fly more swift than the swiftest bird,
And tell them things they never heard—
Truths which the ages for aye repeat,
Unknown to the statesmen at their feet.

Charles Mackay.

A LOOK AT LIFE.

Born of a fine old Pennsylvania family, educated at the State University, he entered business with his father in the coal and coke industry. The Trust desired his business, and after a bitter fight that killed his father, he was forced to sell at a disadvantage. His life and conscience seared by the heartless strife of competition, he left his sorrowing mother at home, set out for the West, and stopped on the auriferous deserts of Nevada.

Here were men with eyes so trained to see such magnificent distances that the mental vision unconsciously encompassed a broad outlook on life, the insignificance of self and selfishness, and the joy and value of an unenvying brotherhood. He felt this in the very air, but, being soured and suspicious of mankind, he did not heed.

Roulette and faro, run openly, were a fascination. He risked a dollar and won, and the passion was on him. The fevered, nervous strain and sleepless hours required stimulants, hence drink, debauches and the gamut of fast living were a natural consequence.

Finally, his earlier training asserted itself, and his true nature revolting at the depths to which he had fallen, he packed a burro and started for the hills. Crossing a hot sand-blown desert, his parched throat burned with desire for its usual strong drink, and later became caked hard and dry for the want of moisture, but he pushed on toward a known spring, and willed that he would not turn back toward the accursed source of his debasement. Maddening thirst robbed him of his reason, and he wandered a maniac, tearing his hair and biting his arms, to suck moisture from his blood.

Instinctively following the burro, he reached the spring, a pool worn in basalt which held but a gallon, supplied by a tantalizing drip, drip, drip from a crevice above. The burro, having drained the pool, the man laid on his back to catch each drop as it fell, lingering a night and day between death and unconsciousness, and waking to curse and bless each life-giving drop, he slowly regained his reason and strength.

As night stole over the desert, and the stars in their brilliancy seemed to bend down to fraternize with man, he knelt in fervent gratitude to God. Searching the vastness of the universe, endeavoring to solve the problem of infinity, as he lay on the mountain-side, the seriousness and joy of life were revealed. What was puny man in the presence of such majesty! Yet man was an important part, and was given a soul to live through eternity, had been given the power to choose evil from good, that there might be a reward for doing good. Surely the Kingdom of God was within him. The knowledge had come that true happiness is only attained by "loving thy neighbor as thyself."

While endeavoring to secure a greater supply of water at the spring, he uncovered a rich vein, and returned to his home and mother a wealthy man.

No kind word or act is now too small for him to do. He sends ten young men to college each year, and for whatever cause he chooses to champion, his personality insures success and his lieutenants are legion.

Ralph Van Dorn.

LITERAL OBEDIENCE.

A young teacher who graduated from the normal school last June, was asked one day last week to substitute in a higher grade than her own. She was a little nervous over the temporary promotion, and was anxious that everything should go off in the usual good order. While instructing the class in composition, she

said: "Now, children, don't attempt any flights of fancy. Don't try to imitate the things you have heard, but just be yourselves and write what is really in you."

As a result of this advice, one little boy turned in the following composition:

"I ain't goin' to attempt no flite of fancy; I'm just goin' to write what's in me, and I got a hart, a liver, two lungs, and some other things like that; then I got a stummick, and it's got in it a pickle, a piece of pie, two sticks of peppermint candy, and my dinner."

LINCOLN'S LETTER.

The Philadelphia Ledger publishes a letter written by Abraham Lincoln to a Mrs. Bixby of Boston, which the Ledger says "has been engrossed, framed and hung in one of the Oxford (English) University halls as a 'specimen' of the purest English and elegant diction extant." The letter has an additional interest. It is peculiarly appropriate now, when so many mothers are mourning their sons, who were killed in battle or suffered the worse death, that from disease. The letter follows:

Dear Madam:—I have been shown in the files of the war department a statement of the adjutant general of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously in the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your

bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

Abraham Lincoln.

LINCOLN'S PROPOSAL.

Abraham Lincoln's offer of marriage was a very curious one, and, singularly enough, it has but recently come to light. Numerous as his biographers have been, and closely as they have gleaned for new facts and materials, it was left for the latest one, Mr. Jesse Welk of Greencastle to discover this unique and characteristic production of Mr. Lincoln's almost untutored mind. The letter is one of several written, presumably, to the lady he afterward married. Addressed to "My dear Mary," it reads as follows:—

You must know that I cannot see you or think of you with entire indifference; and yet it may be that you are mistaken in regard to what my real feelings toward you are. If I knew that you were not, I should not trouble you with this letter. Perhaps any other man would know enough without further information, but I consider it my peculiar right to plead ignorance and your bounden duty to allow the plea. I want in all cases to do right, and most particularly so in all cases with women. I want at this particular time more than anything else to do right with you, and if I knew it would be doing right, as I rather suspect it would, to let you alone, I would do it. And for the purpose of making the matter as plain as possible I now say you can drop

the subject, dismiss your thoughts—if you ever had any—from me forever, and leave this letter unanswered without calling forth one accusing murmur from me. And I will even go further and say that if it will add anything to your comfort and peace of mind to do so, it is my sincere wish that you should. Do not understand by this that I wish to cut your acquaintance. I mean no such thing. What I do wish is that our further acquaintance should depend upon yourself. If such further acquaintance would contribute nothing to your happiness, I am sure it would not to mine. If you feel yourself in any degree bound to me, I am now willing to release you, provided you wish it; while, on the other hand, I am willing and even anxious to bind you faster, if I can be convinced that it will in any degree add to your happiness. This, indeed, is the whole question with me. Nothing would make me more miserable than to believe you miserable; nothing more happy than to know you were so. In what I have now said I cannot be misunderstood; and to make myself understood is the only object of this letter. If it suits you best not to answer this, farewell. A long life and a merry one attend you. But if you conclude to write back, speak as plainly as I do. There can be neither harm nor danger in saying to me anything you think, just in the manner you think it.

Your friend, Lincoln.

Probably this is the queerest love letter on record and the most remarkable offer of marriage ever made. It is a love letter without a word of love, and a proposal for marriage that does not propose. *Indianapolis Journal.*

PADDY'S CONTENT.

Paddy McShane had no shoes to his feet—
Sorra a shoe!—divil a snoe!
And his houghs they looked red as he tramped in the street,
Och, wirrahoo!
But he said: "Is it shoes that ye'd stick on me toes?
How'd me feet feel the ground, sorra one of ye knows;
And who'd pay for mendin' 'em, do you suppose?
Go off wid ye—do!"

Paddy McShane had no hat on his head—
Sorra a hat!—divil a hat!
And the rain it came down on his red scratch, instead—
Och, think of that!
But he said: "It is God's blessed sunshine and air
That ye'd shut from me head? Och, would one of ye dare
For a trifle of rain or av wind, who would care?
Shtop botherin' Pat.

Paddy McShane had just nothing at all—
Sorra a thing!—divil a thing!
But he thought: "When I'm down, there's no distance to fall;"
And he would sing:
"Faix, the merciful Master is good to his poor;
What is man, whom He made, if he cannot endure?
Troth, it's little I want, but that little is sure,
For it comes from the King!"

Lawrence Kyrle Donovan, in The Earth.

THE ANSWERED PRAYER.

The way is dark and the road is long;
Help me, dear Lord, for I cannot see!
Give me a light to guide me on;
Teach me with patience to follow Thee!

* * * * * * * *

My prayer Thou hast answer'd, O Lord, in Thy might
And my sadness is drearier still today,
For my little lad with the golden hair,
With eyes so blue and a face so fair,
Has gone before me to light the way.

I can see him journeying up the height
Over that narrow path and straight,
Which all must tread toward that mystic bourne;
Leaving his dear ones to sigh and mourn,
He journeys alone toward the pearly gate.

I can see him, not as when strong and light
Of foot, he played with the children here,
But radiant with heavenly life and joy,
For the loving eyes of my angel boy
Can never grow dim with pain or tear.

I shall meet him again on that heavenly height.
For his light shall lead me along the way;
When the task that is given to me is done,
When the strife is ended, the battle won,
I shall greet him there in the perfect day.

"Margaret Holland."

MY GUEST.

The day is fixed that there shall come to me
  A strange, mysterious guest;
The time I do not know—he keeps the date—
So all I have to do is work and wait,
    And keep me at my best,
And do my common duties patiently.

I've often wondered if that day would break
  Brighter than other days,
That I might know, or wrapped in some strange gloom,
And if he'd find me waiting in my room,
  Or busy with life's ways;
With weary hands and closing eyes that ached.

For many years I've known that he would come,
  And so I've watched for him,
And sometimes even said, "He will come soon,"
Yet mornings pass, followed by afternoon,
  With twilight dusk and dim,
And silent night-times, when the world is dumb,

But he will come, and find me here or there,
  It does not matter where,
For when he comes I know that he will take
In his these very hands of mine that ache
  (They will be idle then)
Just folded, may be, with a silent prayer.

Yes, he whom I expect has been called Death,
  And once he is my guest,
Nothing disturbs of what has been or is;

I'll leave the world's loud company for his,
As that which seemeth best,
And none may hear the tender words he saith.

As we pass out, my royal guest and I,
As noiseless as he came,
For naught will do but I must go with him
And leave the house I've lived in closed and dim.
I've known I should not need it by-and-by!

And so I sleep and wake, I toil and rest,
Knowing when he shall come
My Elder Brother will have sent for me,
Bidding him say that they especially
Have need of me at home;
And so I shall go gladly with my guest.

Anna J. Granniss.

AMBITION.

"The narrow vale is not for me!"
Cried one aflame with youth's fierce fires.
"I'll climb a mountain-peak, and see
The world and all my heart desires!"

'Twas long and hard. On bended knee
He reached the top. What mournful cry!
He could not see—
Age dimmed his eye!

Truman Roberts Andrews.

MOTHER'S BOYS.

Yes, I know there are stains on my carpet,
The traces of small muddy boots;
And I see your fair tapestry glowing,
All spotless with flowers and fruits.

And I know that my walls are disfigured
With prints of small fingers and hands;
And that your own household most truly
In immaculate purity stands.

And I know that my parlor is littered
With many odd treasures and toys,
While your own is in daintiest order,
Unharmed by the presence of boys.

And I know that my room is invaded
Quite boldly all hours of the day;
While you sit in yours unmolested
And dream the soft quiet away.

Yes, I know there are four little bedsides
Where I must stand watchful each night,
While you may go out in your carriage,
And flash in your dresses so bright.

Now, I think I'm a neat little woman;
And I like my house orderly, too;
And I'm fond of all dainty belongings,
Yet I would not change places with you.

No! keep your fair home with its order,
Its freedom from bother and noise;
And keep your own fanciful leisure,
But give me my four splendid boys.

TELL HER SO.

Amid the cares of married life,
In spite of toil and business strife,
If you value your sweet wife,
Tell her so!

Prove to her you don't forget
The bond to which your seal is set;
She's of life's sweet the sweetest yet—
Tell her so!

When days are dark and deeply blue,
She has her troubles, same as you;
Show her that your love is true—
Tell her so!

In former days you praised her style,
And spent much care to win her smile;
'Tis just as well now worth your while—
Tell her so!

There was a time when you thought it bliss
To get the favor of one kiss;
A dozen now won't come amiss—
Tell her so!

Your love for her is no mistake—
You feel it dreaming or awake—
Don't conceal it; for her sake
Tell her so!

You'll never know what you have missed,
If you make love a game of whist;
Lips mean more—than to be kissed!
Tell her so!

Don't act as if she'd passed her prime,
As though to please her was a crime—
If e'er you loved her, now's the time;
Tell her so!

She'll return for each caress
A hundredfold of tenderness!
Hearts like hers are made to bless!
Tell her so!

You are hers, and hers alone—
Well you know she's all your own;
Don't wait to "carve it on a stone"—
Tell her so!

Never let her heart grow cold—
Richer beauties will unfold;
She is worth her weight in gold!
Tell her so!

Detroit Free Press.

JANE'S GRADUATION.

Be I agoin' t' the graduation?
Well, you just bet I be!
D' you s'pose I'd miss a-seein' that?
Well, I guess no sir-ee!
Why, darter Jane graduates this year,
And land a' massy sakes!
Of all the laces, bows and things
That graduation takes.

There's muslin, thin as thin can be,
And ribbon by the mile,
And yards 'n yards o' finest lace,
All made in latest style.
The skirt's a mass o' ruffles 'n tucks,
'N made up with a train,
Jane says that "trains" are all the style,
An' style is on her brain.

What's that? stand well in class? high marks?
Well, now, I couldn't say;
She hain't no time to think o' marks,
She's sewed most every day.
She ain't been studyin' much, you see,
Account o' graduation day;
"I'll have the best, or none at all,"
That's what I heard her say.

An' so they've bought the hull town out,
The house is upside down,
'N filled with truck from end to end,
All for that pesky gown;

An' Jane's a right smart gal, she is,
  She knows what's what, you bet;
An' that there graduation dress
  Is handsome's I've seen yet.

Agoin' to college, did you say?
  Well, no, I guess she ain't,
She don't keer much for studyin',
  For learnin' she's no saint;
A help ter home? Why, yes, of course,
  She'll prob'ly help round some;
But she's gittin' pretty tired,
  Now graduation's come.

Must a cost a lot, you say?
  Why yes, but that's all right,
So long as Janie has a rig
  That beats 'em all tonight.
Give an essay? Well, no, she had
  So much to think about,
That I just went 'n told the chief
  He'd have to leave her out.

She's gone an' had her pictur' took,
  An' I tell you, it's fine;
It looks just like her, handsome, too,
As befits a gal o' mine.
She's sittin' in an easy-chair,
  As cool as ever I see,
An' holdin' that there scroll o' her'n
  As proud as proud can be.

O, be you go'n'? Why, what's your rush?
Well, come 'n smoke again;
Good land! the sky looks kinder black,
I hope 'tain't goin' ter rain!
Well, now you want ter go today,
(The thing, you know, is free)
An' see 'f Jane ain't as handsome a girl
As any you ever see.

Miss Mabel Florence Nash, Graduation Poem, Brockton (Mass.) High School, 1902.

A LONESOME BOY.

The boy sat huddled so close to the woman in gray that everybody felt sure he belonged to her; so when he unconsciously dug his muddy shoes into the broadcloth skirt of his left-hand neighbor, she leaned over and said: "Pardon me, madam, will you kindly make your little boy square himself around? He is soiling my skirt with his muddy shoes."

The woman in gray blushed a little and nudged the boy away.

"My boy?" she said. "My goodness, he isn't mine."

The boy squirmed uneasily. He was such a little fellow that he could not touch his feet to the floor, so he stuck them out straight in front of him, like pegs to hang things on, and looked at them deprecatingly.

"I am sorry I got your dress dirty," he said to the woman on his left. "I hope it will brush off."

"Oh, it doesn't matter," she said. Then as his eyes

were still fastened upon hers, she added: "Are you going uptown alone?"

"Yes, ma'am," he said. "I always go alone. There isn't anybody to go with me. Father is dead and mother is dead. I live with Aunt Clara, in Brooklyn, but she says Aunt Anna ought to help do something for me, so once or twice a week, when she gets tired and wants to go to some place to get rested up, she sends me over to stay with Aunt Anna. I am going up there now. Sometimes I don't find Aunt Anna at home, but I hope she will be at home today, because it looks as if it is going to rain, and I don't like to hang around in the street in the rain."

The woman felt something uncomfortable in her throat and she said: "You are a very little boy to be knocked about this way," rather unsteadily.

"Oh, I don't mind," he said. "I never get lost. But I get lonesome sometimes on the long trips, and when I see anybody that I think I would like to belong to, I scrooge up close to her so I can make believe that I really do belong to her. This morning I was playing that I belonged to that lady on the other side of me, and I forgot all about my feet. That is why I got your dress dirty."

The woman put her arms around the tiny chap and "scrooged" him up so close that she hurt him, and every other woman who had heard his artless confidence looked as if she would not only let him wipe his shoes on her best gown, but would rather he did it than not.

New York Times.

KISSIN'.

Some say kissin's ae sin,
But I say, not at a';
For it's been in the warld
Ever sin' there were twa.
If it werena lawfu',
Lawyers wadna' 'low it;
If it werena haly,
Meenisters wadna' dae it;
If it werena modest,
Maidens wadna' taste it;
If it werena plenty,
Puir folk coudna' hae it.

Scottish Saying.

THE BRAVEST BATTLE.

The bravest battle that ever was fought!
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not;
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle-shot,
With a sword or noble pen;
Nay, not with eloquent words or thought
From mouths of wonderful men!

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—
Of a woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part—
Lo, there is that battle-field!

No marshaling troops, no bivouac song,
No banner to gleam and wave;
But oh! these battles, they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave.

Yet, faithful still as a bridge of stars,
She fights in her walled-up town—
Fights on and on in the endless wars,
Then, silent, unseen, goes down.

Oh, ye with banners and battle-shot,
And soldiers to shout and praise!
I tell you the kingliest victories fought
Were fought in those silent ways.

O spotless woman in a world of shame,
With splendid and silent scorn,
Go back to God as white as you came—
The kingliest warrior born!

Joaquin Miller.

IF YOU'VE ANYTHING GOOD TO SAY.

If you've anything good to say of a man,
Don't wait till he's laid to rest,
For the eulogy spoken when hearts are broken
Is an empty thing at best.
Ah! the blighted flower now drooping lonely
Would perfume the mountain-side,
If the sun's glad ray had but shone today
And the pretty bud espied.

If you've any alms to give to the poor,
Don't wait till you hear the cry
Of wan distress in this wilderness,
Lest the one forsaken die.
Oh, harken to poverty's sad lament!
Be swift her wants to allay;
Don't spurn God's poor from the favored door,
As you hope for mercy one day.

Don't wait for another to bear the burden
Of sorrow's irksome load;
Let your hand extend to a stricken friend
As he totters adown life's road.
And if you've anything good to say of a man,
Don't wait till he's laid to rest;
For the eulogy spoken when hearts are broken
Is an empty thing at best.

LET US SMILE.

The thing that goes the farthest towards making life worth while,
That costs the least and does the most, is just a pleasant smile,
The smile that bubbles from a heart that loves its fellowmen
Will drive away the cloud of gloom and coax the sun again,
It's full of worth and goodness, too, with manly kindness blent—
It's worth a million dollars, and doesn't cost a cent.

There is no room for sadness when we see a cheery smile;
It always has the same good look—it's never out of style—
It nerves us on to try again when failure makes us blue;
The dimples of encouragement are good for me and you.
It pays a higher interest for it is merely lent—
It's worth a million dollars, and doesn't cost a cent.

A smile comes very easy—you can wrinkle up with cheer
A hundred times before you can squeeze out a soggy tear.
It ripples out, moreover, to the heart-strings that will tug,
And always leaves an echo that is very like a hug.
So, smile away. Folks understand what by a smile is meant,
It's worth a million dollars, and doesn't cost a cent.

Baltimore American.

COLUMBUS.

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak; what shall I say?"
"Why say 'sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave dashed his swarthy cheek.

"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but the seas at dawn?
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral; speak and say—"
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spoke the mate
"This mad sea shows its teeth tonight.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word;
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt as a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night,
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn;
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! and on!"

Joaquin Miller.

COLUMBIA'S EMBLEM.

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Blazon Columbia's emblem,
The bounteous golden Corn!
Eons ago, of the great sun's glow
And the joy of the earth, 'twas born.
From Superior's shore to Chili,
From the ocean of dawn to the west,
With its banners of green and silken sheen
It sprang at the sun's behest;
And by dew and shower, from its natal hour,
With honey and wine 'twas fed,
Till on slope and plain the gods were fain
To share the feast outspread;
For the rarest boon to the land they loved
Was the Corn so rich and fair,
Nor star nor breeze o'er the farthest seas
Could find its like elsewhere.

In their holiest temples the Incas
Offered the heaven-sent Maize—
Grains wrought of gold, in a silver fold,
For the sun's enraptured gaze;
And its harvest came to the wandering tribes
As the gods' own gift and seal,
And Montezuma's festal bread
Was made of its sacred meal.
Narrow their cherished fields; but ours
Are broad as the continent's breast,

And, lavish as leaves, the rustling sheaves
Bring plenty and joy and rest;
For they strew the plains and crowd the wains
When the reapers meet at morn,
Till blithe cheers ring and west winds sing
A song for the garnered Corn.

The rose may bloom for England,
The lily for France unfold;
Ireland may honor the shamrock,
Scotland her thistle bold;
But the shield of the great Republic,
The glory of the West,
Shall bear a stalk of the tasseled Corn—
The sun's supreme bequest!
The arbutus and the goldenrod
The heart of the North may cheer,
And the mountain laurel for Maryland
Its royal clusters rear,
And jasmine and magnolia
The crest of the South adorn;
But the wide Republic's emblem
Is the bounteous, golden Corn!

Edna Dean Proctor.

A LARGE EDITION.

"May I print a kiss on your lips?" I asked;
She nodded her sweet permission;
So we went to press, and I rather guess
We printed a large edition.

ONE MOTHER IN THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD.

A pretty, pale little woman told part of her sad story today as she nervously clasped and unclasped her hands and cried in a quiet, heart-breaking way. Years ago in Virginia this sad little soul met and loved a hard-working, intelligent engineer named Fenn. They were married and came to Johnstown and built a neat home. Fenn made good wages, their seven children were always well clad, and their mother lived with her life concentrated upon them.

When the flood came the mother gathered her children into the parlor and told them not to be afraid, as God was there and would guard them. Up came the current and they went to the second floor, and again the little mother bade them to be of good cheer, for papa would soon come in a boat and take them away. Up, up and up rose the water, and now the family were forced to the top story. The rooms were very low, and soon the heads of the mother and children were beating against the ceiling. "Mamma," said the eldest girl, "wouldn't it be better to go outside and die in the open air?"

"Yes, dear," said the mother, "we'll make a raft, and all go down together."

She fought their way to the window and opened it, caught a piece of plank and put on it the eldest child with a hasty kiss and a prayer. Then she let it float away into the roar of the waves. Six times she did this. The children were frightened, but obedience was part of their creed, and they made but little protest. Then came the turn of the last child, four-year-old Bessie

There was scarce breathing space in the room now, and unless she hastened death would come there at once. To a broad plank Bessie was fastened securely and blessed as the others had been. "I loved them all," she said, "but I had two kisses for Bessie, for she was Tom's favorite and was such a good child. She put her arms around my neck and said, 'You said God would take care of me always, mamma. Will He take care of me now?'

"I told her He would, and then she was carried away. 'I'm not afraid, mamma,' I heard her call. That's all, except that the roof was torn off, and I floated off with it, and some Italians saved me at Kernville, sixteen miles from here."

"And the children, Mrs. Fenn, —I hope they all escaped?"

"We've found two of them—dead—Bessie and George. There's not a mark on Bessie's face, and oh, I'm so tired! God has taken them all—eight of them, and I'm going home to Virginia after all these years, alone, to rest and try to think."

Only one mother of the hundreds in Johnstown, one out of a multitude.

Philadelphia Times.

MILTON ON HIS BLINDNESS.

They charge me with poverty, because I never desired to become rich dishonestly; they accuse me of blindness, because I have lost my eyes in the service of liberty; they tax me with cowardice, and while I had the use of my eyes and my sword I never feared the boldest among

them; finally, I am upbraided with deformity, while no one was more handsome in the age of beauty. I do not even complain of my want of sight; in the night with which I am surrounded the light of the Divine presence shines with a more brilliant lustre. God looks down upon me with tenderness and compassion, because I can now see none but Himself. Misfortune should protect me from insult, and render me sacred; not because I am deprived of the light of heaven, but because I am under the shadow of the Divine wings which have enveloped me with this darkness.

John Milton's Letter to a Foreign Friend.

O, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud;
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the scepter hath borne;
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn;
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of Heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven;
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flowers or the weed
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have been;
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling,
But it speeds for us all like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died—aye! they died; and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow;
Who make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smiles and the tears, and the songs and the dirge,
Shall follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye; 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death;
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

William Knox.

JENNIE KISSED ME.

Jennie kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief! who loves to get
Sweets into your lists, put that in!

Say I'm weary; say I'm sad;
Say that health and wealth have missed me;
Say I'm growing old—but add
Jennie kissed me.

Leigh Hunt.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Think you because that beautiful matronly brow is silvered with the dews of Time, that the heart is also grown old? Nay, apathy can never lessen a mother's love! Though her gray hairs fall over a brow all wrinkled, and a cheek all furrowed, there is a heart still beating with a pure and holy affection; a mother's love! Who can sound its unfathomable depths? Time has failed to do so, and eternity will bear witness to its sanctity.

Young man—love your aged mother. Her face is careworn, but her heart is ever warm. Years of trials and of sickness perhaps, have stolen the freshness of her life; but like the matured rose, the perfume of her love is richer than when in its first bloom. Washington loved his mother!

Young woman—love the tree of your existence! Sweetness is yours—lavish it upon the aged form of your devoted mother. Affection is a lasting debt—one that can never be overpaid. Pour nectar into her fainting heart; strew her path with your most grateful smiles; and smooth the downy pillow upon which rests her palsied frame. Her dying lips will breathe a prayer for your happiness; the world will admire and cherish your devotedness; and Heaven will bless you! Flowers of joy will blossom in your path; friendship will ripen your harvest; and love will crown your existence!

"In whose principles," said the dying daughter of Ethan Allen to her skeptical father—"in whose principles shall I die—yours, or those of my Christian mother?"

The stern old hero of Ticonderoga brushed a tear from his eye as he turned away, and with the same rough voice which summoned the British to surrender, now tremulous with deep emotion, said, "In your mother's, child—in your mother's!"

Love your mother! Yes; and the very ashes of the sainted dead will pray for your welfare. A mother's love;—a mother's wealth of love—is so great that the power of death and the victorious grave cannot extinguish its quenchless flame!

Anonymous.

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew the cares and crosses
  Crowding round our neighbor's way;
If we knew the little losses,
  Sorely grievous day by day,
Would we then so often chide him
  For the lack of thrift and gain—
Casting o'er his life a shadow,
  Leaving on his heart a stain.

If we knew the silent story
  Quivering through the heart of pain,
Would our womanhood dare doom them
  Back to haunts of guilt again?
Life hath many a tangled crossing,
  Joy hath many a break of woe,
And the cheeks tear-washed seem whitest,
  This the blessed angels know.

Let us reach into our bosoms
For the key to other lives,
And with love to erring nature,
Cherish good that still survives;
So that when our disrob'd spirits
Soar to realms of light again,
We may say, dear Father, judge us
As we judged our fellow men.

LINCOLN'S HEART.

"You are wounded, my boy, and the field is your tent,
And what can I do at the last for you?"
"Yes, wounded am I, and my strength is spent
Will you write me a letter and see me through?"
And the tall man ruffled some papers there
To write a letter in sun-dimmed air.

"What now shall I sign it?" "'Twill give her joy,
Whatever your name, my friend, may be,
If you sign it just 'from the heart of your boy,'
And put your name there, so she may see
Who wrote so kindly this letter for me."
"A. Lincoln" was written there, tremblingly.

The bleeding lad, from the hand unknown
The letter took. "What? 'A. Lincoln!' Not he?
Will you take my hand—I'm all alone—
And see me through, since he you be?"
And the Heart of the Nation in that retreat
Held the little pulse till it ceased to beat.

The sun through the trees like an oriel shone,
Like a gate of Heaven reflected there,
And a bird's heart song and a ringdove's moan
Fell on the tides of the amber air!
Both closed their eyes: both hearts in prayer
Went up the steps of the silent stair.

And he, the boy, still holding the hand
Of the heart he loved, no more returned;
But far in the south an iris spanned
The singing forests where sun-rifts burned.
And the Commoner closed in the amber air
Two eyes and crossed two hands as in prayer.
And our Lincoln learned life's lesson there.

Hezekiah Butterworth.

LIFE.

Life! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met
I own to me's a secret yet.

Life! We've been so long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather,
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning, choose thine own time;
Say not "good-night," but in some brighter clime
Bid me "good-morning."

Mrs. A. L. Barbauld.

THE TAPER.

Copy of letter, written a few days before the decease of this amiable and gifted poet:

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,
Boston, Mass., July 26, 1905.

Mr. Joe M. CHAPPLE, Editor NATIONAL MAGAZINE,

Dear Sir:—I am sending you the enclosed poem from Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth at his request.

Mr. Butterworth is very sick and not able to see visitors.

He wished me to say to you that he sends this in response to your request for his favorite poem. He said, "I send this from my sick bed to my good friend Mr. Chapple."

Yours very truly,
W. C. CAMPBELL.

201 Columbus Avenue, Boston.

I stood in the old cathedral
Amid the gloaming cold
Before me was the chancel,
And unlit lamps of gold.

From the mullioned window's chalice
Was spilled the wine of light,
And across the winter valleys
Was drawn the wing of night.

The frescoes of the angels
Above me were unseen,
And viewless were the statues
Each pillared arch between.

The chancel door swung open;
There came a feeble light,
Whose halo like a mantle
Fell o'er the acolyte.

And one by one he kindled
The silver lamps and gold,
And the old cathedral's glories
Before my eyes unrolled.

The taper's light was feeble,
The lamps were stars of flame;
And I could read behind them
Immanuel's wondrous name.

The taper—light's evangel—
Touched all the chandeliers,
As if by Heaven transfigured
Appeared the saints and seers.

Along the sculptured arches
Appeared the statues dim;
And pealed the stormy organ
The peaceful advent hymn.

And as the form retreating
Passed slowly from my sight,
Eclipsed in lights it kindled
Was lost, the taper's light.

One taper lights a thousand,
Yet shines as it has shone;
And the humblest light may kindle
A brighter than its own.

Hezekiah Butterworth.

SAY SOMETHING GOOD.

Pick out the folks you like the least and watch 'em for a while;
They never waste a kindly word, they never waste a smile;
They criticise their fellowmen at every chance they get,
They never found a human just to suit their fancy yet.
From them I guess you'd learn some things, if they were pointed out—
Some things what every one of us should know a lot about,
When someone "knocks" a brother, pass around the loving cup—
Say something good about him if you have to make it up.

It's safe to say that every man God made holds trace of good
That he would fain exhibit to his fellows if he could;
The kindly deeds in many a soul are hibernating there,
Awaiting the encouragement of other souls that dare
To show the best that's in them; and a universal move
Would start the whole world running in a hopeful, helpful groove.
Say something sweet to paralyze the "knocker" on the spot—
Speak kindly of his victim if you know the man or not.

The eyes that peek and peer to find the worst a brother holds,
The tongue that speaks in bitterness, that frets and fumes and scolds;

The hands that bruise the fallen, though their strength
was made to raise
The weaklings who have stumbled at the parting of the
ways—
All these should be forgiven, for they "know not what
they do";
Their hindrance makes a greater work for wiser ones
like you.
So, when they scourge a wretched one who's drained
sin's bitter cup,
Say something good about him if you have to make it up.

Baltimore American.

MAKING AMENDS.

How Mark Twain Made a Visit in Sections.

Forest Street, the literary corner of Hartford, is a most friendly place. The fortunate members of that charmed circle hobnob together in a most friendly manner at all times and at all seasons. When Harriet Beecher Stowe was alive, Mark Twain, who lived near her, had a way of running in to converse with her and her daughters, often in a somewhat neglige costume, greatly to the distress of Mrs. Clemens.

One morning, as he returned from the Stowes sans necktie, Mrs. Clemens met him at the door with the exclamation: "There, Sam, you have been over to the Stowes again without a necktie. It's really disgraceful the way you neglect your dress." Her husband said

nothing, but went to his room. A few minutes later Mrs. Stowe was summoned to the door by a messenger who presented her with a small box neatly done up. She opened it and found a black silk necktie, accompanied by the following note: "Here is a necktie. Take it out and look at it. I think I stayed half an hour this morning. At the end of that time will you kindly return it, as it is the only one I have? Mark Twain."

Short Stories.

LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

(The following lines, said to have been written by a girl fifteen years old, were pronounced by John Boyle O'Reilly the finest words he ever read. He published them four times, and declared he liked them better every time he read them.)

They drive home the cows from the pasture
Up thro' the long, shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat field
That is yellow with ripening grain.

They find in the thick, waving grasses
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows;
They gather the earliest snowdrops
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the hay in the meadow,
They gather the elder-bloom white;
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light.

They know where the apples hang ripest
And are sweeter than Italy's wines;
They know where the fruit hangs thickest
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate seaweeds,
And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful seashells,
Fairy barks, that have drifted to land.

They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops,
Where the oriole's hammock-nest swings;
And at night-time are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest,
The humble and poor become great;
And from those brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.

The pen of the author and statesman,
The noble and wise of our land—
The sword and the chisel, and palette,
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

Anonymous.

CHARITY.

There is so much that is bad in the best of us
And so much that is good in the worst of us
That it doesn't behoove any of us
To talk about the rest of us.

JUST TO BE TENDER.

Just to be tender, just to be true,
Just to be glad the whole day through,
Just to be merciful, just to be mild,
Just to be trustful as a child;
Just to be gentle and kind and sweet,
Just to be helpful with willing feet,
Just to be cheery when things go wrong,
Just to drive sadness away with song,
Whether the hour is dark or bright,
Just to be loyal to God and right,
Just to believe that God knows best,
Just in His promises ever to rest
Just to let love be our daily key,
That is God's will for you and me.

THE OLD CANOE.

Where the rocks are gray and the shore is steep
And the waters below look dark and deep;
Where the rugged pine in its lonely pride,
Leans gloomily over the murky tide;
Where the reeds and rushes are long and lank
And the weeds grow thick on the winding bank;
Where the shadow is heavy the whole day through,
There lies at its mooring the old canoe.

The useless paddles are idly dropped
Like a sea bird's wings that the storm has lopped,
And crossed on the railing one o'er one.

Like the folded hands when life's work is done.
While busily back and forth between
The spider stretches his silvery screen,
And the solemn owl with the dull "too-whoo"
Settles down on the side of the old canoe.

The stern half-sunk in the slimy wave,
Rots slowly away in its living grave;
And the green moss creeps o'er its dull decay,
Hiding its mouldering dust away
Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a flower,
Or the ivy that mantles the falling tower;
While many a blossom of loveliest hue
Springs up o'er the stern of the old canoe.

The currentless waters are dead and still,
But the twilight wind plays with the boat at will;
And lazily in and out again
It floats the length of the rusty chain.
Like the weary march of the hands of time
That meet and part at the noontide chime,
And the shore is kissed at each turning a-new,
By the dripping bow of the old canoe.

Oh! many a time with careless hand,
I have pushed it away from the pebbly strand,
And paddled it down where the stream runs quick,
Where the whirls are wild and the eddies are thick,
And laughed as I leaned o'er the rocking side,
And looked below in the broken tide,
To see that the faces and boats were two,
That were mirrored back from the old canoe.

But now as I lean o'er the crumbling side,
And look below in the sluggish tide,
The face that I see there is graver grown,
And the laugh that I hear has a soberer tone,
And the hands that lent to the light skiff wings
Have grown familiar with sterner things.
But I love to think of the hours that sped
As I rocked where the whirls their white spray shed,
Ere the blossom waved or the green grass grew
O'er the mouldering stern of the old canoe.

Albert Pike.

NOBILITY.

True worth is in being, not seeming;
In doing, each day that goes by,
Some little good—not in the dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.
For whatever men say in blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure:
We cannot do wrong and feel right;
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,
For justice avenges each slight.
The air for the wing of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin and wren,
But always the path that is narrow
And straight for the children of men.

We cannot make bargains for blisses,
Nor catch them like fishes in nets,
And sometimes the thing our life misses
Helps more than the thing which it gets.
For good lieth not in pursuing,
Nor gaining of great nor of small;
But just in the doing—and doing
As we would be done by, is all.

Through envy, through malice, through hating
Against the world early and late,
No jot of our courage abating,
Our part is to work and to wait.
And slight is the sting of his trouble
Whose winnings are less than his worth;
For he who is honest is noble,
Whatever his fortunes or birth.

Alice Cary.

OUR OWN.

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind
I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex "our own"
With look and tone
We might never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
  Yet it might be
  That never for me
The pain of the heart should cease.
How many go forth in the morning
  That never come home at night,
And hearts have broken
For harsh words spoken
  That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest,
  But oft for "our own"
  The bitter tone
Though we love "our own" the best.
Ah! lips with the curve impatient,
  Ah! brow with that look of scorn,
'Twere a cruel fate
Were the night too late
  To undo the work of morn.

Margaret E. Sangster.

GRATITUDE TO GOD.

Notwithstanding all that I have suffered, notwithstanding all the pain and weariness and anxiety and sorrow that necessarily enter into life, and the inward errings that are worse than all, I would end my record with a devout thanksgiving to the great Author of my

being. For more and more am I unwilling to make my gratitude to Him what is commonly called "a thanksgiving for mercies,"—for any benefits or blessings that are peculiar to myself, or my friends, or indeed to any man. Instead of this, I would have it to be gratitude for all that belongs to my life and being,—for joy and sorrow, for health and sickness, for success and disappointment, for virtue and for temptation, for life and death; because I believe that all is meant for good.

Orville Dewey.

LIFE'S SEESAW.

Gin ye find a heart that's weary,
And that needs a brither's hand,
Dinna thou turn from it, dearie;
Thou maun help thy fellowman.
Thou, too, hast a hidden heartache,
Sacred from all mortal ken,
And because of thine own grief's sake
Thou maun feel for ither men.

In this world o' seesaw, dearie,
Grief goes up and joy comes down,
Brows that catch the sunshine cheerie
May tomorrow wear a frown.
Bleak December, dull and dreary,
Follows on the heels of May.
Give thy trust unstinted, dearie,
Thou mayst need a friend some day.

A MOUNTAIN PASTORAL.

A couple at a cottage door,
  Under the maple trees;
A mountain landscape stretched before,
Behind, beside; and nothing more
  The passing traveler sees.

And is there more? The man and maid
  Who caught your idle glance
Love's pretty hide-and-seek had played
Before they stood there in the shade,
  Reading their own romance.

And he is young and true and strong;
  And she is young and wise,
All hopes that to fresh hearts belong
Around their humble doorstone throng;
  What more had Paradise?

Green are their waiting fields of toil,
  With wildflowers blossoming sweet,
The living wealth no thief can spoil,
The boundless treasures of the soil,
  Lie poured out at their feet.

Their neighbors? Not far off are they,
  Beyond the bright home hill—
White Face, and Passaconaway,
And old Chocorua, rising gray,
  Dreamy, remote, and still.

The future opens fair and wide
Within the young man's eyes;
The mountains bless the sweet girl-bride;
Life is a dream-land glorified.
What more was Paradise?

Lucy Larcom.

NIAGARA FALLS.

(This, the finest description of Niagara Falls ever written, is from a letter by Edwin Arnold to the London Telegraph, in 1900.)

Before my balcony, the great cataract is thundering, smoking, glittering with green and white rollers and rapids, hurling the waters of a whole continent in splendor and speed over the sharp ledges of the long, brown rock by which Erie, "the Broad" steps proudly down to Ontario, "the Beautiful."

The smaller but very imposing American Falls speaks with the louder voice of the two, because its coiling spirals of twisted and furious flood crash in full impulse of descent upon the talus of massive boulders heaped up at its foot.

The resounding impact of water on rocks, the clouds of water-smoke which rise high in air, and the river below churned into a whirling cream of eddy and surge and backwater, unite in a composite effect, at once magnificent and bewildering.

Far away, Niagara river is seen winding eagerly to its prodigious leap. You can discern the line of the first breakers, where the river feels the fatal draw of the

cataracts, its current seeming suddenly to leap forward, stimulated by mad desire, a hidden spell, a dreadful and irresistible doom.

Far back along the gilded surface of the upper stream, these lines of dancing, tossing, eager, anxious and fate-impelled breakers and billows multiply their white ranks, and spread and close together their leaping ridges into a wild chaos of racing waves as the brink is approached. And then, at the brink, there is a curious pause—the momentary peace of the irrevocable. Those mad upper waters—reaching the great leap—are suddenly all quiet and glassy, and rounded and green as the border of a field of rye, while they turn the angle of the dreadful ledge and hurl themselves into the snow-white gulf of noise and mist and mystery underneath.

There is nothing more translucently green, nor more perennially still and lovely, than Niagara the greater. At this, her awful brink, the whole architrave of the main abyss gleams like a fixed and glorious work wrought in polished aquamarine or emerald. This exquisitely colored cornice of the enormous waterfall—this brim of bright tranquility between fervor of rush and fury of plunge—is its principal feature, and stamps it as far more beautiful than terrible. Even the central solemnity and shudder-fraught miracle of the monstrous uproar and glory is rendered exquisite, reposeful, and soothing by the lovely rainbows hanging over the turmoil and clamor.

From its crest of chrysoprase and silver, indeed, to its broad foot of milky foam and of its white-stunned waves, too broken and too dazed to begin at first to float

away, Niagara appears not terrible, but divinely and deliciously graceful, glad and lovely—a specimen of the splendor of water at its finest—a sight to dwell and linger in the mind with ineffaceable images of happy and grateful thought, by no means to affect it in seeing or to haunt it in future days of memory with any wild reminiscences of terror or of gloom.

THE STORY OF LIFE.

Say! what is life? 'Tis to be born
  A hapless babe; to greet the light
With a sharp wail, as if the morn
  Foretold a cloudy morn and night;
To weep, to sleep and weep again,
With sunny smiles between; and then;—

And then apace the infant grows
  To be a laughing, sprightly boy,
Happy despite his little woes;
  Were he but conscious of his joy,
To be, in short, from two to ten,
A merry, moody child; and then;—

And then, in coat and trousers clad,
  To learn to say the decalogue;
And break it—an unthinking lad,
  With mirth and mischief all agog.
A truant oft; by field and fen
To capture butterflies; and then:—

And then, increased in strength and size,
To be anon, a youth, full grown,
A hero in his mother's eyes;
A young Apollo in his own,
To imitate the ways of men
In fashionable sins; and then;—

And then, at last, to be a man;
To fall in love, to woo, to wed;
With seething brain to scheme and plan;
To gather gold, or toil for bread;
To sue for fame, with tongue or pen;
To gain or lose the prize; and then;—

And then in gray and wrinkled eld,
To mourn the speed of life's decline;
To praise the scenes his youth beheld,
And dwell in memory of Lang Syne;
To dream awhile with darkened ken,
Then drop into his grave; and then;—

John G. Saxe.

HE PUT HIM OFF, ALL RIGHT.

"Now, see here, porter," said he briskly, "I want you to put me off at Syracuse. You know we get in there about six o'clock in the morning, and I may oversleep myself. But it is important that I should get out. Here's a five-dollar gold piece. Now, I may wake up

hard. Don't mind if I kick. Pay no attention if I'm ugly. I want you to put me off the train no matter how hard I fight. Understand?"

"Yes, sah," answered the sturdy Nubian. "It shall be did, sah!"

The next morning the coin-giver was awakened by a stentorian voice calling: "Rochester!"

"Rochester!" he exclaimed, sitting up. "Where's the porter?"

Hastily slipping on his trousers, he went in search of the negro, and found him in the porter's closet, huddled up, with his head in a bandage, his clothes torn, and his arm in a sling.

"Well," says the drummer, "you are a sight. Why didn't you put me off at Syracuse?"

"Wha-at!" gasped the porter, jumping up, as his eyes bulged from his head. "Was you de gemman dat giv' me a five-dollah gold piece?"

"Of course I was, you idiot!"

"Well den, befoah de Lawd, who was dat gemman I put off at Syracuse?"

SPRING.

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,
Everything is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,
'Tis the natural way of living.

Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
In the unscarred heavens they leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
The soul partakes the season's youth,
And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.

James Russell Lowell, in "The Vision of Sir Launfal."

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I love it, I love it! and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
I've bedewed it with tears, I've embalmed it with sighs,
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
Would you know the spell—a mother sat there!
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallowed seat with listening ear;
And gentle words that mother would give
To fit me to die and teach me to live.
She told me that shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed, and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat and watched her many a day,
When her eyes grew dim, and her locks were gray.
And I almost worshipped her when she smiled,
And turned from her Bible to bless her child.
Years rolled on, but the last one sped,—
My idol was shattered, my earth-star fled!
I learned how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in her old arm-chair.

'Tis past, 'tis past! but I gaze on it now,
With quivering breath and throbbing brow;
'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died,
And memory flows with a lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
Whilst scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

Eliza Cook.

SOMEBODY.

Somebody did a golden deed;
Somebody proved a friend in need;
Somebody sang a beautiful song;
Somebody smiled the whole day long;
Somebody thought "'Tis sweet to live";
Somebody said "I'm glad to give";
Somebody fought a valiant fight;
Somebody lived to shield the right;
Was that "somebody" you?

NOBODY KNOWS—BUT MOTHER.

Nobody knows of the work it makes
To keep the home together,
Nobody knows of the steps it takes,
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody listens to childish woes,
Which kisses only smother;
Nobody's pained by naughty blows,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the sleepless care
Bestowed on baby brother;
Nobody knows of the tender prayer,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the lessons taught
Of loving one another;
Nobody knows of the patience sought,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears,
Lest darlings may not weather
The storm of life in after years,
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody kneels at the throne above
To thank the Heavenly Father
For that sweetest gift—a mother's love;
Nobody can—but mother.

The Fireside.

THE INEVITABLE.

I like the man who faces what he must
With step triumphant and a heart of cheer;
Who fights the daily battle without fear;
Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust
That God is God; that somehow, true and just
His plans work out for mortals; not a tear
Is shed when fortune, which the world holds dear,
Falls from his grasp; better, with love, a crust
Than living in dishonor; envies not,
Nor loses faith in man; but does his best
Nor ever mourns over his humbler lot,
But with a smile and words of hope, gives zest
To every toiler; he alone is great,
Who by a life heroic conquers fate.

Sarah K. Bolton, in the Youth's Companion.

SPEECH AT PLYMOUTH ROCK, 1853.

"The poor solitary Mayflower has multiplied herself into the thousand vessels that bear the flag of the Union to every sea; has scattered her progeny through the land to the number of nearly a quarter of a million for every individual in that drooping company of one hundred; and in place of that simple compact, which was signed in her cabin, has exhibited to the admiration of mankind a Constitution of Republican Government for all this growing family of prosperous States.

"But the work is in its infancy. It must extend

throughout the length and breadth of the land; and what is not done directly by ourselves, must be done by other governments and other races, by the light of our example. The work—the work must go on. It must reach, at the North, to the enchanted cave of the magnet, within never-melting barriers of Arctic ice; it must bow to the lord of day on the altar-peak of Chimborazo; it must look up and worship the Southern Cross! From the easternmost cliff on the Atlantic, that blushes in the kindling dawn, to the last promontory on the Pacific, which catches the parting kiss of the setting sun, it must make the out-going of the morning and evening to rejoice in the gladsome light of morals, and letters, and arts. Emperors, and kings, and parliaments—the oldest and the strongest governments in Europe—must engage in this work in some part or other of the continent; but no part of it shall be so faithfully and successfully performed as that which was undertaken on the spot where we are now gathered, by the Pilgrim Fathers of New England.

* * * * * * * *

"When we contrast the heart-stricken company which on that day knelt and wept on the quay at Delft Haven, till the impassive spectators—ignorant of the language in which their prayers were offered, and the deep fountains of grief from which their sorrows flowed—were yet fain to melt in sympathetic tears—when we compare them with the busy, prosperous millions of our present New England, we seem to miss that due proportion between results and their causes, which history delights

to trace. But a deeper and more appreciative study reveals the secret.

"There are two Master Ideas, greatest of the spiritual images enthroned in the mind of man, the only ones, comparatively speaking, which deserve a name among men, springs of all the grand beneficent movements of modern times, by whose influence the settlement of New England may be rationally explained. You have anticipated me, descendants of the Pilgrims; these great ideas are God and Liberty! It was these that inspired our Fathers; by these that their weakness was clothed with power; that their simplicity was transmuted to wisdom; by these that the great miracle of their enterprise was wrought."

Edward Everett.

LITTLE THINGS.

"Little words are the sweetest to hear; little charities fly farthest, and stay longest on the wing; little lakes are the stillest; little hearts are the fullest, and little farms are the best tilled. Little books are read the most, and little songs the dearest loved. And when Nature would make anything especially rare and beautiful, she makes it little; little pearls, little diamonds, little dews. Agar's is a model prayer; but then it is a little one; and the burden of the petition is for but little. The Sermon on the Mount is little, but the last dedication discourse was an hour long. Life is made up of littles; death is what remains of them all. Day is made up of little beams, and night is glorious with little stars."

THERE IS NO DEATH.

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in Heaven's jewelled crown
They shine forever more.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellowed fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize,
And feed the nungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life,
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
And flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait, through wintry hours,
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best loved things away;
And we then call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones,
  Made glad these scenes of sin and strife,
Sings now an everlasting song,
  Around the tree of life.

Where'er He sees a smile too bright,
  Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
  To dwell in Paradise.

Born unto that undying life,
  They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them the same—
  Except their sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
  The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
  Is life—there are no dead.

Lord Lytton.

THIS WAY IS FAME.

His way was in a bloody lane where clanking caissons splashed along; his goal, the line where blazing guns laughed out their song of death. On, on he went. His ears were filled with sounds of quick commands, bugle blasts, discordant drums. No fluttering fear was in his heart, no thought of home, no specter of the dread despair that waited at the hearth if he never came again. To him there was no warning in the bullet's deadly hiss.

Youth trod all reason under foot; ambition saw all glory overhead. On, on he went to woo his bride, the priceless jewel, Fame.

Another, in a garret, sighed for Fame. Crusts were his portion, and his raiment only rags. Hermit-like, he toiled alone; nor cold nor hunger even daunted him. He marshaled all his hosts, and visions came and went. On, on he toiled. In the snowflakes that drifted in and touched his hands he read a message from the world without; all white, all cheerless. As a chrysalis, his fancy wove and spun and made its garments wondrous, then burst in splendor on a waiting world.

Both fought the fight; each in his way. One for an neroic shape of bronze, one for a speechless marble face. Each for an epitaph—that all the ages in the dust of time might know he did and died.

Philadelphia Press.

THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES.

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one,
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one,
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When its love is done.

Francis W. Bourdillon.

THE SONG OF LABOR.

I sing the song of the workman,
The joy of the man whose hand
Leaps to fulfill with practised skill
The keen, sure brain's demand,
Who knows the thrill of creation,
Who stands with the Lord as one—
Sees what was wrought from hidden thought.
And can say of his work, "Well done!"

Others may seek for rank and wealth,
And search the wide world through—
He knows the deep where grand thoughts sleep,
Which Tubal Cain once knew;
Beauty may lie in a woman's eye,
And dwell on her lips so sweet—
It lives as well in the engine's swell,
And the piston's throbbing beat.

The arch which defies the river's flood,
And holds its waves in check,
Is fair as the line where tresses twine,
Or the curve of a snowy neck;
And he who can feel such beauty's power,
And bid it live and move,
Knows a deeper bliss than a maiden's kiss
Can give to the heart of love.

Some must lie soft and feed daintily,
Or the soul in them makes moan;
But little he heeds who finds his needs

In the maker's joy alone.
Sorrow and pain may come to him,—
They surely come to all,—
But ever he feels a strength that steels
His heart to the shafts that fall.

He gladly greets the coming years;
They bring him added skill.
He feels no ruth for the loss of youth;
His goal is nearer still;
And only this he asks of fate:
That he may keep his dower
Of strength, and will, and labor's skill
Unto his life's last hour.

Ninette M. Lowater.

A SONG FOR OUR FLAG.

A bit of color against the blue:
Hues of the morning, blue for true,
And red for the kindling light of flame,
And white for a nation's stainless fame.
Oh! fling it forth to the winds afar,
With hope in its every shining star:
Under its folds wherever found,
Thank God, we have freedom's holy ground.

Don't you love it, as out it floats
From the school house peak, and glad young throats
Sing of the banner that aye shall be
Symbol of honor and victory?

Don't you thrill when the marching feet
Of jubilant soldiers shake the street,
And the bugles shrill, and the trumpets call,
And the red, white, and blue is over us all?
Don't you pray, amid starting tears,
It may never be furled through age-long years?

A song for our flag, our country's boast,
That gathers beneath it a mighty host;
Long may it wave o'er the goodly land
We hold in fee 'neath our Father's hand.
For God and liberty evermore
May that banner stand from shore to shore,
Never to those high meanings lost,
Never with alien standards crossed,
But always valiant and pure and true,
Our starry flag: red, white, and blue.

Margaret E. Sangster.

MOTHER'S BOY.

Make rowdy music, little one!
  Make rowdy mirth and song!
It is for life like this, my own,
  That I have watched you long.

Romp in your merry ways apart,
  And shout in freedom wild;
But creep at night time to my heart,
  A tired little child.

Cora A. Watson.

LOVE IN THE HOME.

There is abundant reason for urging upon the home circle, rich or poor, the culture of love, without which no true home-culture can exist. How can it be done? First, be willing to show the love that already exists. It is like a plant with shriveled, drooping leaves. Bring it out into the light; show it; put it in the warmth of the sun. Is the husband and father silent, gloomy, withdrawn into himself, brooding, perhaps over the fact that, no matter how hard he tries, he never can meet the family demands? Show him that you know he is tired, that you love him for his constant effort, that you love him the same, even if he has failed to do all he had hoped. Show him how well and cheerfully you can get on with a little for this time, sure that the next time he will succeed. If you are his daughter, and have acquired the habit of thinking of him chiefly as the man from whom the money comes for the things you need, get out of that relation by planning to do something for him. Has your mother been in the habit of reminding him that your birthday was at hand? Find out his birthday, and begin to plan for that—a little gift from every child—a song sung for father, a little speech from his little son; a little fun in which you coax him to share—it may mean a new life to him, because it means a new sense of how truly you love and believe in him. When it comes to showing the dear mother how you love her, be sure you get father to help in planning the good time for her.

Mary Lowe Dickinson, in "Success."

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

On a bridge I was standing one morning
And watching the current roll by,
When suddenly into the water
There fell an unfortunate fly.

The fishes that swam to the surface
Were looking for something to eat,
And I thought that the helpless young insect
Would surely afford them a treat.

"Poor thing!" I exclaimed with compassion,
"Thy trials and dangers abound,
For if thou escapest being eaten,
Thou canst not escape being drowned."

No sooner the sentence was spoken
Than lo, like an angel of love,
I saw, to the waters beneath me,
A leaflet descend from above.

It glided serene on the streamlet,
'Twas an ark to the poor little fly;
Which, soon to the land reascending,
Spread its wings in the breezes to dry.

O sweet was the truth that was whispered,
That mortals should never despair,
For He who takes care of an insect,
Much more for His children will care.

And though to our short-sighted vision,
No way of escape may appear;
Let us trust; for when least we expect it,
The help of "Our Father" is near.

From a Welsh book, "Y. Ffugbanes Buddugol," published in 1855.

"WE ARE SEVEN."

A simple child—dear brother Jim,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl;
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
—Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we;

And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And in the churchyard cottage I
Dwell near them, with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven!—I pray you tell
Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply:
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My 'kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit
And sing a song to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid;
And when the grass was dry
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in Heaven?"
Quick was the little maid's reply,
"O, Master, we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in Heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay we are seven!"

William Wordsworth.

THE SIN OF OMISSION.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
  It's the thing you leave undone
That gives you a bit of a heartache
  At setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten;
  The letter you did not write;
The flowers you did not send, dear,
  Are your haunting ghosts at night.

The stone you might have lifted
  Out of a brother's way;
The bit of heartsome counsel
  You were hurried too much to say;
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
  The gentle, winning tone
Which you had no time nor thought for
  With troubles enough of your own.

Those little acts of kindness
  So easily out of mind,
Those chances to be angels
  Which we poor mortals find—
They come in night and silence,
  Each sad, reproachful wraith,
When hope is faint and flagging
  And a chill has fallen on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
  And sorrow is all too great,

To suffer our slow compassion
That tarries until too late;
And it isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone
Which gives you a bit of a heartache
At the setting of the sun.

Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster.

TIRED MOTHERS.

This pathetic little poem was taken from the Chicago Tribune about two years ago. With it was this pathetic note: "When a young mother, I could never read these verses without tears and a dread that my boy, my only child, might be taken from me. They led me to be patient with him, and I hope they may help other mothers. Alas, for me, the dreaded day has come, and though I thought I did my best, I have regrets."

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers, folding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing overmuch,
You almost are too tired to pray tonight.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do today—
We are so dull and thankless; and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away,

And now it seems surpassing strange to me
That while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.

And if some night when you sit down to rest
You miss this elbow from your tired knee;
This restless, curly head from off your breast;
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your lap again;
If the white feet into their grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heartache then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the footprints when the days are wet
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap or jacket on my chamber floor;
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear it patter in my house once more;

If I could mend a broken cart today,
Tomorrow make a kite to reach the sky—
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But, ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head—
My singing birdling from its nest is flown;
The little one I used to kiss is dead.

Mary Louise Riley Smith.

WHY IS IT SO?

Some find work where some find rest,
And so the weary world moves on;
I sometimes wonder what is best,
The answer comes when life is gone.

Some eyes sleep when some eyes wake,
And so the dreary night-hours go;
Some hearts beat where some hearts break;
I often wonder why 'tis so.

Some wills faint where some wills fight—
Some love the tent—and some the field,
I often wonder who are right—
The ones who strive, or those who yield.

Some feet halt where some feet tread,
In tireless march, a thorny way.
Some struggle on where some have fled;
Some seek, while others shun the fray.

Some swords rust where others clash,
Some fall back while some move on,
Some flags furl where others flash
Until the battle has been won.

Some sleep on, while others keep
The vigils of the true and brave:
They will not rest till roses creep
Around their name, above a grave.

Father Ryan

THE RIVER TIME.

Oh! a wonderful stream is the River Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm, a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep and a surge sublime,
As it blends with the ocean of years.

How the Winters are drifting like flakes of snow
And the Summers, like birds between,
And the years in the sheaf—how they come and go,
On the river's breast, with its ebb and its flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical isle up the River Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are straying.

And the name of this isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty, and bosoms of snow;
There are heaps of dust—oh, we loved them so!
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
There are parts of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings;
There are broken vows, and pieces of rings,
And the garments our loved ones used to wear.

There are hands that are waved, when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river was fair.

Oh, remembered for aye be that blessed isle,
All the day of our life till night;
And when evening glows with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing in slumbers awhile,
May that Greenwood of souls be in sight!

Benjamin Franklin Taylor, 1819-1897.

TO THE MAN WHO FAILS.

Let others sing to the hero who wins in the ceaseless fray,
Who, over the crushed and fallen, pursueth his upward way;
For him let them weave the laurel, to him be their pean sung,
Whom the kindly fates have chosen, who are happy their loved among;
But mine be a different message, some soul in its stress to reach;
To bind, o'er the wound of failure, the balm of pitying speech;
To whisper: "Be up and doing, for courage at last prevails"—
I sing—who have supped with Failure,—I sing to the man who fails.

I know how the gray cloud darkens, and mantles the soul in gloom;
I know how the spirit harkens to voices of doubt or of doom;
I know how the tempter mutters his terrible word, "Despair!"
But the heart has its secret chamber, and I know that our God is there.
Our years are as moments only; our failures He counts as naught;
The stone that the builders rejected, perchance is the one that He sought.
Mayhap, in the ultimate judgment, the effort alone avails,
And the laurel of great achievement shall be for the man who fails.

We sow in the darkness only; but the Reaper shall reap in light;
And the day of His perfect glory shall tell of the deeds of the night.
We gather our gold, and store it, and the whisper is heard, "Success!"
But, tell me, ye cold, white sleepers, what were an achievement less?
We struggle for fame, and win it; and, lo! like a fleeting breath,
It is lost in the realm of silence, whose ruler and king is Death.
Where are the Norseland heroes, the ghosts of a housewife's tales?
I sing,—for the Father heeds him,—I sing to the man who fails.

Oh, men, who are labelled "failures," up, rise up! again and do!
Somewhere in the world of action is room; there is room for you.
No failure was e'er recorded, in the annals of truthful men,
Except of the craven-hearted who fails, nor attempts again.
The glory is in the doing, and not in the trophy won;
The walls that are laid in darkness may laugh to the kiss of the sun.
Oh, weary and worn and stricken, oh, child of fate's cruel gales!
I sing,—that it haply may cheer him,—I sing to the man who fails.

Alfred J. Waterhouse.

SPEECH OF A FLAT-HEAD CHIEF, 1832.

I come to you over a trail of many moons, from the setting sun. You were the friends of my fathers, who have all gone the long way. I came with an eye partly open for my people, who sit in darkness. I go back with both eyes closed. How can I go back blind to my blind people? I made my way to you, with strong arms, through many enemies, and strange lands, that I might carry back much to them. I go back with both arms broken and empty. Two fathers came with us. They were the braves of many winters and wars. We leave them asleep here by your great water and wigwams.

They were tired with many moons (of journeying) and their moccasins were worn out (on the trail).

My people sent me to get the "White Man's Book of Heaven." You took me to where you allow your women to dance as we do not ours, and the book was not there. You took me to where they worship the Great Spirit with candles, and the book was not there. You showed me images of the good spirits and pictures of the good land beyond, but the book was not among them to show us the way. I am going back the long, sad trail to my people, in the dark land. You make my feet heavy with gifts and my moccasins will grow old in carrying them, yet the book is not among them. When I tell my poor, blind people after one more snow, in the big council, that I did not bring the book, no word will be spoken by our old men, or by our young braves. One by one they will rise up and go out in silence. My people will die in darkness, and they will go a long path to other hunting grounds. No white man will go with them, and no White Man's Book to make the way plain. I have no more words.

LINCOLN AND THE BIRDS.

One of the most interesting and pathetic incidents of which I have ever read or heard is connected with the memory of one of the greatest and noblest men of all times—Abraham Lincoln. In company with some other candidates who were out on a political campaign over a half century ago in the wild West, he saw, in the woods

near the close of the day some baby birds that had been blown out of their nest. Asking to be allowed to get down from the carriage, which passed on ahead, Mr. Lincoln picked up the tiny creatures and restored them to their little home. On reaching the inn, he was asked the cause of his delay, and astonished his hearers by telling them of his humane act, declaring that, had he not returned the birdies to their mother's care, he could not sleep at night. What a tender, loving heart!

H. P. S. Perry, Oklahoma.

THEY TWO.

They are left alone in the dear old home,
After so many years,
When the house was full of frolic and fun,
Of childish laughter and tears.
They are left alone, they two—once more
Beginning life over again,
Just as they did in the days of yore,
Before they were nine or ten.

And the table is set for two these days;
The children went one by one
Away from home on their separate ways
When the childhood days were done.
How healthily hungry they used to be!
What romping they used to do!
And mother—for weeping—can hardly see
To set the table for two.

They used to gather around the fire
While someone would read aloud,
But whether at study or work or play
'Twas a loving and merry crowd.
And now they are two that gather there
At evening to read or sew,
And it seems almost too much to bear
When they think of the long ago.

Ah, well—ah, well, 'tis the way of the world
Children stay but a little while
And then into other scenes are whirled,
Where other homes beguile;
But it matters not how far they roam
Their hearts are fond and true,
And there's never a home like the dear old home
Where the table is set for two.

A. E. K.

A VOICE FROM BELOW.

Do not be afraid, do not cry out, for life is good. I came from low down, from the cellar of life where darkness and terror reign, where man is half beast, and life is only a fight for bread. It flows slowly there, in dark streams, but even there gleam pearls of courage, of intelligence, and of heroism, even there beauty and love exist. Everywhere that man is found, good is; in tiny particles and invisible roots—but still it is there. All these roots will not perish; some will grow and flourish

and bear fruit. I bought dearly the right to believe this; therefore it is mine, my whole life long. And thus I have won yet another right, the right to demand that you, too, believe as I do, for I am the voice of that life, the despairing cry of those who remain below, and who have sent me to herald their pain. They also long to rise to self-respect, to light and freedom.

From Gorky's suppressed novel, "The Peasants."

WE MEET AT ONE GATE.

We meet at one gate
When all's over. The ways they are many and wide,
And seldom are two ways the same. Side by side
May we stand at the same little door when all's done.

The ways they are many, the end it is one.
He that knocketh shall enter; who asks shall obtain;
And who seeketh, he findeth.

* * * * * * * *

No stream from its source
Flows seaward, how lonely so ever its course,
But what some land is gladden'd. No star ever rose
And set without influence somewhere. Who knows
What earth needs from earth's lowest creature? No life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.
The spirits of just men made perfect on high,
The army of martyrs who stand by the Throne

And gaze into the face that makes glorious their own,
Know this, surely at last. Honest love, honest sorrow,
Honest work for the day, honest hope for the morrow;
Are these worth nothing more than the hand they make weary
The heart they have saddened, the life they leave dreary?
Hush! the seventold heavens to the voice of the spirit
Echo: "He that o'ercometh shall all things inherit."

Owen Meredith, in "Lucille."

WHEN THE OCEAN BILLOWS ROLL.

"I was coming from Liverpool upon one of the famous liners," says Bishop Potter, "and although the sky was clear and the weather warm a somewhat tempestuous sea had occasioned more than the usual amount of seasickness among the passengers. As I paced the deck one afternoon, I noticed a lady reclining upon one of the benches, and the unearthly pallor of her face and the hopeless languidity of her manner indicated that she had reached that state of collapse which marks the limit of seasickness.

"Touched by this piteous spectacle, and approaching the poor creature, in my most compassionate tone, I asked: 'Madam, can I be of any service to you?'

"She did not open her eyes, but I heard her murmur faintly: 'Thank you, sir, but there is nothing you can do—nothing at all.'

"'At least, madam,' said I, tenderly, 'permit me to bring you a glass of water.'

"She moved her head feebly and answered: 'No, I thank you—nothing at all.'

"'But your husband, madam,' said I, 'the gentleman lying there with his head in your lap—shall I not bring something to revive him?'

"The lady again moved her head feebly, and again she murmured faintly and between gasps: 'Thank you, sir, but—he—is—not—my—husband. I—don't—know—who he is!"

GIVE THE BUG A CHANCE.

A Lincoln anecdote used by Senator "Billy" Mason as an illustration, at a meeting of his neighbors, during the discussions preceding the Spanish war.

President Lincoln was walking with a friend about Washington and turned back for some distance to assist a beetle that had gotten on its back, and lay on the walk, legs sprawling in air, vainly trying to turn itself over. The friend expressed surprise that the President, burdened with the cares of a warring nation, should find time to spare in assisting a bug.

"Well," said Lincoln, with that homely sincerity that has touched the hearts of millions of his countrymen and placed him foremost in our affections as the greatest American, "do you know if I had left that bug struggling there on his back, I wouldn't have felt just right. I wanted to put him on his feet, and give him an equal chance with all the other bugs of his class."

Cuba has been placed upon her feet and given an equal

chance with nations of her class; but the saying still abides with me, and many struggling bugs have been given their chance because of it. I want to pass it along; this homely, heartful suggestion of Honest Abe, because it applies to helping not only nations and bugs, but men and women, boys and girls, upon their feet, and giving them an equal chance with all others of their class.

THE WOOD-BOX.

It was kept out in the kitchen, and 'twas long and deep and wide,
And the poker hung above it and the shovel stood beside;
And the big, black cookstove, grinnin' through its grate from ear to ear,
Seemed to look as if it loved it like a brother, pretty near.
Flowered oilcloth tacked around it kept its cracks and knotholes hid,
And a pair of leather hinges fastened on the heavy lid;
And it hadn't any bottom—or, at least, it seemed that way
When you hurried in to fill it, so's to get outside and play.

When the noons was hot and lazy and the leaves hung dry and still,
And the locust in the pear tree started up his planin'-mill,
And the drum-beat of the breakers was a soothin' tempt-in' roll,
And you knew the "gang" was waitin' by the brimmin' "swimmin' hole"—

Louder than the locust's buzzin', louder than the breakers' roar,
You could hear the wood-box holler, "Come and fill me up once more!"
And the old clock ticked and chuckled as you let each armful drop,
Like it said, "Another minute, and you're nowheres near the top!"

In the chilly winter mornin's, when the bed was snug and warm,
And the frosted winders tinkled 'neath the fingers of the storm,
And your breath rose off the piller in a smoky cloud of steam—
Then that wood-box, grim and empty, came a-dancin' through your dream,
Came and pounded at your conscience, screamed in aggravatin' glee,
"Would you like to sleep this mornin'? You git up and 'tend to me!"
Land! how plain it is this minute—shed and barn and drifted snow,
And the slabs of oak a-waitin', piled and ready, in a row.

Never was a fishin' frolic, never was a game of ball,
But that mean, provokin' wood-box had to come and spoil it all;
You might study at your lessons, and 'twas full, and full to stay;
But jest start an Injun story, and 'twas empty right away.

Seemed as if a spite was in it, and although I might forgit
All the other chores that plagued me, I can hate that
wood-box yit:
And when I look back at boyhood—shakin' off the cares
of men—
Still it comes to spoil the picture, screamin' "Fill me up
again!" *Joseph C. Lincoln.*

SHALL WE LIVE AGAIN?

Victor Hugo's great soul found utterance in his later years for these thoughts, which will find an echo in many hearts:

"I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest once cut down; the new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds.

"You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of the bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart. I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets and the roses, as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history.

"For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and in verse; history, philosophy, drama, ro-

mance, tradition, satire, ode and song; I have tried all. But I feel I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say like many others,—'I have finished my day's work.' But I cannot say, 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight, it opens on the dawn."

WHAT THE SPIRIT OF SUNSHINE MEANS.

"How's business, Eben?"

The old man was washing at the sink after his day's work.

"Fine, Marthy, fine."

"Does the store look just the same? Land, how I'd like to be there again, with the sun shining in so bright! How does it look, Eben?"

"The store's never been the same since you left it, Marthy."

A faint flush came into Martha's cheeks. Is a wife ever too old to be moved by her husband's praise!

For years Eben and Martha had kept a tiny notion store, but one day Martha fell sick and was taken to the hospital. That was months ago. She was out now, but she would never be strong again—never more be partner in the happy little store.

"I can't help hankering for a sight of the store," thought Martha one afternoon. "If I take it real careful, I think I can get down there. 'Tisn't so far."

It took a long time for her to drag herself down-town, but at last she stood at the head of the little street where the store was. All of a sudden she stopped. Not far from her on the pavement stood Eben. A tray hung from his neck. On this tray were arranged a few cards of collar-buttons, some papers of pins and several bundles of shoe-laces. In a trembling voice he called his wares.

Martha leaned for support against the wall of a building near-by. She looked over the way at the little store. Its windows were filled with fruit. Then she understood. The store had gone to pay her hospital expenses. She turned and hurried away as fast as her weak limbs would carry her.

"It will hurt him so to have me find it out!" she thought, and the tears trickled down her face.

"He's kept it a secret from me, and now I'll keep it a secret from him. He shan't ever know that I know."

That night when Eben came in, chilled and weary, Martha asked cheerily the old question:

"How's business, Eben?"

"Better'n ever, Marthy," was the cheery answer, and Martha prayed God might bless him for his sunshiny spirit and love of her.

"*Sunshine Department,*" *Ladies' Home Journal,* 1903.

SPANISH PROVERB.

The pleasures of the senses pass quickly; those of the heart become sorrows, but those of the mind are ever with us, even to the end of our journey.

LIFE.

(A Literary Curiosity.)

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour? —*Young.*
Life's a short summer—man is but a flower.—*Dr. Johnson.*
By turns we catch the fatal breath and die; —*Pope.*
The cradle and the tomb, alas! how nigh. —*Prior.*
To be is better far than not to be, —*Sewell.*
Though all man's life may seem a tragedy; —*Spencer.*
But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb—
—*Daniel.*
The bottom is but shallow whence they come.—
—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*
Thy fate is the common fate of all; —*Longfellow.*
Unmingled joys here no man befall; —*Southwell.*
Nature to each allots his proper sphere, —*Congreve.*
Fortune makes folly her peculiar care. —*Churchill.*
Custom does not reason overrule, —*Rochester.*
And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool. —*Armstrong.*
Live well; how long or short permit to Heaven.—*Milton.*
They who forgive most shall be most forgiven. —*Bailey.*
Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face—
—*French.*
Vile intercourse where virtue has no place;—*Somerville.*
Then keep each passion down, however dear,—*Thompson.*
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear. —*Byron.*
Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay,—*Smollett.*
With craft and skill to ruin and betray; —*Crabbe.*
Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise;—*Massinger.*
We masters grow of all that we despise. —*Crowley.*

Oh, then, renounce that impious self-esteem. —*Beattie.*
Riches have wings and grandeur is a dream.— *Cowper.*
Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave,
—*Sir Wm. Davenant.*
The paths of glory lead but to the grave, —*Gray.*
What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat, —*Willis.*
Only destructive to the brave and great. —*Addison.*
What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown? —*Dryden.*
The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.
—*Francis Quarles.*
How long we live, not years, but actions tell;—*Watkins.*
That man lives twice who lives the first life well.—*Herrick.*
Make, then, while ye may, your God your friend,
—*William Mason.*
Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend. —*Hill.*
The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just,
—*Dana.*
For live we how we may, yet die we must.—*Shakespeare.*
Mrs. H. A. Deming.

NOTE:—Accompanying this is a statement that a year was occupied in searching for and fitting the lines in this remarkable mosaic from English and American poets.

DO IT NOW.

I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, that I can do or any kindness I can show to any fellow human being let me do it now. Let me not defer nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again. *Stephen Grellet.*

YOUR LETTER, LADY, CAME TOO LATE.

The following beautiful and touching lines were written during the war by an officer of the Confederate Army, at the time a prisoner on Johnson's Island. A young Georgian, when the war broke out, was engaged to be married to one of the most beautiful and brilliant belles of Savannah, but died in captivity. While he lay dead, a letter came from this young lady to her lover. It was a cruel, cold, heartless letter, altogether different in tone and in manner from any she had ever before written him. It spoke of brilliant balls she had lately attended, and dwelt with ill-concealed rapture upon the innumerable perfections of a certain colonel of General Wheeler's staff, of his manly form, his exquisite manners, his noble countenance, his low, soft, rich voice, his graceful dancing, his marvelous conversational powers, etc., etc., and closed with these chilling words: "Respectfully, etc., Virginia." Hitherto she had ended every letter with "Your own devoted and faithful Virginia."

This letter was received at the prison a few hours after the death of him to whom it was written, and replied to by his comrade as follows:

Your letter, lady, came too late,
For Heaven had claimed its own.
Ah, sudden change—from prison bars
Unto the great white throne!
And yet I think he would have stayed
To live for his disdain,
Could he have read the careless words
Which you have sent in vain.

So full of patience did he wait
Through many a weary hour,
That o'er his simple soldier faith
Not even death had power:

And you—did others whisper low
Their homage in your ear,
As though among their shadowy throng
His spirit had a peer.

I would that you were by me now,
To draw the sheet aside,
And see how pure the look he wore
The moment when he died.
The sorrow that you gave him
Had left its weary trace,
As 'twere the shadow of the cross
Upon his pallid face.

"Her love," he said, "could change for me
The winter's cold to spring."
Ah, trust of fickle maiden's love,
Thou art a bitter thing!
For when these valleys bright in May
Once more with blossoms wave,
The northern violets shall blow
Above his humble grave.

Your dole of scanty words had been
But one more pang to bear,
For him who kissed unto the last
Your tress of golden hair.
I did not put it where he said,
For when the angels come
I would not have them find the sign
Of falsehood in the tomb.

I've seen your letter, and I know
The wiles that you have wrought
To win that noble heart of his,
And gained it—cruel thought!
What lavish wealth men sometimes give
For what is worthless all:
What manly bosoms beat for them
In folly's falsest thrall.

You shall not pity him, for now
His sorrow has an end,
Yet would that you could stand with me
Beside my fallen friend.
And I forgive you for his sake
As he—if it be given—
May even be pleading grace for you
Before the court of Heaven.

Tonight the cold wind whistles by
As I my vigil keep
Within the prison dead house, where
Few mourners come to weep.
A rude plank coffin holds his form,
Yet death exalts his face,
And I would rather see him thus
Than clasped in your embrace.

Tonight your home may shine with lights
And ring with merry song,
And you be smiling as your soul
Had done no deadly wrong.

Your hand so fair that none would think
It penned these words of pain;
Your skin so white—would God, your heart
Were half as free from stain.

I'd rather be my comrade dead,
Than you in life supreme:
For yours the sinner's waking dread,
And his the martyr's dream.
Whom serve we in this life, we serve
In that which is to come:
He chose his way, you yours; let God
Pronounce the fitting doom.

Col. W. S. Hawkins.

SLEEP SWEET.

Sleep sweet within this quiet room,
O thou, whoe'er thou art,
And let no mournful yesterdays
Disturb thy quiet heart.

Nor let tomorrow scare thy rest
With dreams of coming ill;
Thy Maker is thy changeless friend;
His love surrounds thee still.

Forget thyself, and all the world;
Put out each feverish light;
The stars are watching overhead;
Sleep sweet, good-night! good-night!

Ellen M. H. Gates.

THE RAVEN.

There being several selections from "The Raven," practically covering the whole poem, it has been published in full.—*Ed.*

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of someone gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember: it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor;
Eagerly I wished the morrow—vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore:
Nameless here for ever more.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;

So that now to still the beating of my heart I stood repeating
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door:
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door—
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered name "Lenore?"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word "Lenore!"
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see then what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore:
'Tis the wind and nothing more."

Open then I flung the shutter, when with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he.
But with mein of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
Perched and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore.
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou" I said, "art sure no craven;
Ghastly, grim and ancient Raven wandering from the nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian Shore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse
so plainly;
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber
door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his cham-
ber door,
With such a name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust spoke
only
That one word as if his soul in that one word he did
outpour,
Nothing farther then he uttered: not a feather then he
fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have
flown before—
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown
before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock
and store
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful
Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one bur-
den bore—
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never—nevermore!"

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;
Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore!"

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core.
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet-lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,
But whose velvet, violet lining with the lamplight gloating o'er
She shall press, ah! nevermore.

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch!" I cried, "thy God hath sent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore.
Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore."
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!—
Whether Tempter-sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—is there balm in Gilead? Tell me—tell me—I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!—
By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if within the distant Aidenn
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore?"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked upstarting—
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian Shore,
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken,

Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door;
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

And the Raven never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore.

Edgar Allan Poe, 1809-1849.

SIN IS SIN.

Don't send my boy where your girl can't go,
And say, "There's no danger for boys, you know,
Because they all have their wild oats to sow";
There is no more excuse for my boy to be low
Than your girl. Then please don't tell him so.

Don't send my boy where your girl can't go,
For a boy or a girl's sin is sin, you know,
And my baby boy's hands are as clean and white,
And his heart as pure as your girl's tonight.

THE TURK AND LIFE INSURANCE.

A Man was complaining that he had insured His Life twenty years before in a Mutual Benefit Company which Promised all sorts of things, and now the Time was Up and he received Less than he would have done if he had Invested his Money elsewhere. A wise Turk who was sitting close by, said it reminded him of a Camel belonging to a Friend of his. It was a most Intelligent Brute, and the Owner was convinced that if he found a really good Teacher it could be made to Talk. Presently a Hadji appeared, who said he was of the same Opinion, and would Teach it, but it would take a Long Time, probably Thirty Years. The Owner was delighted, and agreed to pay the Hadji a Fixed Sum per annum, and a Big Bonus when the animal Talked, the Hadji Promising to Pay a Heavy Fine if it did not. A Friend afterward went to the Hadji and said: "What on earth induced you to make that Agreement? You know that you can never Teach the Camel to Talk." "Oh," said the Hadji, "I know that, but during the Thirty Years either I shall die, or the Owner, or the Camel will. Anyhow, I am All Right, as I have my Fixed Income."

R. W. Payne, in New York Commercial Advertiser.

THE WORLD IS WAITING FOR YOU.

The world is waiting for you, young man,
If your purpose is strong and true;
If out of your treasures of mind and heart,
You can bring things old and new,

If you know the truth that makes men free,
And with skill can bring it to view,
The world is waiting for you, young man,
The world is waiting for you.

There are treasures of mountain and treasures of sea,
And harvest of valley and plain,
That Industry, Knowledge and Skill can secure,
While Ignorance wishes in vain.
To scatter the lightning and harness the storm,
Is a power that is wielded by few;
If you have the nerve and the skill, young man,
The world is waiting for you.

Of the idle and brainless the world has enough—
Who eat what they never have earned;
Who hate the pure stream from the fountain of truth,
And wisdom and knowledge have spurned.
But patience and purpose which know no defeat,
And genius like gems bright and true,
Will bless all mankind with their love, life and light,—
The world is waiting for you.

Then awake, O young man, from the stupor of doubt,
And prepare for the battle of life;
Be the fire of the forge, or be anvil or sledge,—
But win, or go down in the strife!
Can you stand though the world into ruin should rock?
Can you conquer with many or few?
Then the world is waiting for you, young man,
The world is waiting for you!

Prof. S. S. Calkins.

BRITISH TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN.

A conspicuous instance of British recognition of what is worthy and true in American character was the publication of Tom Taylor's famous poem in the London Punch, immediately after the assassination of President Lincoln. To appreciate Taylor's verses, one must remember that the poet had found in Lincoln the butt of his most telling witticisms. We reproduce the poem entire as it appeared in Punch:

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier!
You, who with mocking pencil wont to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please!

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step, as though the way were plain:
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain!

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
The Stars and Stripes, he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet—
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for *you?*

Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneer—
To lame my pencil and confute my pen—
To make me own this hind, of princes peer,
This rail-splitter, a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose;
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true,
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows;

How humble, yet how hopeful he could be;
How in good fortune and in ill the same;
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few
Ever had laid on head, and heart, and hand—
As one who knows where there's a task to do;
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command.

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work His will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his pleasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting mights;—

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron bark that turns the lumberer's axe,
The rapid, that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
The prairie, hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,

The ambushed Indian and the prowling bear—
  Such were the needs that helped his youth to train:
Rough culture—but such trees large fruit may bear,
  If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,
  And lived to do it: four long suffering years
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report, lived through,
  And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
  And took both with the same unwavering mood;
Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,
  And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,
  Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest—
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
  Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest!

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
  Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
  To thoughts of peace on earth, good-will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
  Utter one voice of sympathy and shame!
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high!
  Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came.

IN THE ORCHARD PATH.

By the merest chance, in the twilight gloom,
  In the orchard path he met me;
In the tall wet grass, with its wet perfume,
And I tried to pass, but he made no room;
  Oh, I tried, but he would not let me.
So I stood and blushed till the grass grew red,
  With my face bent down above it,
While he took my hand, as he whispering said—
How the clover lifted each pink sweet head
To listen to all that my lover said.
  Oh, the clover in bloom, I love it.

In the high wet grass went the path to hide,
  And the low wet leaves hung over,
But I could not pass on either side,
For I found myself, when I vainly tried,
  In the arms of my steadfast lover;
And he held me there, and he raised my head,
  While he closed the path before me,
And he looked down into my eyes and said—
How the leaves bent down from the boughs o'erhead
To listen to all that my lover said.
  Oh, the leaves hanging lowly o'er me.

Had he moved aside but a little way
  I could surely then have passed him,
And he knew I never could wish to stay,
And would not have heard what he had to say,
  Could I only aside have cast him.

It was almost dark, and the moments sped,
And the searching night wind found us;
But he drew me nearer and softly said—
How the pure south wind grew still instead,
To listen to all that my lover said.
Oh, the whispering wind around us.

I am sure he knew, when he held me fast,
That I must be all unwilling;
For I tried to go, and I would have passed,
As the night was come with its dews at last,
And the sky with its stars was filling:
But he clasped me close when I would have fled,
And he made me hear his story.
And his soul came out from his lips and said—
How the stars crept out when the white moon led,
To listen to all my lover said.
Oh! the moon and stars in glory.

I know that the grass and the leaves will not tell,
And I'm sure that the wind, precious rover,
Will carry his secret so safely and well
That no being shall ever discover
One little word of the many that fell
From the eager lips of my lover.
And the moon and the stars that looked over
Shall never reveal what a fairy-like spell
They wove round about us that night in the dell,
In the path through the dew-laden clover;
Nor echo the whispers that made my heart swell
As they fell from the lips of my lover!

Homer Green.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all thro' the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads,
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter
I sprang out of my bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters, and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave a lustre of midday to objects below;
When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little, old driver so lively and quick
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick;
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name.

"Now Dasher, now Dancer! now Prancer and Vixen!
On Comet! on Cupid! on Donder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall;
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
So up to the housetop the coursers they flew
With the sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas, too.

And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.

As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in furs from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot.
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack;
His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf—
And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work
And filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

Clement Clarke Moore.

LITTLE GIFFIN OF TENNESSEE.

Out of the focal and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital walls as dire,
Smitten of grape-shot and gangrene—
Eighteenth battle and he sixteen—
Spectre such as you seldom see,
Little Giffin of Tennessee.

"Take him and welcome," the surgeon said,
"But much your Doctor can help the dead!"
And so we took him and brought him where
The balm was sweet on the summer air;
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed.
Utter Lazarus, heels to head.

Weary war with bated breath!
Skeleton Boy against skeleton Death!
Months of torture, how many such!
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch!
And still the glint of the steel blue eye
Told of a spirit that wouldn't die,

And didn't—nay, more, in Death's despite
The crippled skeleton learned to write.
"Dear Mother," at first, of course, and then,
"Dear Captain," asking about the men.
Captain's answer, "Of eighty and five,
Giffin and I are left alive."

"Johnston's pressed at the front" they say—
Little Giffin was up and away.
A tear, the first, as he bade good-bye,

Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.
"I'll write, if spared."—There was news of fight,
But none of Giffin—he didn't write.

I sometimes fancy that when I'm king,
And my gallant courtiers form a ring,
Each so careless of power and pelf,
Each so thoughtful for all but self,
I'd give the best, on his bended knee—
Yes, barter them all, for the loyalty
Of Little Giffin of Tennessee.

If my memory serves me right, the enclosed "Little Giffin of Tennessee" is by the late Dr. Ticknor, of Charleston, S. C. I have taught it to my boys—now, six good men—from the time they could catch its significance, and I would like to pass it on to other mothers even if it fails to secure any one of your generous prizes.

Respectfully,
Mrs. S. J. Kirkpatrick, Jonesboro, Tenn.

THE SPHERE OF WOMAN.

They talk about a woman's sphere as though it had a limit;
There's not a place in Earth or Heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whispered yes or no,
There's not a life, or death, or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth—
Without a woman in it.

C. E. Bowman.

"GOOD-NIGHT, NOT GOOD-BYE."

I saw my lady die;
And he, who oft times cruel is, dark Death,
Was so deep sorrowful to stay her breath,
He came, all clemency.

He would not let her know,
So well he loved the bright soul he must take,
That for our grieving and her own fair sake,
He hid his shaft and bow.

Upon her lips he laid
That "kiss of God" which kills but does not harm;
With tender message, breathing no alarm,
He said, "Be unafraid!"

Sorrow grew almost glad,
Pain half-forgiven, and parting well-nigh kind,
To mark how placidly my lady's mind
Consented. Ready clad

In robes of unseen light,
Her willing soul spread wing, and, while she passed
"Darling! good-bye," we moaned, but she at last
Sighed, "No! good-night!"

Good-night, then! Sweetheart! Wife!
If this world be the dark time and its morrow
Day-dawn of Paradise, dispelling sorrow,
Lighting our starless life.

Good-night! and not Good-bye!
Good-night! and best "Good-morrow!" if we wake;
Yet why so quickly tired? Well, we must make
Haste to be done, and die!

For dying has grown dear
Now you are dead, who turned all things to grace;
We see Death made pale slumber on your face;
Good-night! But is dawn near?

Flowers rich of scent and hue
We laid upon your sleeping-place. And these
Flowers of fond verse, which once had gift to please,
Being your own—take, too!

Sir Edwin Arnold.

A LITTLE PARABLE.

I made the cross myself, whose weight
Was later laid on me.
This thought is torture as I toil
Up life's steep Calvary.

To think mine own hands drove the nails!
I sang a merry song,
And chose the heaviest wood I had,
To build it firm and strong.

If I had guessed—if I had dreamed
Its weight was meant for me,
I should have made a lighter cross
To bear up Calvary!

Anne Reeve Aldrich, 1866-1892.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL PUZZLE.

My father, Isaac Smith, A.M., D.D., was a Baptist clergyman of repute for more than sixty years. He was born near the Blue Hills of Milton, Mass.; his mother, Mercy Sumner, was of the same family as Charles Sumner.

One day, many years ago, we were riding together, when he said: "I am about to relate to you a peculiar incident in my history and experience which occurred when I was a mere lad. I have never referred or alluded to it to anyone, and shall attempt no explanation as to its significance to me, either as a message or otherwise.

"As a boy, it was not only my habit, but a delight to climb the Blue Hill (where now the observatory stands). One lovely day in summer-time, I lay down in a secluded nook to rest, and enjoy communion with Nature, for even at that early age I recognized a relation to life in tree and plant, as well as in the higher orders of creation. Suddenly, I heard a noise, utterly strange to me; something apparently distant. Soon the sound increased, a rattling, rumbling noise, coming nearer and nearer. Then I saw a strange sight. I never before saw anything like it. I had no power to describe it, and soon it passed out of view.

"I thought no more of it except as a strange fancy of mine, until a few years later I saw and heard the first train of cars and locomotive. I at once recognized them as the original sound and sights seen and heard that summer day from the Blue Hill. I had never seen cars or locomotives; indeed there were none to see or hear until later. Why I had this vision or its intent

I know not. Some would say, 'Oh! it was only a dream;' but it was not a dream; for I was as wide awake as I ever was in my life.

"Others would declare it to be imagination, or fancy, but this does not relieve; it only removes or changes the mystery. I had a revelation, and be it in dreaming, even then the mystery remains. How came I to dream thus?" and then we rode on for a time in silence.

No one who knew the character for veracity of my revered father, could for a moment doubt his integrity in the matter. He has long since passed on. His experience is a study and fact in psychology.

Chas. Macomber Smith, D.D.,
Spring Hill, Somerville, Mass.

AN OLD STORY.

I have heard of poor and sad congregations, but the saddest preacher I ever knew went from Posey County, Indiana, to Pike County, Missouri, (where John Hay discovered Little Breeches and Jim Bludsoe). He was starving to death on donations of catfish, 'possum, and a hundred-dollar salary. Finally he made up his mind to go away. With wet eyes, he stood up in the prayer meeting, to bid good-bye to his weeping congregation.

"Brothers and sisters," he said, wiping his eyes on his red bandanna handkerchief, "I've called you together tonight to say farewell. The Lord has called me to another place. I don't think the Lord loves this people much; for none of you seem to die. He doesn't seem

to want you. And you don't seem to love each other; for I've never married any of you. And I don't think you love me; for you don't pay me my salary—and your donations are mouldy fruits and wormy apples. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.'

"And now, brothers and sisters, I am going to a better place. I've been appointed chaplain to the penitentiary at Joliet. 'Where I go ye cannot come; but I go to prepare a place for you.'"

M'HM.

Ye've Heerd Hoo the Deil as he wauchled thro Beith,
Wi' a wife in ilk oxter an' ane in his teeth,
When someone ca'd oot, "will ye tak mine the morn?"
He waggled his tail, and he cocked his horn,
But he only said "m'hm,"
He grinned and said "m'hm,"
Wi' sic a big moothfu' he cudna say "aye."

When I was a callant lang syne at the skule,
The maister aye ca'd me a dunce and a fule,
But for a' that he said, I cud ne'er understan',
Save when he said, "Jamie, just haud oot yer han',"
Then I gloomed and said "m'hm,"
I glowered and said "m'hm,"
I wasna that proud but ower dour to say "aye."

Yin day a queer word as lang-nebbit's himsel',
He vowed he would thrash me if I wadna spell,
Quoth I, "Mr. Quill," wi' a kind o' a swither,

"I'll spell ye that word, gin ye spell me anither;"
Let's hear ye spell "m'hm,"
That auld Scotch word "m'hm,"
That alud farrant word—ye ken it means "aye."

An' when a bold wooer I coorted ma Jean,
O' Aveon's braw lassies, the bride an' the queen,
When 'neath ma auld plaidie wi' heart beating fain,
I speired in a whisper if she'd be ma ain,
She blushed and said "m'hm,"
She smiled and said "m'hm,"
A thoosan' times sweeter and dearer than "Aye."

HE SILENCED THE DEVIL.

If you find yourself getting miserly, begin to scatter, like a wealthy farmer in New York State that I heard of. He was a noted miser, but he was converted. Soon after, a poor man who had been burned out and had no provisions came to him for help. The farmer thought he would be liberal and give the man a ham from his smoke-house. On his way to get it, the tempter whispered to him:

"Give him the smallest one you have."

He had a struggle whether he would give a large or a small ham, but finally he took down the largest he could find.

"You are a fool," the devil said.

"If you don't keep still," the farmer replied, "I will give him every ham I have in the smoke-house."

THE V-A-S-E.

From the madding crowd they stand apart,
The maidens four and the Work of Art;

And none might tell from sight alone
In which had culture ripest grown—

The Gotham million fair to see,
The Philadelphia Pedigree,

The Boston Mind of azure hue,
Or the soulful soul from Kalamazoo—

For all loved Art in a seemly way,
With an earnest soul and a capital A.

Long they worshipped; but no one broke
The sacred stillness, until up spoke

The Western one from the nameless place,
Who, blushingly, said: "What a lovely vase!"

Over three faces a sad smile flew,
And they edged away from Kalamazoo.

But Gotham's haughty soul was stirred
To crush the stranger with one small word.

Deftly hiding reproof in praise,
She cries: "Tis, indeed, a lovely vaze."

But brief her unworthy triumph when
The lofty one from the house of Penn.

With the consciousness of two grandpapas,
Exclaims: "It is quite a lovely vahs!"

And glances round with an anxious thrill,
Awaiting the word of Beacon Hill.

But the Boston maid smiles courteouslee
And gently murmurs: "O, pardon me!

"I did not catch your remark, because
I was so entranced with that charming vaws."

Dies erit praegelida
Sinistra quum Bostonia.

James Jeffrey Roche.

OLD IRONSIDES.

Aye, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,

No more shall feel the victors' tread,
Or know the conquered knee;—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

O better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,—
The lightning and the gale!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"FAREWELL."

Farewell! there is a pathos in that word
Which time alone can never satisfy;
A conscious parting from the things that were
The sunshine and the cloud of days gone by.

Farewell! when man's true heart hath spoke that word
And turned him to the onward outlook broad;
Naught can make up to him what he hath lost
Save Heaven and home, eternity and God.

And inward faith that there is no farewell;
But just the semblance of a thing that's not;
The drawing o'er the past a time-made veil
Which the Almighty's hand had kindly wrought.

To keep men looking upward to the heights
Beyond whose cliffs eternal pleasures lie;
Bathed in the glory of a perfect light!
Kissed by the beauty of the bye and bye.

Farewell! 'tis but the hunger in the soul
For man's salvation, and for Heaven above;
The craving for a ransomed universe,
The "Mind of Christ," the triumph, and the love.

A NEW VERSION.

Suggested by Some Modern Methods of Church Support. Make not my Father's house a house of merchandise.—*St. Mark* xi: 16

O Lord, I come to Thee in prayer once more;
But pardon if I do not kneel before
Thy gracious presence, for my knees are sore
With so much walking. In my chair instead
I'll sit at ease and humbly bow my head.
I've labored in Thy vineyard, Thou dost know;
I've sold ten tickets to the minstrel show;
I've called on fifteen strangers in our town,
Their contributions to our church put down;
I've baked a pot of beans for Saturday's spree,
An old-time supper it is going to be;
I've dressed three dolls, too, for our annual fair,
And made a cake which we must raffle there.
Now, with Thy boundless wisdom, so sublime,
Thou knowest that these duties all take time;
I have no time to fight my spirit's foes;

I have no time to mend my husband's clothes;
My children roam the streets from morn till night.
I have no time to teach them to do right;
But Thou, O Lord, considering all my cares,
Wilt count them righteous, also heed my prayers.
Bless the bean supper and the minstrel show,
And put it in the hearts of all to go.
Induce the visitors to patronize
The men who in our program advertise;
Because I've chased these merchants till they hid
Whene'er they saw me coming; yes they did.
Increase the contributions to our fair,
And bless the people who assemble there;
Bless Thou the grab-bag and the gypsy tent,
The flower table and the cake that's sent;
May our whist club be to our service blest,
The dancing party gayer than the rest;
And when Thou hast bestowed these blessings, then
We pray that Thou wilt bless our souls. Amen.

WHAT OTHERS MAY NOT SEE!

If each man's secret, unguessed care
  Were written on his brow,
How many would our pity share
  Who have our envy now!
And if the promptings of each heart
  No artifice concealed,
How many trusting friends would part
  At what they saw revealed!

A SOUVENIR.

I found them in a book last night,
These withered violets:
A token of that early love
That no man e'er forgets.
Pressed carefully between the leaves,
They keep their color still,
I cannot look at them today
Without an old-time thrill.

Ah me, what tricks does memory play!
The passing years have fled,
And hopes that lived in vigor once,
Alas! have long been dead.
And this is all that I can say,
When all is said and done,
Those flowers remind me of some girl—
I wish I knew which one!

CHURCH MUSIC.

Attending services recently, in a church where the worship is of a highly aesthetic kind, the choir began that scriptural poem that compares Solomon with the lilies of the field, somewhat to the former's disadvantage. Although never possessing a great admiration for Solomon, nor considering him a suitable person to hold up as a shining example before the Young Men's Christian Association, still a pang of pity was felt for him when the choir, after expressing unbounded admiration for the

lilies of the field, began to tell the congregation, through the mouth of the soprano, that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed." Straightway the soprano was reinforced by the bass, who declared that Solomon was most decidedly and emphatically not arrayed. Then the alto ventured it as her opinion that he was not arrayed, when the tenor, without a moment's hesitation, sang as if it had been officially announced that "he was not arrayed." When the feelings of the congregation had been harrowed up sufficiently, and our sympathies were all aroused for poor Solomon, whose numerous wives allowed him to go about in such a fashion, even in that climate, the choir, in a most cool and compact manner, informed us that the idea they intended to convey was that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

These what? So long a time had elapsed since they had sung of the lilies that the thread was entirely lost, and by "these" one naturally concluded the choir was designated. Arrayed like one of these? We should think not, indeed. Solomon in a Prince Albert or a cutaway coat? Solomon with an eye-glass and mustache, his hair cut pompadour? No, most decidedly Solomon in the very zenith of his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Despite the experience of the morning, the hope still remained that in the evening a sacred song might be sung in a manner that would not excite our risibilities or leave the impression that we had been listening to a case of slander. But again off started the nimble soprano, with the laudable though rather startling announcement, "I

will wash." Straightway the alto, not to be outdone, declared she would wash; and the tenor, finding it to be the thing, warbled forth he would wash. Then the deep-chested basso, as though calling up all his fortitude for the plunge, bellowed forth the stern resolve that he would wash. Next a short interlude on the organ, strongly suggestive of the escaping of steam or splash of the waves, after which the choir, individually and collectively, asserted the firm, unshaken resolve that they would wash. At last they solved the problem by stating that they proposed to "wash their hands in innocency, so will the altar of the Lord be compassed."

Anonymous.

MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN.

Many and sharp the numerous ills
  Inwoven with our frame;
More pointed still, we make ourselves
  Regret, remorse and shame;
And man, whose heaven-erected face
  The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man,
  Makes countless thousands mourn.

Robert Burns.

THE LAST GATE.

"The tomb is but the gateway to an eternity of opportunity."

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

The favorite poem of United States Senator William B. Allison, and quoted largely by several contributors. It is, therefore, published in full with the exception of four stanzas.—*Ed.*

November chill blows loud in angry sugh;
The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose.
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes.
This week his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary o'er the muir, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
The expectant wee things, toddlin', stacher through
To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin' noise an' glee,
His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonilie
His clean hearth-stone, his thrifty wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee
Does a' his weary, carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labor an' his toil.

Belyve the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out among the farmers roun'
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town;
Their eldest hope, their Jennie woman-grown,
In youthful bloom, love sparklin' in her e'e,

Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a bran new gown,
Or deposits her sair-worn penny-fee
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

With joy unfeigned brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers;
The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet,
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view.
The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears
Gars auld claiths look amast as weel's the new,
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their masters' an' their mistress's command,
The younkers a' are warned to obey;
An' mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jouk or play;
An' O! be sure to fear the Lord alway,
An' mind your duty, duly morn an' night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore His counsel an' assisting might;
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!"

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door.
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor
To do some errands and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jennie's e'e an' flush her cheek;

Wi' heart-struck, anxious care, inquires his name,
While Jennie hafflins is afraid to speak:
Weel-pleased the mother hears 'tis nae wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome, Jennie brings him ben;
A strappan youth; he takes the mother's eye;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
The father cracks of horses, pleughs an' kye.
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate an' laithful scarce can weel behave;
The mother wi' a woman's wiles can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave;
Weel-pleased to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heart-felt raptures; bliss beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary, mortal round
And sage experience bids me this declare:
"If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare
One cordial in this melancholy vale
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale."

* * * * * * * *

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er wi' patriarchal grace
The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride;

His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
  His lyart haffets wearin' thin an' bare;
Those strains that ance did sweet in Zion glide,
  He wales a portion wi' judicious care
  And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
  They tune their hearts by far the noblest aim;
Perhaps "Dundee's" wild warbling measures rise,
  Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of the name;
Or noble "Elgin" beats the heaven'ard flame,
  The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
  The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise;
  Nae unison hae they wi' our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
  How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
  With Amalek's ungracious progenv
Or how the royal Bard did groaning lie
  Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
  Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
  Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
  How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How he who bore in Heaven the second name
  Had not on earth whereon to lay His head;
How His first followers and servants sped,
  The precepts sage they wrote to many a land

How he who lone, in Patmos banished
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced by Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays;
Hope "springs exultant on triumphant wing"
That thus they all shall meet in future days;
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear,
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's every grace, except the heart!
The Power incens'd, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacredotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear well-pleased the language of the soul,
And in his Book of Life, the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way,
The youngling cottagers retire to rest;
The parent pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request
That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,

Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad;
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God."
And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
What is a lordling's pomp? A cumb'rous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined.

* * * * * * * *

O Thou! who poured the patriotic tide,
That streamed thro' Wallace's undaunted heart;
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God, peculiarly Thou art,
His Friend, Inspirer, Guardian and Reward),
Oh never, never, Scotia's realm desert
But still the patriot, and the patriot's bard
In bright succession raise her ornament and guard!

Robert Burns.

THANKFULNESS.

Many favours which God giveth us ravel out for wan' of hemming, through our own unthankfulness; for though prayer purchaseth blessings, giving praise doth keep the quiet possession of them. *Thomas Fuller.*

HUSTLE AND GRIN.

(Here's Apologizing to Ella Wheeler Wilcox.)

Smile and the world smiles with you;
"Knock," and you go it alone:
For the cheerful grin
Will let you in
Where the kicker is never known.

Growl, and the way looks dreary;
Laugh, and the path is bright;
For a welcome smile
Brings sunshine, while
A frown shuts out the light.

Sigh, and you "rake in" nothing,
Work, and the prize is won;
For the nervy man
With backbone can
By nothing be outdone.

Hustle! and fortune awaits you;
Shirk! and defeat is sure;
For there's no chance
Of deliverance
For the chap who can't endure.

Sing, and the world's harmonious,
Grumble, and things go wrong,
And all the time
You are out of rhyme
With the busy, bustling throng.

Kick, and there's trouble brewing,
Whistle, and life is gay,
And the world's in tune
Like a day in June,
And the clouds all melt away.

"UNTIL THE DAYBREAK."

A human soul went forth into the night,
Shutting behind it Death's mysterious door,
And shaking off, with strange, resistless might
The dust that once it wore.
So swift its flight, so suddenly it sped—
As when by skillful hand a bow is bent
The arrow flies—those watching round the bed
Marked not the way it went.

Heavy with grief, their aching, tear-dimmed eyes
Saw but the shadow fall, and knew not when,
Or in what fair or unfamiliar guise,
It left the world of men.
It broke from sickness, that with iron bands
Had bound it fast for many a grievous day;
And Love itself with its restraining hands
Might not its course delay.

Space could not hold it back with fettering bars,
Time lost its power, and ceased at last to be;
It swept beyond the boundary of the stars,
And touched Eternity.

Out from the house of mourning faintly lit,
It passed upon its journey all alone;
So far not even thought could follow it
Into those realms unknown.

Through the clear silence of the moonless dark,
Leaving no footprint of the road it trod,
Straight as an arrow cleaving to its mark,
The soul went home to God.
"Alas!" they cried, "he never saw the morn,
But fell asleep outwearied with the strife"—
Nay, rather, he arose and met the dawn
Of Everlasting Life.

Christian Burke.

THE BURDEN.

"O God," I cried, "Why may I not forget?
These halt and hurt in life's hard battle
Throng me yet.
Am I their keeper? Only I? To bear
This constant burden of their grief and care?
Why must I suffer for the others' sin?
Would God my eyes had never opened been!"

And the Thorn Crowned and Patient One
Replied, "*They thronged me too, I too have seen.*"

"Thy other children go at will," I said,
Protesting still.
'They go, unheeding. But these sick and sad
These blind and orphan, yea, and those that sin

Drag at my heart. For them I serve and groan.
Why is it? Let me rest, Lord. I *have* tried"—

He turned and looked at me: "*But I have died.*"

"But, Lord, this ceaseless travail of my soul!
This stress! This often fruitless toil
Thee souls to win!
They are not mine. I brought not forth this host
Of needy creatures, struggling, tempest-tossed—
They are not *mine.*"

He looked at them—the look of one divine;
He turned and looked at me. "*But they are mine.*"

"Oh God," I said, "I understand at last.
Forgive! And henceforth I will bond slave be
To thy least, weakest, vilest ones;
I would no more be free."

He smiled and said,
"*It is to me.*"

Lucy Rider Meyer.

PLUCK AND LUCK.

One constant element of luck
Is genuine solid old Teutonic pluck.
Stick to your aim, the mongrel's hold will slip;
But only crowbars loose the bulldog's grip.
Small though he looks, the jaw that never yields
Drags down the bellowing monarch of the fields.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"THE HOLY CITY."

Thirty men, red-eyed and disheveled, lined up before a judge of the San Francisco police court. It was the regular morning company of "drunks and disorderlies." Some were old and hardened, others hung their heads in shame. Just as the momentary disorder attending the bringing in of the prisoners quieted down, a strange thing happened. A strong, clear voice from below began singing:

"Last night I lay a-sleeping,
There came a dream so fair."

Last night! It had been for them all a nightmare or a drunken stupor. The song was such a contrast to the horrible fact that no one could fail of a sudden shock at the thought the song suggested.

"I stood in old Jerusalem,
Beside the Temple there,"

the song went on. The judge had paused. He made a quiet inquiry. A former member of a famous opera company, known all over the country, was awaiting trial for forgery. It was he who was singing in his cell.

Meantime the song went on, and every man in the line showed emotion. One or two dropped on their knees; one boy at the end of the line, after a desperate effort at self-control, leaned against the wall, buried his face against his folded arms, and sobbed, "Oh, mother, mother!"

The sobs, cutting to the very heart the men who heard, and the song, still welling its way through the court room, blended in the hush.

At length one man protested. "Judge," said he, "have we got to submit to this? We're here to take our punishment, but this—" He, too, began to sob.

It was impossible to proceed with the business of the court, yet the judge gave no order to stop the song. The police sergeant, after an effort to keep the men in line, stepped back and waited with the rest. The song moved on to its climax:

> "Jerusalem, Jerusalem! Sing, for the night is o'er!
> Hosanna in the highest! hosanna for evermore!"

In an ecstasy of melody the last words rang out, and then there was silence.

The judge looked into the faces of the men before him. There was not one who was not touched by the song; not one in whom some better impulse was not stirred. He did not call the cases singly—a kind word of advice, and he dismissed them all. No man was fined or sentenced to the workhouse that morning. The song had done more good than punishment could possibly have accomplished.

Youths Companion.

THE SAYING OF OMAR IBN, AL HALIF.

The Second Caliph.

Four things come not back:
The spoken word;
The sped arrow;
Time past;
The neglected opportunity.

SMOKING SPIRITUALIZED

Moral Truths Taught in Similies Derived from the Weed.

The Wheeling Intelligencer has dug up this poem from an old book published in Pittsburgh in 1831, called "Gospel Sonnets and Spiritual Songs," written by Rev. Ralph Erskine, a minister in Dunfermline, Scotland, the birthplace of Andrew Carnegie. Rev. Mr. Erskine must have lived about two hundred years ago, as there was a volume of his sermons published in London in 1738.

Part I

This Indian weed now withered quite
Though green at noon, cut down at night,
Shows thy decay
All flesh is hay.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

Thy pipe, so lily-like, and weak,
Does thus thy mortal state bespeak,
Thou art e'en such,
Gone with a touch.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And when the smoke ascends on high,
Then thou behold'st the vanity
Of worldly stuff,
Gone with a puff.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And when the pipe grows foul within,
Think on thy soul defiled with sin;
For then the fire
It does require.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And seest the ashes cast away;
Then to thyself thou mayest say:
That to the dust
Return thou must.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

Part II.

Was this small plant for thee cut down?
So was the plant of Great Renown,
Which mercy sends
For nobler ends.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

Doth juice medicinal proceed
From such a naughty foreign weed?
Then what's the power
Of Jesse's flower?
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The promise, like the pipe, inlays,
And by the mouth of faith conveys
What virtue flows
From Sharon's Rose.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

In vain the unlighted pipe you blow;
Your pains in outward means are so,
Till heavenly fire
Your hearts inspire.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The smoke, like burning incense, towers;
So should a praying heart of yours
With ardent cries
Surmount the skies.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

SOMETIME.

"What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgment here have spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,
As stars shine more in deeper tints of blue,
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,
Because His wisdom to the end could see.
And even as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this potion for our lips to drink.

And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so!
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend,
And that sometimes the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest bloom His love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life
And stand within and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery would find a key.

But not today. Then be content, poor heart!
God's plans, like lilies, pure and white unfold.
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;
Time will reveal the hidden cups of gold,
And if through patient toil we reach the land
Where weary feet, with sandals loose, may rest,
Then shall we know and clearly understand—
I think that we shall say, "God knows the best."

Mary Louise Riley Smith.

MARRIAGE.

Two volumes bound in one complete
With thrilling story old but sweet;
No title needs the cover fair,
Two golden hearts are blended there.

Mildred Merle.

TWO LOVERS.

Two lovers by a moss-grown spring;
They leaned soft cheeks together there,
Mingled the dark and sunny hair,
And heard the wooing thrushes sing.
O budding time!
O love's blest prime!

Two wedded from the portal stept;
The bells made happy carolings,
The air was soft as fanning wings,
White petals on the pathway swept.
O pure-eyed bride!
O tender bride!

Two faces o'er a cradle bent;
Two hands above the head were locked;
These pressed each other while they rocked;
These watched a life that love had sent.
O solemn hour!
O hidden power!

Two parents by the evening fire;
The red light fell about their knees
On heads that rose by slow degrees
Like buds upon the lily spire.
O patient life!
O tender strife!

The two still sat together there;
The red light shown about their knees,
But all the heads by slow degrees

Had gone and left the lonely pair.
O voyage fast!
O vanished past!

The red light shone about the floor
And made the space between them wide;
They drew their chairs up side by side,
Their pale cheeks joined and said once more:
O memories!
O past that is!

George Eliot.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

President Theodore Roosevelt's favorite poem, suggested by him for this volume.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightnings of his terrible swift sword.
His truth is marching on.

Chorus: Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watchfires of an hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar 'mid the evening dews and damps,

I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

I have read His fiery gospel writ in rows of burnished steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal,"
Let the hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel;
Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth a trumpet that shall never call "retreat,"
He is searching out the hearts of men before His judgment seat,
Be swift my soul to answer Him; be jubilant my feet;
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a beauty in His bosom that transfigures you and me,
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free
While God is marching on.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

FOLLOWING DIRECTIONS.

"Mike, Mike!" called Mike Delaney's wife, Bridget, when he came home one evening. "Run over to the Macks' and see what's the matter with Pat. He's been running up and down the yard since breakfast, these two days; and the weather's bad for shirt sleeves. I'm

thinking he's either lost his mind or training for a policeman."

"Whist, woman!" said Mike. "Let him be. He's got a wife of his own to worry him."

The next evening she met Mike at the door.

"Sure," said she, "his brain's gone entirely, or it must be dancin' lessons he's after takin', for he's prancin' about the yard all this blessed day, he is."

So Mike thinks he would better look into the matter, and he goes to Pat.

"Man, man!" he said. "Can't your wife jaw at you enough without all the neighbors taking a whack. What are you making a spectacle of your feelin's in the back yard for? Are you crazy?"

"Sure," replied Pat, "I'm only followin' directions. It's a bit sick I've been and the doctor left me some medicine. He told me to take it two days runnin' and then skip a day."

In "The Arrow," Philadelphia.

A PERSIAN LOVE-SONG.

Ah! sad are they who know not love,
  But, far from passion's tears and smiles,
Drift down a moonless sea, beyond
  The silvery coasts of fairy isles.

And sadder they whose longing lips
  Kiss empty air, and never touch
The dear warm mouth of those they love—
  Waiting, wasting, suffering much.

But clear as amber, fine as musk,
Is life to those who, pilgrim-wise,
Move hand in hand from dawn to dusk,
Each morning nearer Paradise.

Oh, not for them shall angels pray;
They stand in everlasting light;
They walk in Allah's smile by day,
And nestle in his heart by night.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

"TO KNOW ALL IS TO FORGIVE ALL."

If I knew you and you knew me—
If both of us could clearly see,
And with an inner sight divine
The meaning of your heart and mine,
I'm sure that we would differ less
And clasp our hands in friendliness;
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree
If I knew you and you knew me.

If I knew you and you knew me,
As each one knows his own self, we
Could look each other in the face
And see therein a truer grace.
Life has so many hidden woes,
So many thorns for every rose;
The "why" of things our hearts would see,
If I knew you and you knew me.

Nixon Waterman, in "In Merry Mood."

ALONE.

To appreciate "Alone," the reader should remember that Mr. Burdette is popular as a humorist. The sickness of his wife called him to her bedside for many long weeks—she finally died, and "Alone" expresses his loss.

I miss you, my darling, my darling,
The embers burn low on the hearth;
And still is the stir of the household,
And hushed is the voice of its mirth;
The rain splashes fast on the terrace,
The winds past the lattices moan;
The midnight chimes out from the minster,
And I am alone.

I want you my darling, my darling,
I am tired with care and with fret;
I would nestle in silence beside you,
And all but your presence forget.
In the hush of the happiness given,
To those who through trusting have grown
To the fullness of love in contentment,
But I am alone.

I call you, my darling, my darling,
My voice echoes back on my heart;
I stretch my arms to you in longing,
And lo! they fall empty, apart.
I whisper the sweet words you taught me,
The words that we only have known,
Till the blank of the dumb air is bitter,
For I am alone.

I need you, my darling, my darling,
With its yearning my very heart aches;
The load that divides us weighs harder,
I shrink from the jar that it makes.
Old sorrows rise up to beset me.
Old doubts make my spirit their own,
Oh, come through the darkness and save me;
For I am alone.

Robert J. Burdette.

THE FOOL'S PRAYER.

The royal feast was done; the King
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool:
The rod must heal the sin; but, Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung!
The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung!

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders—oh, in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will; but Thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The King, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

Edward Rowland Sill.

HIDE AND GO SEEK.

It was an old, old, old lady—
And a boy who was half-past three—
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping
And the boy, no more could he—
For he was a thin little fellow
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
Out under the maple-tree—
And the game that they played I'll tell you,
Just as 'twas told to me.

It was Hide-and-go-Seek, they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it to be—
With an old, old, old, old lady
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down—
On his one little sound right knee—
And he'd guess where she was hiding,
In guesses, One-Two-Three!

"You are in the china closet!"
He would cry, and laugh with glee—
It wasn't the china closet;
But he still had Two and Three!

"You are up in Papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key!"

And she said, "You are warm and warmer
But you're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard
Where Mamma's things used to be—
So it must be the clothes-press, Gran'ma,"
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where he was hiding,
With a One, and Two and Three.

And they never had stirred from their places
Right under the maple-tree—
This old, old, old, old lady—
And the boy with the lame little knee.
This dear, dear, dear old lady
And the boy who was half-past three.

H. C. Bunner, in Boston Transcript.

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

William Shakespeare, in "Julius Caesar."

THE PICKET'S SONG.

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly;
While the waters near me roll,
While the tempest still is high."

It was on an ocean steamer,
And one voice above the rest,
Beautiful, pure, rich and mellow,
All the air with music blest.
Something more, a faint remembrance
Broke upon the listener's ear—
"Yes," he thought, "'tis not the first time
That sweet voice is mine to hear."

Silence followed. Then the stranger
Stept up to the singer rare,
"Were you in the Civil War, sir?"
"A Confederate, I was there."
Then a time, a place, were mentioned—
"Were you?" "Yes, and strange to say
This same hymn was then my comfort,
That you hear us sing today.

"Dark the night, so cold and dreary,
And my boyish heart felt low,
Pacing there on sentry duty,
Dangerously near the foe.
Midnight came, the darkness deepened,
Thoughts of home, forebodings brought,
So, for comfort, prayer and singing
Dissipated gloomy thought.

"'All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my hope from Thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.'
Then a strange peace came upon me,
No more fear and gloom that night,
Dawn came, heralding the morrow,
Ere the first faint streak of light."

Then the other told his story:
"I, a Union soldier, true,
In those woods that very evening,
With my scouts was passing through.
You were standing, and our rifles
Covered you. We heard you sing:
'Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.'

""Twas enough. 'Boys,' I said, 'come,
Lower rifles; we'll go home.'"

Alice May Youse

WORK THOU FOR PLEASURE.

Work thou for pleasure; paint or sing or carve
The thing thou lovest, though the body starve.
Who works for glory misses oft the goal;
Who works for money coins his very soul.
Work for work's sake then, and it well may be
That these things shall be added unto thee.

Kenyon Cox

TRUE VALOR.

"Courage is resistance to fear, mastery of fear—not absence of fear."—*Pudd'nhead Wilson in Century.*

If Mark Twain had been a soldier himself, and had felt that mortal chill which strikes a fellow when the bullets begin to whistle and his comrades begin to fall on right and left, he couldn't know more about it.

When, in 1861, I went into Company B, 2d Virginia Regiment, Stonewall Brigade, as a private, and was marched to Harper's Ferry, one of my fellow-privates was John P—— E——, of the same company. He was a plain, hard-working young carpenter, and a day or two before had married a pretty young wife. Jackson's brigade never had much play or rest, and when the first battle came they were in it, and so on to Appomattox. John P—— was not one of those rare heroes who "didn't know what fear was." He knew very well, but always met it face to face. He said he was always "scared to death" in battle, but he had a curious way of showing it. When the battle was joined, and blood and ruin were everywhere, then, wherever the front rank of danger and fighting was in his regiment, there was John P——, with shaking legs, pale face, and tears running down his cheeks, ready to advance with the first, and staying with the last that retreated. Then and there, without shout or boast, firing steadily, he did his duty until the last shot had been fired. When picket duty demanded special reliability he was sent. He might have moaned inwardly, but he never tried to escape. Once (I was a captain then), when he was complaining of his own

cowardice, I said to him: "If you are half as afraid in battle as you say you are, how can you keep from running away? I couldn't."

"Why, captain," he replied, "do you think I'd disgrace that little wife I left at home for half a dozen such 'or'nary' lives as mine?"

"Well, John, if all of General Lee's army were such cowards as you are, we'd capture Washington and end the war this campaign," was all that I could answer.

John P—— and his wife survived the war, and they have a houseful of children. He is just as faithful and trustworthy in peace as he was in war, leading a quiet and respected life. When I think of his constitutional infirmity and of the sense of duty and manly courage which conquered it, I feel that no braver man ever

"Fought with Stonewall Jackson
In the old Stonewall brigade."

H. K. D.

UPON THE VALLEY'S LAP.

Upon the valley's lap
The dewy morning throws
A thousand pearly drops
To wake a single rose.

So, often in the course
Of life's few fleeting years,
A single pleasure costs
The soul a thousand tears.

F. W. Bourdillon.

TOO MUCH FOR BEECHER.

Henry Ward Beecher was amused when he went into a Bowery restaurant on one occasion and heard the waiter give such orders to the cook as "sinkers and cow," etc.

"Watch me give that waiter an order which I believe he won't abbreviate," remarked Beecher at length, as the waiter approached. Then he said:

"Give me poached eggs on toast for two, with the yolks broken."

But the waiter, equal to the emergency, walked to the end of the room and yelled:

"Adam and Eve on a raft. Wreck 'em."

It is related that Dr. Beecher nearly fainted.

London Illustrated Bits.

THE INVINCIBLE VETERANS.

When the nation was burying the body of Mr. Lincoln at Springfield, a citizen touched a soldier and said, "Sir, you are standing in front of me." The soldier replied, "I have been for four years." This gave the soldier the right to stand anywhere. Thus the right to stand anywhere inheres in the wornout preachers, the invincible veterans. For God honors "the arduous greatness of things achieved," and judges by the deeds done in the body.

A German baron went with Bishop Ames to see the great review of the armies in Washington at the close of the war. Some soldiers came by with new uniforms.

The baron said, "What fine men!" The Army of the Potomac came by with firm tread. The baron said, "Bishop, those men can whip the world!" Bishop Ames said, "They can." By and by the Western army marched by. Their ranks were decimated and their uniforms were tattered. They swung along in open order. Some carried mess kettles on their shoulders; some had a chicken or part of a ham hung on their guns. On they swung up Pennsylvania Avenue, making all kinds of noises, imitating all kinds of animals as they passed the grand stand. The baron, springing up, threw his arms around Bishop Ames, saying, "Bishop, bishop, those men can whip the devil."

Western Christian Advocate.

MEASURING THE BABY.

We measured the riotous baby
  Against the cottage wall;
A lily grew on the threshold,
  And the boy was just as tall;
A royal tiger lily,
  With spots of purple and gold,
And a heart like a jeweled chalice,
  The fragrant dew to hold.

Without, the bluebird whistled
  High up in the old roof-trees,
And to and fro at the window
  The red rose rocked her bees;

And the wee pink fists of the baby
Were never a moment still,
Snatching at shine and shadow
That danced on the lattice-sill.

His eyes were wide as bluebells,
His mouth like a flower unblown,
Two little bare feet, like funny white mice,
Peeped out from his snowy gown;
And we thought, with a thrill of rapture
That yet had a touch of pain,
When June rolls around with her roses,
We'll measure the boy again.

Ah me! in a darkened chamber,
With the sunshine shut away,
Through tears that fell like a bitter rain,
We measured the boy today;
And the little bare feet, that were dimpled
And sweet as a budding rose,
Lay side by side together
In the hush of a long repose.

Up from the dainty pillow,
White as the risen dawn,
The fair little face lay smiling,
With the light of Heaven thereon:
And the dear little hands, like rose-leaves
Dropped from a rose, lay still,
Never to snatch at the sunshine
That crept to the shrouded sill.

We measured the sleeping baby
With ribbons white as snow,
For the shining rosewood casket
That waited him below;
And out of the darkened chamber
We went with a childless moan—
To the height of the sinless angels
Our little one had grown.

Emma Alice Brown.

HARD-EARNED WAGES.

An artist who was employed to renovate and retouch the great oil paintings in an old church in Belgium, rendered a bill of $67.30 for his services. The church wardens, however, required an itemized bill, and the following was duly presented, audited and paid:

For correcting the Ten Commandments..... $5.12
" Renewing Heaven and adjusting stars 7.14
" Touching up Purgatory and restoring lost souls..... 3.06
" Brightening up the flames of Hell, putting new tail on the Devil, and doing odd jobs for the damned..... 7.17
" Putting new stone in David's sling, enlarging head of Goliath..... 6.13
" Mending shirt of Prodigal Son and cleaning his ear..... 3.39
" Embellishing Pontius Pilate and putting new ribbon on his bonnet 3.02

For Putting new tail and comb on St. Peter's rooster 2.20
" Re-pluming and re-gilding left wing of the Guardian Angel..... 5.18
" Washing the servant of High Priest and putting carmine on his cheek..... 5.02
" Taking the spots off the son of Tobias 10.30
" Putting earrings in Sarah's ears 5.26
" Decorating Noah's ark and new head on Shem..... 4.31

Total $67.30

English Weekly.

THE CONCERT.

Such a concert, dear, as I've had tonight!
Full of sweet sound and deep delight;
And yet "the house" was poor;
Poor, if you count by crowded seats;
But, judging only by glad heart-beats,
'Twas a splendid house, I'm sure.

First, Baby sang as well as she could
Some sweet little notes that I understood;
And wee Kate's chirp of a laugh broke out
As Willy ran in with a merry shout;
The pussy purred on the rug in state;
And the good clock ticked, "It's late! it's late!"
While over the fire the kettle sang
Its cheery song with the least little twang.

That was Part First, you must know, my dear,
When only we five were there to hear.
The fire crackled applause;
The baby's soft little pat-a-cake
Made reckless encores for the music's sake,
And pussy flourished her paws.

Well, the Second Part? Ah, that was fine—
Fine to the heart's core, lover mine!
For over the kettle's winsome plaint,
And the baby's breathing, sweet and faint,
And over the prattle of Will and Kate,
And the clock's impatient, "Late! it's late!"
I heard the blessedest sound of all—
A click of the latch, a step in the hall!
And "Home, sweet home," pulsed all the air
As you came calling up the stair.

THOSE SWEET OLD DAYS.

How they come back to us!—"those sweet old days," now in the glad springtime. Even in the heart of a great city the fragrance of apple-bloom, and the perfume of lilac-bud and dewy violet fill our senses as fond memory carries us back to old and cherished haunts, and wayside places, where mayhap, we have paused to hear Love's whisper, or laughed in pleasures deep, or—wept our tears!

The birds sing, fleecy clouds float by—oh, how blue and interminable the sky! How full of joy life is! Off

yonder the river runs, a thread of gold in the sunlight, a ribbon of silver in the moonlight! The leaves rustle softly in the mild breeze, as overhead their giant branches spread, and here at our feet the grasses with buttercup and daisy peeping therefrom. O youth! O life! O happiness! Hope and faith make the heart strong and the footstep light.

Ah! how well we remember it, you and I! "Those sweet old days," when to us all the world was young. Such dreamy, fragrant sweetness, when sorrow, pain and death seemed so far away. But somehow we older grew. Time brought so many changes. There were happy "good-bys" and tearful farewells. Hands clasped, lips met and parted. Eyes looked into eyes glinting with mirth, as shadowed with mists, but even then, 'twas but for a day; but again days slipped into weeks, weeks into months and months into years—"hope deferred made the heart sick;" bright eyes grew dim, cheeks paled, phantom shadows crept among the hair, hands trembled and feet faltered.

Ah, yes, there were roses, but their dewy fragrance and velvet petals did not deaden the sharpness of the thorns, and a blood-stained pathway was often the result. The lips smiled ofttimes when the heart was broken. We kept silence, because it were sacrilege to speak, to murmur or to moan; the sorrow was too deep.

Misunderstood? Yes, many times, you and I. Ah, there are bits of ribbon, tear-stained and yellowed with age, faded flowers and old love tokens.

Memory is rife with them all, the joys, the sorrows,

the successes and defeats. Off yonder is a grave, and there, and there, and away over there, with wide waters rolling between—on southern slopes and northern vales. We have stood without when we should have sat within. We tried to be brave, when nature protested; and yet, for all that has come and gone, there is pleasure in the pain as the memory of "those sweet old days" floats back to us. Pleasure in knowing that meanwhile we have trodden the wine-press and borne the heat and burden of the day; that "come what will, we have been blest," and so we take up our scrip and staff again, you and I, glad in the promise of that eternal springtime when God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes and "those sweet old days" will be forever.

Mrs. S. C. Hazlett-Bevis.

THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

"God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him."

Bowed by the weight of centuries, he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And pillared the blue firmament with light?
Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor; what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Through this dread shape humanity, betrayed,
Plundered, profaned and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Judges of the World,—
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Touch it again with immortality;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild it in the music and the dream;

Make right the immemorial infamies;
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the Future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God,
After the silence of the centuries?

Prof. Edwin Markham.

IN MEMORIAM: CARDINAL NEWMAN.

After His "Lead, Kindly Light."

Thy sun hath set to us, but shines elsewhere
In Heavenly Light.
"Th' encircling gloom" is gone, and all is fair
In Heavenly Light.
Thy home is reached, thou dost "not ask to see
The distant scene," for it is near to thee.

And thou art "ever thus;" no need to pray
In Heavenly Light
For guidance on a dark and rugged way;
In Heavenly Light
The day of sorrow and of doubt is gone,
Thy love remembered and thy haven won.

And now thy faith is sight, and thou dost know
That God is Light;
And over "moor" and "torrent" we must go,
Through the dark night,
Till in the glorious morning light we see
The "angel faces" of the blest and thee.

H. D. Pearson, in "The Weekly Register," London, Aug., 1890. St. James' Vicarage, Clapton, England.

UNSATISFIED.

An old farmhouse, with meadows wide,
And sweet with clover on either side;
A bright-eyed boy, who looks from out
The door, with woodbine wreathed about,
And wishes this one thought all the day:
"Oh, if I could but fly away
From this dull spot, the world to see,
How happy, O how happy,
How happy I would be."

Amid the city's constant din
A man who 'round the world has been;
Who, 'mid the tumult and the throng,
Is thinking, thinking all day long:
"Oh, could I only tread once more
The field-path to the farmhouse door,
The old, green meadows could I see,
How happy, O how happy,
How happy I would be."

PER PACEM AD LUCEM.

I do not ask, O Lord, that life should always be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that Thou shouldst take from me
Aught of its load.
I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet—
Too well I know the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead—
Lead me aright,
Though strength should falter and though heart should bleed—
Through peace to light.

I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand
And follow Thee.

I do not ask that Thou shouldst always shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace that I may walk
Without a fear.

Joy is like restless day, but Peace divine
Like quiet night.
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine
Through Peace to Light.

Adelaide A. Procter.

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

The favorite poem of United States Senator Thomas H. Carter, and by him contributed.—*Ed.*

I lang hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
A something to have sent you,
Tho' it should serve nae ither end
Than just a kind memento,
But how the subject theme may gang
Let time and chance determine,
Perhaps, it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

Ye'll try the world fu' soon, my lad,
And, Andrew, dear, believe me
Ye'll find mankind an unco' squad,
And muckle they may grieve ye.
For care and trouble set your thoughts
Ev'n when your end's attained;
And a' your views may come to naught
Where ev'ry nerve is strained.

I'll no say, men are villains a';
The real, hardened wicked,
Wha' hae nae check but human law,
Are to a few restricted.
But Och! mankind are unco' weak,
An' little to be trusted;
If self the wavering balance shake
It's rarely right adjusted

Yet they who fa' in fortune's strife,
  Their fate we should na censure,
For still the important end of life
  They equally may answer:
A man may hae an honest heart,
  Though poortith hourly stare him,
A man may tak a neebor's part
  Yet hae nae cash to spare him.

Aye, free, off-han' your story tell
  When wi' a bosom crony,
But still, keep something to yoursel'
  Ye scarcely tell to any.
Conceal yoursel' as well's ye can
  Frae critical dissection,
But keek thro' ev'ry ither man
  Wi' sharpened, sly inspection.

The sacred lowe o' well-placed love,
  Luxuriantly indulge it;
But never tempt the illicit rove
  Though naething should divulge it.
I waive the quantum o' the sin,
  The hazard o' concealin',
But Och! it hardens a' within
  And petrifies the feeling.

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile
  Assiduous, wait upon her,
And gather gear by ev'ry wile
  That's justified by honor.

Not for to hide it in a hedge,
  Not for a train attendant
But for the glorious privilege
  Of being independent.

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip
  To haud the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your honor grip,
  Let that aye be your border,
Its slightest touches instant pause—
  Debar a' side pretences,
And resolutely keep its laws
  Unheeding consequences.

The great Creator to revere,
  Must sure become the creature;
But still the preaching cant forbear
  And ev'n the rigid feature.
Yet ne'er wi' wits profane to range
  Be complaisance extended;
An atheist's laugh's a poor exchange
  For Deity offended.

When ranting round in pleasure's ring,
  Religion may be blinded;
Or, if she gie a random sting,
  It may be little minded.
But when on life we're tempest-driven,
  A conscience but a canker—
A correspondence fix'd wi' Heaven
  Is sure a noble anchor.

Adieu! dear, amiable youth!
Your heart can ne'er be wanting,
May prudence, fortitude and truth
Erect your brow, undaunting;
In ploughman phrase, "God send you speed"
Still daily to grow wiser;
And may ye better reck the rede,
Than ever did Th' Adviser.

Robert Burns, 1786.

"THE PRESENT CRISIS."

When a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad
earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east
to west,
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul within
him climb
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny stem
of Time.
Through the walls of hut and palace shoots the instan-
taneous throe,
When the travail of the Ages wrings earth's systems to
and fro;
At the birth of each new Era with a recognizing start,
Nation wildly looks at nation, standing with mute lips
apart,
And glad Truth's yet mightier man-child leaps beneath
the Future's heart.

Backward look across the ages, and the beacon-moments see,
That, like peaks of some sunk continent, jut through Oblivion's sea;
Not an ear in court or market for the low foreboding cry
Of those Crises; God's stern winnowers; from whose feet earth's chaff must fly;
Never shows the choice momentous till the judgment hath passed by.
Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word;
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne,—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own.
Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes,—they were souls that stood alone,
While the men they agonized for hurled the contumelious stone;
Stood serene, and down the future saw the golden beam incline
To the side of perfect justice, mastered by their faith divine,
By one man's plain truth to manhood and to God's supreme design.
'Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle slaves

Of a legendary virtue carved upon our father's graves,
Worshippers of light ancestral, make the present light a crime;—
Was the Mayflower launched by cowards, steered by men behind their time?
Turn those tracks toward Past or Future, that make Plymouth Rock sublime?
They were men of present valor, stalwart old iconoclasts;
Unconvinced by axe or gibbet that all virtue was the Past's;
But we make their truth our falsehood, thinking that hath made us free,
Hoarding it in mouldy parchments, while our tender spirits flee
The rude grasp of that great Impulse which drove them across the sea.
They have rights who dare maintain them; we are traitors to our sires,
Smothering in their holy ashes Freedom's new-lit altar-fires;
Shall we make their creed our jailer? Shall we in our haste to slay,
From the tombs of the old prophets steal the funeral lamps away
To light up the martyr-fagots round the prophets of today?
New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth;

Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! we ourselves must
Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the
desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-
rusted key.

James Russell Lowell.

THE BABY'S KISS.

(A true incident of the Civil War.)

Rough and ready the troopers ride,
Pistol in hostler and sword by side;
They have ridden long, they have ridden hard,
They are travel-stained and battle-scarred;
The hard ground shakes with their martial tramp,
And coarse is the laugh of the men of the camp.

They reach the spot where a mother stands
With a baby shaking its little hands,
Laughing aloud at the gallant sight
Of the mounted soldiers, fresh from the fight.
The captain laughs out, "I will give you this,
A bright piece of gold, for your baby's kiss."

"My darling's kisses cannot be sold,
But gladly he'll kiss a soldier bold."
He lifts up the babe with a manly grace,
And covers with kisses its smiling face.
Its rosy cheeks and its dimpled charms,
And it crows with delight in the soldier's arms.

"Not all for the captain," the troopers call;
The baby, we know, has a kiss for all."
To each soldier's breast the baby is pressed
By the strong, rough men, and kissed and caressed.
And louder it laughs, and the lady's face
Wears a mother's smile at each fond embrace.

"Just such a kiss," cried one warrior grim,
"When I left my boy I gave to him;"
"And just such a kiss on the parting day,
I gave to my girl as asleep she lay."
Such were the words of these soldiers brave,
And their eyes were moist when the kiss they gave.

IRREVOCABLE.

What thou hast done, thou hast done: for the heavenly horses are swift;
Think not their flight to o'ertake,—they stand at the throne even now.
Ere thou canst compass the thought, the immortals in just hands shall lift,
Poise and weigh surely thy deed, and its weight shall be laid on thy brow:
For what thou hast done, thou hast done.

What thou hast not done remains, and the heavenly horses are kind;
Till thou hast pondered thy choice, they will patiently wait at thy door.

Do a brave deed, and, behold! they are farther away than the wind,
Returning, they bring thee a crown, to shine on thy brow evermore;
For what thou hast done, thou hast done.

Mary Wright Plummer.

ROQUEFORT CHEESE.

I hasten to send you a little clipping that I am sure will win one of the first prizes, so you might as well send me the $$$$$$$ at once and not have an unnecessary delay. I am five feet four in my shoes. I do not know where I clipped this article, as it has lain in my scrap drawer for many years, but I value it very highly, and do not want to lose it.

If you love Roquefort cheese, as I do, you will at once see that this little sketch contains both "wholesome cheer, humor, comfort, hope"—and will make "dark days endurable and sunny days enduring."

If you have never tried this delightful delicacy, and desire to prove that I have not over-rated my endorsation of the enclosed, you can easily determine that I have told the "truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," by sampling a bit of the article.

Yours truly,
Wm. N. Grubb.

Roquefort cheese is made in France from the milk of a certain breed of sheep, which are fed on wild thyme, and the cheese has a wild time trying to keep from stinking itself to death in its infancy. The wild thyme grows on the banks of the Lot, Tarn and other rivers in the department of Aveyron in France, and after it has first been besheeped and then becheesed it generates a lot

of the tarndese smells that ever perambulated down the pike.

Thyme is a kind of an aromatic plant with a pungent odor, and after it is converted into Roquefort cheese it is the pungentest thing known to man. After this cheese is made it is put in solitary confinement until its whiskers begin to turn gray and gangrene sets in, when it is taken out and chained to a post. Before it is served it is chloroformed or knocked in the head with an ax. It is then brought to the table in little square sections about the size of a domino. It is served at the close of meals together with black coffee. It usually has a running mate in the shape of a round cracker that has to be broken with a maul.

Roquefort cheese is of a dull white color, except in spots, where mortification has set in. Some claim it to be inhabited, but this is not true. Even the intrepid and mephitic microbe flees from it as we flee from a pestilence. We have seen Limburger cheese strong enough to shoulder a two-bushel sack of wheat, but a piece of Roquefort the size of a dice can carry an election. Limburger is a rose geranium when compared with Roquefort. There is as much difference between them as there is between the purr of a kitten and the roar of a lion. Some people who claim to be civilized say they like Roquefort cheese, but they only eat it because it is imported and expensive. A man who will eat it is an open sepulchre, and should be quarantined or driven into the wilderness and never again allowed to look into the face of a human being.

MASTER JOHNNIE'S NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR.

It was spring the first time that I saw her, for her mamma and papa moved in
Next door, just as skating was over and marbles about to begin;
For the fence in our back yard was broken, and I saw as I peeped through the slat,
There were "Johnnie-jump-ups" all around her, and I knew it was spring by that.

I never knew whether she saw me, for she didn't say nothing to me,
But "Ma, here's a slat in the fence broke, and the boy that is next door can see";
But the next day I climbed on the wood-shed, as you know, mamma says I've a right,
And she calls out, "Well peekin' is manners," and I answered her, "Sass is perlite."

But I wasn't a bit mad,—no, papa, and to prove it, the very next day
When she ran by our fence in the morning, I happened to get in her way,
For you know I am "chunky" and clumsy, as she says are all boys of my size,
And she nearly upset me, she did, pa, and laughed till tears came in her eyes.

And then we were friends from that moment, for I know that she told Kitty Sage,
And she wasn't a girl that would flatter, that she thought I was tall for my age,

And I gave her four apples that evening and took her to ride on my sled
And—"What am I telling you this for? Why, papa, my neighbor is dead."

You don't hear one-half that I'm saying, I really do think it's too bad,
Why you might have seen crape on her door-knob, and noticed today I've been sad,
And they've got her a coffin of rosewood, and they say they have dressed her in white;
And I've never once looked through the fence since she died at eleven last night.

And ma says it's decent and proper, as I was her neighbor and friend,
That I should go there to the funeral, and she thinks that you ought to attend;
But I am so clumsy and awkward, I know I shall be in the way,
And suppose they should speak to me, papa, I wouldn't know just what to say.

So I think I will get up quite early; I always sleep late, but I know
I'll be sure to wake up if our Bridget pulls the string that I'll tie to my toe,
And I'll crawl through the fence, and I'll gather the "Johnnie-jump-ups" as they grew
Round her feet the first day that I saw her, and, papa, I'll give them to you.

For you're a big man and you know, pa, can come and go just as you choose,
And you'll take the flowers into her and surely they'll never refuse,
But, papa, don't say they're from Johnnie, they won't understand, don't you see?
But just lay them down on her bosom, and, papa, she'll know they're from me.

Bret Harte.

THE WATER LILY.

O star on the breast of the river!
O marvel of bloom and grace!
Did you fall right down from Heaven
Out of the sweetest place?
You are white as the thoughts of an angel,
Your heart is steeped in the sun;
Did you grow in the Golden City,
My pure and radiant one?

Nay, nay, I fell not out of Heaven;
None gave me my saintly white;
It slowly grew from the darkness,
Down in the dreary night,
From the ooze of the silent river
I won my glory and grace.
White souls fall not, O my poet,
They rise—to the sweetest place.

M. F. Butts.

THE CREATOR IN CREATION.

(Dschelalledin Rumi.)

I am the mote in the sunbeam, and I am the burning sun;
"Rest here!" I whisper the atom; I call to the orb,
"Roll on!"
I am the blush of morning, and I am the evening breeze,
I am the leaf's low murmur, the swell of the terrible seas.
I am the net, the fowler, the bird and its frightened cry,
The mirror, the form reflected, the sound and its echo, I;
The lover's passionate pleading, the maiden's whispered
fear,
The warrior, the blade that smites him, his mother's
heart-wrung tear.
I am intoxication, grapes, wine-press, and must, and wine,
The guest, the host, the tavern, the goblet of crystal
fine;
I am the breath of the flute, and I am the mind of man,
Gold's glitter, the light of the diamond, the sea pearl's
lustre wan;
The rose, her poet nightingale, the songs from his throat
that rise,
Flint sparks, the flame, the taper, the moth that about
it flies.
I am both Good and Evil; the deed, and the deed's intent,
Temptation, victim, sinner, crime, pardon and punish-
ment;
I am what was, is, will be; creation's ascent and fall;
The link, the chain of existence; beginning and end
of All!

Oriental Lyric translated by Fanny Raymond Ritter.

LITTLE BREECHES.

I don't go much on religion,
I never ain't had no show;
But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,
On the handful o' things I know.
I don't pan out on the prophets,
And free will, and that sort of thing—
But I b'lieve in God and the angels
Ever sence one night last spring.

I come into town with some turnips,
And my little Gabe came along—
No four-year-old in the country
Could beat him for pretty and strong,
Peart and chippy and sassy,
Always ready to swear and fight—
And I'd larnt him to chaw terbacker
Jest to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow came down like a blanket
As I passed by Taggert's store;
I went in for a jug of molasses
And left the team at the door.
They scared at something and started—
I heard one little squall,
And hell to split over the prairie
Went team, Little Breeches and all.

Hell to split over the prairie!
I was almost froze with skeer;
But we rousted up some torches
And searched for 'em far and near

At last we struck horses and wagon
Snowed under a soft white mound,
Upsot, dead beat—but of little Gabe
No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hopes soured on me,
Of my fellow critter's aid—
I jest flopped down on my marrow bones,
Crotch deep in the snow, and prayed.
By this the torches was played out,
And me and Isrul Parr
Went off for some wood to a sheepfold
That he said was somewhar thar.

We found it at last and a little shed
Where they shut up the lambs at night.
We looked in and see them huddled thar,
So warm and sleepy and white,
And thar sot Little Breeches and chirped,
As peart as ever you see,
"I want a chaw of terbacker,
And that's what the matter of me."

How did he git thar? Angels.
He could never have walked in that storm;
They just stooped down and toted him
To whar it was safe and warm.
And I think that the saving a little child,
And fotching him to his own,
Is a durned sight better business
Than loafing around the throne.

John Hay.

JIM BLUDSO.

Wall, no! I can't tell whar he lives,
Because he don't live, you see;
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three years,
That you haven't heard folk tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks
The night of the Prairie Belle?

He weren't no saint—them engineers
Is all pretty much alike—
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill
And another one here in Pike;
A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward hand in a row,
But he never flunked, and he never lied—
I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had—
To treat his engine well;
Never to be passed on the river;
To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire—
A thousand times he swore
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
'Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississip,
And her day come at last—
The Movastar was a better boat,
But the Belle she wouldn't be passed.

And so she come tearin' along that night—
The oldest craft on the line—
With a nigger squat on her safety valve,
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire burst out as she clared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned and made
For that willer-bank on the right.
There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out,
Over all the infernal roar,
'I'll hold her nozzle agin' the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And knowed he would keep his word.
And, sure's you're born, they all got off
Afore the smokestack fell—
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint—but at jedgment
I'd run my chance with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing—
And went fer it thar and then;
And Christ ain't going to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

John Hay.

FINNEGAN TO FLANNIGAN.

Superintindint wuz Flannigan;
Boss av th' siction wuz Finnigan;
Whiniver th' kyars got offen th' thrack
An' muddled up things t' th' divil an' back,
Finnigan writ to Flannigan,
Afther th' wrick wuz all on agin;
That is, this Finnigan
Repoorted to Flannigan.

Whin Finnigan furst writ to Flannigan,
He writed tin pa-ages—did Finnigan.
An' he tould jist how th' smash occurred;
Full miny a tajus blundherin' wurrd
Did Finnigan write to Flannigan
Afther the kyars had gone on agin:
That wuz how Finnigan
Repoorted to Flannigan.

Now Flannigan knowed more than Finnigan—
He'd more idjuc-aation—had Flannigan;
An' it wore'm clane an' complately out
To tell what Finnigan writ about
In his writin' to Musther Flannigan.
So he writed back to Finnigan:
"Don't do sich a sin agin;
Make 'em brief, Finnigan!"

When Finnigan got this from Flannigan
He blushed rosy rid—did Finnigan;
An' he said: "I'll gamble a whole moonth's pa-ay
That it will be miny an' miny a da-ay

Before Sup'rintindint (that's Flannigan)
Gits a whack at this very same sin agin,
Frum Finnigan to Flannigan
Repoorts won't be long agin."

Wan da-ay on th' siction av Finnigan,
On the road sup'rintindin by Flannigan,
A rail gave way on a bit av a curve
An' some kyars went off as they made th' shwerve.
"There's nobody hurted," sez Finnigan,
"But repoorts must be made to Flannigan."
An' he winked at McGorrigan,
As married a Finnigan.

He wuz shantyin' thin, wuz Finnigan,
As miny a railroader's been agin,
An' th' shmoky ol' lamp wuz burnin' bright
In Finnigan's shanty all that night—
Bilin' down his repoort, wuz Finnigan!
An' he writed like this: "Musther Flannigan:
Off agin. On agin.
Gone agin.—Finnigin."

From Columbus (Ohio) Press Post.

THE LOST CHORD.

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then:
But I struck one chord of music
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight
Like the close of an angel's psalm
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of Infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife:
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence,
As if it were loath to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly
That one lost chord divine,
That came from the soul of the organ
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again,
It may be that only in Heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

Adelaide R. Procter.

THE CHOIR INVISIBLE.

O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.

So to live is Heaven;
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.
So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, failed and agonized
With widening retrospect that bred despair.
Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,
A vicious parent shaming still its child,
Poor anxious penitence is quick dissolved;
Its discords, quenched by meeting harmonies,
Die in the large and charitable air.
And all our rarer, better, truer self,
That sobbed religiously in yearning song,
That watched to ease the burden of the world,
Laboriously tracing what must be,
And what may yet be better—saw within
A worthier image for the sanctuary,
And shaped it forth before the multitude
Divinely human, raising worship so

To higher reverence more mixed with love—
That better self shall live till human Time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb
Unread forever.
This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

George Eliot.

A ROSE TO THE LIVING.

A rose to the living is more
Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead;
In filling love's infinite store,
A rose to the living is more
If graciously given before
The hungering spirit is fled—
A rose to the living is more,
Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead.

Nixon Waterman, in "A Book of Verses."

BRINGING THEM UP TO THE MARK.

The following quaint notice was posted recently on a church door in Whitechurch:

MISSING.

Last Sunday, some families from church.

STOLEN.

Several hours from the Lord's day, by a number of people of different ages dressed in their Sunday clothes.

STRAYED.

Half a score of lambs, believed to have gone in the direction of "No Sunday School."

MISLAID.

A quantity of silver and copper coins on the counter of a public house, the owner being in a state of great excitement.

WANTED.

Several young people. When last seen were walking in pairs up Sabbath Breakers' Lane, which leads to the City of No Good.

LOST.

A lad, carefully reared, not long from home, and for a time promising. Supposed to have gone with one or two older companions to Prodigal Town, Husk Lane.

Any person assisting in the recovery of the above shall in nowise lose his reward.

London Mail.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

A Declaration of the Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, July 4, 1776.

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal: that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights: that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness: that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed: that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundations on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence indeed will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes: and accordingly all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the

same object, evinces a desire to reduce them under absolute despotism; it is their right, it is their duty; to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world:

He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be obtained: and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the legislature—a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies, at places unusual, uncomfortable and distant from the repository of their public records; for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved representative houses repeatedly for opposing with manly firmness, his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused for a long time after such dissolutions to cause others to be elected: whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation have returned to the people at large for their exercise—the state remaining in the meantime, exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without and convulsions within.

He has endeavored to prevent the population of these states—for that purpose obstructing the laws for naturalization of foreigners: refusing to pass others to encourage emigration hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriation of lands.

He has obstructed the administration of justice, by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers.

He has made judges dependent on his will alone for the tenure of their offices and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither swarms of officers to harass our people and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us in times of peace standing armies, without the consent of our legislatures.

He has affected to render the military independent of and superior to the civil power.

He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws—giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation.

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us:

For protecting them by a mock trial from punishment

for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these states:

For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world:

For imposing taxes on us without our consent:

For depriving us in many cases of the benefits of trial by jury:

For transporting us beyond seas for pretended offences:

For abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighboring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government and enlarging its boundaries, so as to render it at once an example—and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these colonies:

For taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering fundamentally the *forms* of our government:

For suspending our own legislatures and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever:

He has abdicated government here by declaring us out of his protection and waging war against us:

He has plundered our seas: ravaged our coasts: burnt our towns and destroyed the lives of our people:

He is at this time transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to complete the works of death, desolation and tyranny already begun, with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow-citizens, taken captive on the high seas, to bear arms against their country, to

become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands.

He has excited domestic insurrection among us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes and conditions.

In every stage of these oppressions, we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms. Our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

Nor have we been wanting in attentions to our British brethren. We have warned them from time to time of attempts, by their legislature, to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the tie of our common kindred to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They too have been deaf to the voice of justice and consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our separation, and hold them as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace, friends.

We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in general Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the World, for the rectitude

of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare, that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, Free and Independent States: that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved: and that, as Free and Independent States, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do. And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor.

ALONE WITH MY CONSCIENCE.

I sat alone with my conscience
In a place where time had ceased,
And we talked of my former living
In the land where the years increased,
And I felt I should have to answer
The question it put to me,
And to face the answer and questions
Through all eternity.

The ghosts of forgotten actions
Came floating before my sight,
And things that I thought were dead things
Were alive with a terrible might.

And the vision of all my past life
Was an awful thing to face,
Alone with my conscience sitting
In that solemnly silent place.

And I thought of a far-away warning,
Of a sorrow that was to be mine,
In a land that then was the future,
But now is the present time.
And I thought of my former thinking
Of the judgment day to be;
But sitting alone with my conscience
Seemed judgment enough for me.

And I wondered if there was a future
To this land beyond the grave;
But no one gave me an answer,
And no one came to save.
Then I felt that the future was present,
And the present would never go by
For it was but the thought of my past life
Growing into eternity.

Then I woke from my timely dreaming,
And the vision passed away,
And I knew that the far-off seeming
Was a warning of yesterday;
And I pray that I may not forget it,
In this land before the grave,
That I may not cry in the future
And no one come to save.

And so I have learned a lesson
Which I ought to have known before,
And which, though I learned it dreaming,
I hope to forget no more.
So I sit alone with my conscience
In the place where the years increase,
And I try to remember the future,
In the land where time will cease.

And I know of the future Judgment
How dreadful so'er it be,
That to sit alone with my conscience
Will be judgment enough for me.

MY STOUT OLD HEART AND I.

Written in answer to Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "My Heart and I." Copied from an old scrapbook.

My stout old heart and I are friends,
Two bivouac friends together!
Nor daily wars, nor daily blows,
Have called out our white feather.
We've listed till the campaign ends—
For calm or stormy weather.

My stout old heart and I have been
Through serious scenes of trouble.
We've been denied; our hopes have died;
Our load's been more than double,
And yet we've lived. And we have seen
Some griefs in Lethe bubble.

My stout old heart and I have fought
Some bitter fights to ending;
And if or not we've victory got,
We've not been hurt past mending!
The wounds are all in front we've caught,
And easier for the tending.

My stout old heart and I, you see,
We understand each other.
Old comrade true, my hand to you!
On honor, tell me whether
You're daunted yet?—"To arms!" beats he
"Retreat is for another!"

Eyes right! Guide centre! Forward march!
Dress where the colors fly!
Six feet of ground or triumph's arch—
My stout old heart and I!

E. Hough.

SPEAK GENTLY.

Speak gently; it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently; let no harsh word mar
The good we may do here.
Speak gently to the little child;
Its love is sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild;
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care,
Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the careworn heart,
Whose sands of life are nearly run:
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently to the erring; know
They must have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
Oh, win them back again!
Speak gently; 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

David Bates.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

Yesterday Bob Jones, w'y, he
Throwed a piece of chalk at me,
Right in school, and took me square
In th' ear! I squealed for fair.
Teacher come to where we sat,
An' "Bob Jones, did you do that?"
She says, sharp an' awful cross.
"W'y," Bob says, "I give 't a toss
Jest as soft—not hard at all;
But that baby had to bawl!"

"You're a liar!" I yelled out
'Fore I 'd had time to think about
Where I 'uz at. Teacher, she
Turned and looked clean through me,
'Nen she says: "Now both of you
Do jest what I tell you to—
Take your books and go and set
With the girls!" Gee! but you bet
We felt awful cheap, becuz
We thought 'at a lickin' wuz
Easier to stan' 'an that!
But I went acrost, an' sat
Down by Lizzie Smith; an' say!
She jest looked the other way,
Like she didn't notice me.

That was jest at first—an', gee!
I don't blame her, 'cause, you see,
All the girls laughed, an' the boys
Groaned and made a kissin' noise
With their mouth. But after while
Lizzie she begin ter smile,
'Nen she give a little quick
Shove to her er-rith-ma-tic
To'rds me. An' there was about
All th' 'xamples, all worked out
With the answers right! Well, I
Copied 'em off just like pie!
Girls, y' know, can always do
Lessons—an' they like 'em, too!
Lizzie had a apple there;

An' when she had made me swear
Not to tell, she give me some
'N' showed me where she kep' her gum.
Say, I'll bet I know what's meant
By "cap-pit-tul pun-ish-ment!"

Cleveland Leader.

"KEEP SWEET AND KEEP MOVIN'."

Greeting! A message for the New Year. Contributed by the author

Homely phrase of our southland bright—
Keep steady step to the flam of the drum;
Touch to the left—eyes to the right—
Sing with the soul tho' the lips be dumb.
Hard to be good when the wind's in the east;
Hard to be gay when the heart is down;
When "they that trouble you are increased,"
When you look for a smile and see a frown.
But
"Keep sweet and keep movin'."

Sorrow will shade the blue sky gray—
Gray is the color our brothers wore;
Sunshine will scatter the clouds away;
Azure will gleam in the skies once more.
Colors of Patience and Hope are they—
Always at even in one they blend;
Tinting the heavens by night and day,
Over our hearts to the journey's end.
Just
"Keep sweet and keep movin'."

Hard to be sweet when the throng is dense,
When elbows jostle and shoulders crowd;
Easy to give and to take offense
When the touch is rough and the voice is loud;
"Keep to the right" in the city's throng;
"Divide the road" on the broad highway;
There's one way right when everything's wrong;
"Easy and fair goes far in a day."
Just
"Keep sweet and keep movin'."

The quick taunt answers the hasty word—
The lifetime chance for a "help" is missed;
The muddiest pool is a fountain stirred,
A kind hand clenched makes an ugly fist.
When the nerves are tense and the mind is vexed,
The spark lies close to the magazine;
Whisper a hope to the soul perplexed—
Banish the fear with a smile serene
Just
"Keep sweet and keep movin'."

Robert J. Burdette.

THE SALOON BAR.

A bar to Heaven, a door to Hell—
Whoever named it, named it well!
A bar to manliness and wealth,
A door to want and broken health.
A bar to honor, pride and fame,

A door to sin and grief and shame;
A bar to hope, a bar to prayer,
A door to darkness and despair.
A bar to honored, useful life,
A door to brawling, senseless strife;
A bar to all that's true and brave,
A door to every drunkard's grave.
A bar to joy that home imparts,
A door to tears and aching hearts;
A bar to Heaven, a door to Hell—
Whoever named it, named it well!

ON THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

In "pastures green"? Not always; sometimes He
Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be.

And by "still waters"? No, not always so;
Oft-times the heavy tempests round me blow,
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.

But when the storms beat loudest, and I cry
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by,
And whispers to my soul, "Lo, it is I!"

So, where He leads me, I can safely go,
And in the blest hereafter I shall know
Why, in His wisdom, He hath led me so.

Quoted by Henry H. Barry. Author not given.

M. BOCHSA PLAYS THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

M. Bochsa, the celebrated harpist, was a great wag. At a concert once given in Tremont Temple, he offered to play any air the audience might select, with embellishments and variations.

"You vill plees send me ze tune vot I sal play," he said. Half a dozen slips of paper were immediately sent to the platform.

"'O Dolce Concento'—'Yankee Doodil'—(I know him vera well. I play him one, two, tree—several time! 'Groves o' Blarney'—'Yankee Doo—' (I have two 'Yankee Doodils'), 'Non piu festa'—'tres bien!'"

"Star Spangled Banner!" shouted somebody in the crowd.

"Vot you say?" inquired Bochsa.

"Star Spangled Banner!" Monsieur didn't understand.

"Ze zhentilman will plees step to ze front." The gentleman declined.

"If ze zhentilman cannot come to me, I must come to him," continued Bochsa.

A roar followed the announcement, pending which the stranger came forward amid applause. At the foot of the passage stood Monsieur gravely awaiting further explanation.

"Vot you say, sair?"

"The Star Spangled Banner, I want."

"Scar Strangled Bannair? aha! N'comprend, Monsieur."

"Not *Scar Strangled*, sir—Star Spangled Banner."

"Ze *Bannaire—oui*, I un'erstan'—ze flag!"

"Yes, yes—the flag of the United States."

"Yes saire! I remember him ver' mooch. Zat is, I do *not* recollec' him, 'zac'ly. Monsieur, you know him?"

"Why, yes, to be sure—everybody knows the 'Star Spangled Banner!'"

"Tres bien, Monsieur! Every Yankee zhentilman *vissel*. You sal *vissel him in my ear!*"

Another shout from the audience; but the gentleman, not abashed, placed his mouth to Bochsa's ear, and whistled the "Star Spangled Banner" most philosophically, amid the convulsions of the audience, who could not find *this* scene on the bills of the evening.

"*Tres bien*, Monsieur!" shouted Bochsa; "elegant, *superb!* Monsieur, you von ver' fine *musician*. I sal play ze Scar Strangled Bannair vis mooch plaisir!"

Mounting the platform, he commenced with a grand introduction to the several themes proposed, following by highly finished and exquisitely-performed variations upon the melodies sent up, not forgetting the two "Yankee *Doodils*"—always a certain favorite.

Suddenly a crash of harmony leaped from the harp-strings, which took the audience by surprise. A pause followed, when the "Star Spangled Banner" was produced, with a most brilliant accompaniment, which "brought down the house."

Bochsa was satisfied, his friend and the audience were satisfied, and the great harpist left the stage (with a quiet smirk at the corner of his mouth) amid a perfect storm of applause.

G. Fernald.

LEWIS AND CLARK.

In lights of imperial purple
Let their names on the night be flung.
These types of sturdy millions
Whose deeds remain unsung.

Theirs not the shifting glamour,
Where fortune's favorites bask;
Theirs but the patient doing
Of a hard unlovely task.

Theirs not the pomp and splendor
Of a court where, wined and dined,
Some man of a steadfast purpose
Sees a fateful treaty signed.

Theirs but the rigid adherence
To a duty set to do—
Where only their conscience might censure,
And only their God might view.

Theirs not the crimson glory
Of the field where banners wave,
And the physical courage of thousands
Leaves but one remembered grave.

But they walked and slept with danger
Like a shadow hovering near,
A thousand miles from succor
They had steeled their hearts to fear.

They clambered o'er untrod mountains,
Where the mighty crags lay piled;

They threaded their way through canyons
Shadowed, and dark, and wild.

They crossed o'er the burning desert,
And saw but the blasted plain,
Which the mirage, bright, prophetic,
Showed as fields of waving grain.

They floated on unknown rivers,
Through valleys bright and green;
Through breaks in the waving sky-line
Were the snow-topped mountains seen.

And they watched the shifting landscape
That lay mirrored there in the stream—
Till false and true commingled
As shadowy forms of a dream.

Set thick in each mountain valley,—
Reflected—the farmsteads shone,
Telling mute tales of comfort
Where plenty reigned alone.

Begirt by gardens and garners
And orchards, blossoming bright
While a glow from a happy hearthside
Shone out on the gloaming night.

They skirted the mighty forest,
Which swept onward, swell on swell,
The screen of its leafy branches
So thick that no sunbeams fell.

Awearied, they sunk to slumber
By the campfire's flickering ray—
To be warmed by feverish fancies
As bright and as clear as the day.

No longer mystic and silent
In its tangle of clambering vine—
The mighty forest re-echoed
The crash of the falling pine.

O'er the rush and roar of the river
Rose the whistle's shrilling blast.
In the quiet harbor beneath them
Lay hulks of a shipyard vast.

Triumphant through every danger,
The toil and privations done,
They told of the land of promise
Beneath the setting sun.

In them we honor the manhood
Of the sturdy pioneer,
Courageous and self-reliant,
Unsullied by false veneer.

George H. Nixon.

THE STIRRUP CUP.

My short and happy day is done;
The long and lonely night comes on,
And at my door the pale horse stands
To carry me to distant lands.

His whinny shrill, his pawing hoof,
  Sound dreadful as a gathering storm;
And I must leave this sheltering roof
  And joys of life so soft and warm.

Tender and warm are the joys of life—
  Good friends, the faithful and the true
My rosy children and my wife,
  So sweet to kiss, so fair to view.

So sweet to kiss, so fair to view,—
The night comes on, the lights burn blue;
And at my door the pale horse stands
To bear me forth to unknown lands.

John Hay.

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I live for those who love me,
  Whose hearts are kind and true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
  And awaits my spirit, too;
For the human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
  And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story
  Who've suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
  And to follow in their wake:

Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crowd history's pages
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To feel there is a union
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfill each grand design.

I live to hail that season,
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall rule by reason,
And not alone by gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the Heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

George Linnaeus Banks, in Dublin University Magazine.

GRADATIM.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
  But we build the ladder by which we rise
  From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true:
  That a noble deed is a step toward God—
  Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under feet;
  By what we have mastered of good and gain;
  By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
  When the morning calls us to life and light,
  But our hearts grow weary, and, ere the night
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
  And we think that we mount the air on wings
  Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for men—
  We may borrow the wings to find the way—
  We may hope, and resolve, and aspire and pray,
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
  From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;

But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

Dr. J. G. Holland.

ALL.

There hangs a sabre, and there a rein,
With a rusty buckle and green curb chain;
A pair of spurs on the old gray wall,
And a mouldy saddle—well, that is all.

Come out to the stable—it is not far;
The moss-grown door is hanging ajar,
Look within! There's an empty stall,
Where once stood a charger, and that is all.

The good black horse came riderless home,
Flecked with blood-drops as well as foam;
See yonder hillock where dead leaves fall;
The good black horse pined to death—that's all.

All? O God! it is all I can speak;
Question me not—I am old and weak;
His sabre and saddle hang on the wall;
And his horse pined to death—I have told you all.

Bayard Taylor is reported to have said of the above: "I know of no finer poem of its length."

MOTHERHOOD.

The night throbs on; O, let me pray dear Lord!
Crush off his name a moment from my mouth,
To Thee my eyes would turn, but they go back,
Back to my arm beside me where he lay,—
So little, Lord, so little and so warm!

I cannot think that Thou hadst need of him!
He was so little, Lord, he cannot sing,
He cannot praise Thee; all his life had learned
Was to hold fast my kisses in the night.

Give him to me—he is not happy there!
He had not felt this life; his lovely eyes
Just knew me for his mother, and he died.

Hast Thou an angel there to mother him?
I say he loves me best—if he forgets,
If Thou allow it that my child forgets
And runs not out to meet me when I come—

What are my curses to Thee? Thou hast heard
The curse of Abel's mother, and since then
We have not ceased to threaten at Thy throne,
To threat and pray Thee that Thou hold them still

In memory of us. See Thou tend him well,
Thou God of all the mothers. If he lack
One of his kisses—Ah, my heart, my heart,
Do angels kiss in Heaven? Give him back!

Forgive me, Lord, but I am sick with grief.
And tired of tears and cold to comforting.

Thou art wise, I know, and tender, aye, and good.
Thou hast my child, and he is safe in Thee,

And I believe— Ah, God, my child shall go
Orphaned among the angels! All alone,
So little and alone! He knows not Thee,
He only knows his mother—give him back.

Josephine Dodge Daskam, in Scribner's

THE FRIGATE CONSTITUTION.

Sung before the corporation of the City of New York, the Fourth of July, 1815.

Argo of Greece, that brought the fleece
To the Thessalian city,
As we are told by bards of old,
Was sung in many a ditty;
But Yankees claim a prouder name
To spur their resolution,
Than Greece could boast and do her most—
The frigate Constitution.

When first she press'd the stream's cool breast,
Hope hail'd her pride of story;
Now she o'erpays hope's flatt'ring praise,
By matchless deeds of glory;
Of all that roam the salt sea's foam,
None floats to Neptune dearer,
Or fairer shines in fame's bright lines,
Or more makes Britain fear her.

'Neath Hull's command, with a tough band
And nought beside to back her,
Upon a day, as log-books say,
A fleet bore down to thwack her;
A fleet, you know, is odds or so,
Against a single ship, sirs;
So cross the tide, her legs she tried,
And gave the rogues the slip, sirs.

But time flies round, and soon she found,
While ploughing ocean's acres,
An even chance to join the dance,
And turn keel up, poor Dacres;
Dacres, 'tis clear, despises fear,
Quite full of fun and prank is,
Hoists his ship's name, in playful game,
Aloft to scare the Yankees.

On Brazil's coast, she rul'd the roast,
When Bainbridge was her captain;
Neat hammocks gave, made of the wave,
Dear Britons to be wrapp'd in;
For there, in ire, 'midst smoke and fire,
Her boys the Java met, sirs,
And in the fray, her Yankee play,
Tipp'd Bull a *somerset*, sirs.

Next on her deck, at Fortune's beck,
The dauntless Stewart landed;
A better tar ne'er shone in war,
Or daring souls commanded;

Old *Ironsides*, now once more rides,
In search of English cruisers;
And Neptune grins, to see her twins
Got in an hour or two, sirs.

Then raise amain, the joyful strain,
For well she has deserv'd it,
Who brought the foe so often low,
Cheer'd freedom's heart and nerv'd it;
Long may she ride, our navy's pride,
And spur to resolution;
And seamen boast, and landsmen toast,
The Frigate Constitution.

Francis Arden, Esq.

JANE JONES.

Jane Jones keeps talkin' to me all the time,
An' says you must make it a rule
To study your lessons 'nd work hard 'nd learn,
An' never be absent from school.
Remember the history of Elihu Burritt,
An' how he clum to the top,—
Got all the knowledge 'at he ever had
Down in a blacksmith shop.
Jane Jones she honestly said it was so!
Mebbe he did—
I dunno!
O' course, what's a keepin' me 'way from the top.
Is not never havin' no blacksmith shop.

She said 'at Ben Franklin was awfully poor,
But full of ambition an' brains;
An' studied philosophy all his hull life,
An' see what he got for his pains!
He brought electricity out of the sky,
With a kite an' a bottle an' key,
An' we're owing him more'n anyone else
For all the bright lights 'at we see.
Jane Jones she honestly said it was so!
Mebbe he did—
I dunno!
O' course what's allers been hinderin' me
Is not havin' any kite, er lightnin', er key.

Jane Jones said Abe Lincoln had no books at all,
An' used to split rails when a boy;
An' Gen. Grant was a tanner by trade
An' lived way out in Ill'nois.
So when the great war in the South first broke out
He stood on the side o' the right,
An' when Lincoln called him to take charge o' things,
He won nearly every blamed fight.
Jane Jones she honestly said it was so!
Mebbe he did—
I dunno!
Still, I ain't to blame, not by a big sight,
For I ain't never had any battles to fight.

She said 'at Columbus was out at the knees
When he first thought up his big scheme,
An' told all the Spaniards 'nd Italians, too,

An' all of 'em said 'twas a dream.
But Queen Isabella jest listened to him,
'Nd pawned all her jewels o' worth,
'Nd bought him the Santa Maria 'nd said,
"Go hunt up the rest o' the earth!"
Jane Jones she honestly said it was so!
Mebbe he did—
I dunno!
Of course that may be, but then you must allow
They ain't no land to discover jest now!

Ben King.

HER LITTLE BOY.

Always a "little boy" to her,
No matter how old he's grown,
Her eyes are blind to the strands of gray,
She's deaf to his manly tone.
His voice is the same as the day he asked,
"What makes the old cat purr?"
Ever and ever he's just the same—
A little boy to her.

Always a "little boy" to her,
She heeds not the lines of care
That furrow his face—to her it is still
As it was in his boyhood, fair;
His hopes and his joys are as dear to her
As they were in his small-boy days.
He never changes; to her he's still
"My little boy," she says.

Always a "little boy" to her,
And to him she's the mother fair,
With the laughing eyes and the cheering smile
Of the boyhood days back there.
Back there, somewhere in the midst of years—
Back there with the childish joy,
And to her he is never the man we see,
But always "her little boy."

Always a "little boy" to her,
The ceaseless march of the years
Goes rapidly by, but its drumbeats die
Ere ever they reach her ears.
The smile that she sees is the smile of youth,
The wrinkles are dimples of joy,
His hair with its gray is as sunny as May,
He is always "her little boy."

Pearson's Weekly.

THE OLD BAND.

It's mighty good to git back to the old town, shore,
Considerin' I've be'n away twenty year and more.
Sence I moved to Kansas, of course I see a change,
A-comin' back and notice things new to me and strange;
Especiaiiy at evenin' when yer new band fellers meet,
In fancy uniforms and all, and play out on the street—
What's come of old Bill Lindsey and the Saxhorn fellers
—say?
I want to hear the old band play.

What's come of Eastman and Nat Snow? And where's
War Barnett at?
And Nate and Bony Meek; Bill Hart; Sam Richa'son
and that
Air brother of him played the drum as twicet as big as
Jim;
And old Hi Kerns, the carpenter—say, what's become
o' him?
I make no doubt yer *new band* now's a competenter band,
And plays their music more by note, than what they
play by hand,
And stylisher and grander tunes; but somehow—*any-*
way
I want to hear the *old* band play.

Sich tunes as "John Brown's Body," and "Sweet Alice,"
don't you know;
And "The Camels is A-comin'," and "John Anderson,
My Jo";
And a dozent others of 'em—"Number Nine" and "Num-
ber 'Leven"
Was favo-rites that fairly made a feller dream o' Heaven,
And when the boys 'u'd saranade, I've laid so still in bed
I've even heerd the locus' blossoms droppin' on the shed
When "Lily Dale," or "Hazel Dell" had sobbed and
died away—
I want to hear the *old* band play.

Yer *new* band maybe beats it, but the old band's what
I said—
It always 'peared to kind o' chord with somepin' in my
head.

And whilse I'm no musicianer, when my blame eyes is jes'
Nigh drowned out, and Mem'ry squares her jaws and sort o' says
She won't ner never will forgit, I want to jes' turn in
And take an' light right out o' here, and git back West ag'in—
And *stay* there, when I git there where I never haf to say
I want to hear the old band play.

James Whitcomb Riley.

DR. GOODCHEER'S REMEDY.

Feel all out of kilter, do you?
Nothing goes to suit you quite?
Skies seem sort of dark and clouded,
Though the day is fair and bright?
Eyes affected, fail to notice
Beauty spread on every hand?
Hearing so impaired you're missing
Songs of promise, sweet and grand?

No! your case is not uncommon—
'Tis a popular distress;
Though 'tis not at all contagious,
Thousands have it more or less.
But it yields to simple treatment,
And is easy quite, to cure;
If you follow my directions,
Convalescence, quick, is sure.

Take a bit of cheerful thinking,
  Add a portion of content,
And with both let glad endeavor
  Mixed with earnestness, be blent;
These, with care and skill compounded,
  Will produce a magic oil
That is bound to cure, if taken
  With a lot of honest toil.

If your heart is dull and heavy;
  If your hope is pale with doubt;
Try this wondrous Oil of Promise,
  For 'twill drive the evil out.
Who will mix it? Not the druggist
  From the bottles on his shelf;
The ingredients required
  You must find within yourself.

Nixon Waterman, in "In Merry Mood."

HANCOCK, THE PATRIOT.

During the siege of Boston, General Washington consulted Congress upon the propriety of bombarding the town of Boston. Mr. Hancock, a distinguished merchant, was the President of Congress. After General Washington's letter was read, a solemn silence ensued. This was broken by a member making a motion that the House should resolve itself into a committee of the whole, in order that Mr. Hancock might give his opinion upon the important subject, as he was deeply interested,

from having all his estate in Boston, which estate was very large and valuable.

After Mr. Hancock had left the chair, he addressed the chairman of the committee of the whole in the following words: "It is true, sir; nearly all the property I have in the world is in houses and other real estate in the town of Boston; but if the expulsion of the British army from it, and the liberties of the country, require their being burnt to ashes—issue the order for that purpose immediately."

Vol. II, Cyclopedia Commercial Anecdotes.

THE CRY OF THE DREAMER.

I am tired of planning and toiling
In the crowded hives of men;
Heart-weary of building and spoiling,
And spoiling and building again.
And I long for the dear old river,
Where I dreamed my youth away,
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming
Of a life that is half a lie;
Of the faces lined with scheming
In the throng that hurries by.
From the sleepless thoughts' endeavor,
I would go where the children play;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a thinker dies in a day.

I can feel no pride, but pity,
For the burdens the rich endure;
There is nothing sweet in the city
But the patient lives of the poor.
Oh, the little hands too skillful,
And the child mind choked with weeds!
The daughter's heart grown willful,
And the father's heart that bleeds!

No, no! from the street's rude bustle,
From trophies of mart and stage,
I would fly to the woods' low rustle
And the meadow's kindly page.
Let me dream as of yore by the river,
And be loved for the dream alway;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a thinker dies in a day.

John Boyle O'Reilly, 1844-1890.

IF I WERE KING.

If I were king—ah love, if I were king—
What tributary nations would I bring
To stoop before your sceptre and to swear
Allegiance to your lips and eyes and hair;
Beneath your feet what treasures I would fling:—
The stars should be your pearls upon a string,
The world a ruby for your finger ring,
And you should have the sun and moon to wear,
If I were king.

Let these wild dreams and wilder words take wing,
Deep in the woods I hear a shepherd sing
A simple ballad, to a sylvan air,
Of love that ever finds your face more fair;
I could not give you any goodlier thing
If I were king.

Justin Huntly McCarthy.

THE EMPIRE SHIP.

I have sung my songs to the stately ships that are sailing the Seven Seas,
But today I sing of a ruder craft that laughed at the lulling breeze,—
Of the "Prairie Schooner," quaint and slow, with its dim and dusky sails,
A phantom ship from the long ago, adrift in the grass-grown trails.

Westward ho! Westward ho!
Out where the winds are sweet and low
And the grassy cradles swing and sway,
The star of empire takes its way,
Westward ho!

Ere the bellowing steed of steel and steam had startled the timid deer,
Where the curlew whistled its plaintive call to the gray grouse nesting near,
Through the fair, fresh prairies, hushed and hid, where the wild wolf made her den,

There came this land-launched schooner, manned by bronzed and brawny men.
Westward ho! Westward ho!
Out where the bold, brisk breezes blow,
And a young world walks in the fields of May,
The star of empire takes its way,
Westward ho!

And in that marvelous ship that sailed to the shores of the wondrous West,
Was a mother who caroled a song of joy to the babe at her happy breast;
And stowed away in the good ship's hold were a book and plow and pen,
And a sickle and seeds—yea, all God needs for the making of matchless men.
Westward ho! Westward ho!
Out where the golden harvests glow
And the builders are building day by day,
The star of empire takes its way,
Westward ho!

Nixon Waterman, in "A Book of Verses."

DAY DREAMS.

Last night they fluttered by me, as I sat in the gathering gloom:
With a golden thread I was weaving a song in a silver loom.

A-weaving the ghost of an echo of a rare and lovely strain,
As glad as a child's soft laughter; as sad as a cry of pain.

They followed my gorgeous fancy—my bark that idly goes
From a land that no man seeth to a land that no man knows.

My busy fingers faltered, as they hovered above my head,
And the wheel of my loom did slacken, * * * I had broken my golden thread.

Then my soul leaped up to hold them—my dreams so wild and sweet,
And the golden song unraveled, and the thread lay at my feet.

Each day I strive to weave it—this song that my soul would sing,
But I break my loom, and tangle my thread, and the torsions cling.

If they would but stay and teach me—if my dreams I could only hold,
I would weave in my loom of silver a beautiful song of gold.

But I strive in vain. They follow where the bark of my Fancy goes.
From a land that no man seeth to a land that no man knows.

Anna Tozier.

WASHINGTON.

Land of the West! though passing brief the record of thine age,
Thou hast a name that darkens all on history's wide page.
Let all the blasts of fame ring out,—thine shall be loudest far;
Let others boast their satellites,—thou hast the planet-star.
Thou hast a name whose characters of light shall ne'er depart;
'Tis stamped upon the dullest brain, and warms the coldest heart;
A war-cry fit for any land where freedom's to be won;
Land of the West! it stands alone,—it is thy Washington.

Rome had its Caesar, great and brave; but stain was on his wreath;
He liv'd the heartless conqueror, and died the tyrant's death.
France had its eagle; but his wings, though lofty they might soar,
Were spread in false ambition's flight, and dipp'd in murder's gore.
Those hero-gods, whose mighty sway would fain have chain'd the waves;
Who flesh'd their blades with tiger zeal, to make a world of slaves;
Who, though their kindred barr'd the path, still fiercely waded on;
O, where shall be *their* "glory" by the side of Washington?

He fought, but not with love of strife; he struck, but to defend;
And ere he turn'd a people's foe, he sought to be a friend.
He strove to keep his country's right by reason's gentle word,
And sighed when fell injustice threw the challenge,—sword to sword;
He stood the firm, the calm, the wise, the patriot and sage;
He showed no deep avenging hate,—no burst of despot rage;
He stood for Liberty and Truth, and dauntlessly led on,
Till shouts of victory gave forth the name of Washington.

No car of triumph bore him through a city fill'd with grief;
No groaning captives at the wheels proclaim'd him victor chief;
He broke the gyves of slavery with strong and high disdain,
And forged no scepter from the links, when he had crushed the chain.
He saved his land; but did not lay his soldier trappings down,
To change them for the regal vest, and "don" a kingly crown.
Fame was too earnest in her joy,—too proud of such a son,—
To let a robe and title mask a noble Washington!

England, my heart is truly thine, my loved, my native earth!
The land that hold's a mother's grave, and gave that mother birth.
O, keenly sad would be the fate that thrust me from thy shore,
And faltering my breath that sighed, "Farewell for evermore!"
But did I meet such adverse lot, I would not seek to dwell
Where olden heroes wrought the deeds for Homer's songs to tell.
"Away, thou gallant ship!" I'd cry, "and bear me swiftly on;
But bear me from my own fair land to that of Washington."

Eliza Cook.

WE SEE WITH OUR VISION IMPERFECT.

We see with our vision imperfect,
Such causes of dread or fear,
Some that are far in the distance,
And some that may never be near;
When if we would trust in His wisdom,
Whose purpose we cannot see,
We would find, whatever our trial,
As our day, our strength shall be.

Cary.

THERE IS SOMETHING IN A FLAG.

There is something in a flag, and in a little burnished eagle,
That is more than emblematic, it is glorious, it's regal;
You may never live to feel it, you may never be in danger,
You may never visit foreign lands and play the role of stranger;
You may never in the army check the march of an invader,
You may never on the ocean cheer the swarthy cannonader;
But if these should happen to you, then, when age is on you pressing,
And your great big booby boy comes to ask your final blessing—

You will tell him: "Son of mine, be your station proud or frugal,
When your country calls her children, and you hear the blare of bugle,
Don't you stop to think of Kansas, or the quota of your county,
Don't you go to asking questions, don't you stop for pay or bounty;
But you volunteer at once, and you go where orders take you,
And obey them to the letter, if they make you or they break you;
Hunt that flag and then stay with it, be you wealthy or plebeian;
Let the women sing the dirges, scrape the lint, and chant the paean

"Though the magazines and journals teem with anti-war persuasion,
And the stay-at-homes and cowards gladly take the like occasion,
Don't you ever dream of asking, 'Is the war a right or wrong one?'
You are in it, and your duty is to make the fight a strong one;
And you stay till it is over, be the war a short or long one;
Make amends when war is over; then the power with you is lying;
Then, if wrong, do ample justice—but that flag, you keep it flying;
If that flag goes down to ruin, time will then, without a warning,
Turn the dial back to midnight, and the world must wait till morning."

GOD GIVE US MEN.

God give us men. The time demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and willing hands;
  Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
  Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
  Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
  Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking!

For while the rabble with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds
Mingle in selfish strife; lo! Freedom weeps!
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps!

J. G. Holland.

DEATH.

The fiat of nature is inexorable. There is no appeal for relief from the great law which dooms us to dust. We flourish and fade as the leaves of the forest, and the flowers that bloom and wither in a day have no frailer hold upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men will appear and disappear as the grass, and the multitude that throng the world today will disappear as the footsteps on the shore. Men seldom think of the great event of death until the shadow falls across their own pathway, hiding from their eyes the faces of loved ones whose living smile was the sunlight of their existence. Death is the antagonist of life, and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its dark passage may lead to Paradise; we do not want to lie down in the damp grave, even with princes for bedfellows. In the beautiful drama of Ion, the hope of immortality, so eloquently uttered by the death-devoted Greek, finds deep response in every thoughtful soul. When about to yield his young existence as a sacrifice to fate, his Clemantha asks if they should meet again, to which he

replies: "I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that look eternal—of the clear streams that flow forever—of the stars among whose fields of azure my raised spirit has walked in glory. All were dumb; but as I gaze upon thy living face I feel that there is something in the love that mantles through its beauty that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again, Clemantha."

George D. Prentice.

NEW YORK SPEECH ON LEARNING OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION.

Fellow citizens! Clouds and darkness are round about Him! His pavilion is dark waters and thick clouds of the skies! Justice and judgment are the establishment of His throne! Mercy and truth shall go before His face! Fellow citizens! God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives!"

General James A. Garfield.

WHO MISSES OR WHO WINS.

Quoted by the late Senator Bayard of Delaware in an address to the students of Virginia University.

Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go lose or conquer, as you can;
But, if you fall, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

Wm. M. Thackeray.

DESCRIPTION OF CHRIST.

The following epistle is said to have been taken by Napoleon from the records of Rome when he deprived that city of so many valuable manuscripts. It was written at the time and on the spot where Jesus commenced his ministry, by Publius Lentulus, Governor of Judea, to the senate of Rome, Caesar, emperor. It was the custom in those days for the governor to write home any event that transpired while he held his office.

"Conscript Fathers: In these our days appeared a man named Jesus Christ, who is yet living among us, and of the Gentiles is accepted as a prophet of great truth; but his own disciples call him the son of God. He hath raised the dead and cured all manner of diseases. He is a man of stature somewhat tall and comely, with a ruddy countenance, such as the beholder may both love and fear. His hair is the color of a filbert when fully ripe, plain to his ear, whence downward it is more of orient color, curling and waving on his shoulders; in the middle of his head is a seam of long hair, after the manner of the Nazarites. His forehead is plain and delicate; the face without spot or wrinkle, beautiful with a comely red; his nose and mouth are exactly formed; his beard is the color of his hair and thick, not of any length, but forked.

In reproving he is terrible; admonishing, courteous; in speaking, very modest and wise; in proportion of body, well-shaped. None have seen him laugh, many have seen him weep. A man for his surpassing beauty excelling the children of men.

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